THE TATLERS

BY

Iſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſq;

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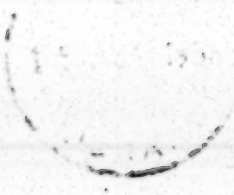

THE TATLERS.

Number 1, &c.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, Eſq;

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

Tueſday, April 12. 1709.

THO' the other Papers which are publiſh'd for the Uſe of the good People of England, have certainly very wholeſom Effects, and are laudable in their particular Kinds, they do not ſeem to come up to the main Deſign of ſuch Narrations, which, I humbly preſume, ſhould be principally intended for the Uſe of Politick Perſons, who are ſo publick-ſpirited, as to neglect their own Affairs to look into Tranſactions of State. Now theſe Gentlemen, for the moſt Part, being Perſons of ſtrong Zeal and weak Intellects, It is both a Charitable and Neceſſary Work to offer ſomething, whereby ſuch worthy and well-affected Members of the Commonwealth may be inſtructed, after their Reading, what to think: Which ſhall be the End and Purpoſe of this my Paper, wherein I ſhall from Time to Time Report and Conſider all Matters of what Kind ſoever that ſhall occur to Me, and publiſh ſuch my Advices and Reflections every Tueſday, Thurſday, and Saturday, in the Week, for the Convenience of the Poſt. It is alſo reſolv'd by me to have ſomething which may be of Entertainment to the Fair Sex, in Honour of whom I have taken

the Title of this Paper. I therefore earneſtly deſire all Perſons, without Diſtinction, to take it in for the preſent Gratis ; *and hereafter at the Price of one Penny, forbidding all Hawkers to take more for it at their Peril. And I deſire all Perſons to conſider, that I am at a very great Charge for proper Materials for this Work, as well as that before I reſolv'd upon it, I had ſetled a Correſpondence in all Parts of the Known and Knowing World ; and foraſmuch as this Globe is not trod-den upon by mere Drudges of Buſineſs only, but that Men of Spirit and Genius are juſtly to be eſteem'd as conſiderable Agents in it, we ſhall not upon a Dearth of News preſent you with muſty Foreign Edicts, or dull Proclamations, but ſhall divide our Relation of the Paſſages which occur in Action or Diſcourſe throughout this Town, as well as elſewhere, under ſuch Dates of Places as may prepare you for the Matter you are to expect in the following Manner :*

All Accounts of Gallantry, Pleaſure, *and* Entertainment, *ſhall be under the Article of* White's Chocolate-houſe ; Poetry, *under that of* Will's Coffee-Houſe ; Learning, *under the Title of* Græcian ; Foreign *and* Domeſtick News, *you will have from St.* James's Coffee-houſe ; *and what elſe I ſhall on any other Subject offer, ſhall be dated from my own* Apartment.

I once more deſire my Reader to conſider, That as I cannot keep an Ingenious Man to go daily to Will's, *under Two-pence each Day merely for his Charges ; or* White's, *under Six-pence ; nor to the* Græcian, *without allowing him ſome Plain* Spaniſh, *to be as able as others at the Learned Table ; and that a good Obſerver cannot ſpeak with even* Kidney *at St.* James's *without clean Linnen. I ſay, theſe Conſiderations will, I hope, make all Perſons willing to comply with my Humble Requeſt (when my* Gratis *Stock is exhauſted) of a Penny a Piece ; eſpecially ſince they are ſure of ſome Proper Amuſement, and that it is impoſſible for me to want Means to entertain 'em, having, beſides the Helps of my own Parts, the Power of Divination, and that I can, by caſting a Figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to paſs.*

But this laſt Faculty I ſhall uſe very ſparingly, and not ſpeak of any Thing 'till it is paſs'd, for fear of divulging Matters which may offend our Superiors.

White's

White's Chocolate-house, April 7.

THE deplorable Condition of a very pretty Gentleman, who walks here at the Hours when Men of Quality first appear, is what is very much lamented. His History is, That on the 9th of *September*, 1705, being in his One and twentieth Year, he was washing his Teeth at a Tavern Window in *Pall-Mall*, when a fine Equipage pass'd by, and in it a young Lady who look'd up at him; away goes the Coach, and the young Gentleman pull'd off his Night-Cap, and instead of rubbing his Gums as he ought to do, out of the Window 'till about Four a Clock, he sits him down, and spoke not a Word 'till Twelve at Night; after which, he began to enquire, If any Body knew the Lady —— The Company ask'd, What Lady? But he said no more, 'till they broke up at Six in the Morning. All the ensuing Winter he went from Church to Church every Sunday, and from Play-house to Play-House all the Week, but could never find the Original of the Picture which dwelt in his Bosom. In a Word, his Attention to any Thing, but his Passion, was utterly gone. He has lost all the Money he ever play'd for, and been confuted in every Argument he has enter'd upon since the Moment he first saw her. He is of a Noble Family, has naturally a very good Air, is of a frank, honest Temper: But this Passion has so extreamly maul'd him, that his Features are set and uninform'd, and his whole Visage is deaden'd by a long Absence of Thought. He never appears in any Alacrity, but when rais'd by Wine; at which Time he is sure to come hither, and throw away a great deal of Wit on Fellows, who have no Sense further than just to observe, That our poor Lover has most Understanding when he's Drunk, and is least in his Senses when he's Sober.

The Reader is desir'd to take Notice of the Article from this Place from Time to Time, for I design to be very exact in the Progress this unhappy Gentleman makes, which may be of great Instruction actually who to all are, or who ever shall be in Love.

Will's Coffee-House, April 8.

On *Thursday* last was acted for the Benefit of Mr. *Betterton*, the Celebrated Comedy, call'd *Love for Love*.

Thoſe excellent Players, Mrs. *Barry*, Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, and Mr. *Dogget*, tho' not at preſent concern'd in the Houſe, acted on that Occaſion. There has not been known ſo great a Concourſe of Perſons of Diſtinction, the Stage it ſelf was cover'd with Gentlemen and Ladies, and when the Curtain was drawn, there appear'd alſo a very ſplendid Audience. This unuſual Encouragement, which was given to a Play for the Advantage of ſo Great an Actor, gives an undeniable Inſtance, That the True Reliſh for Manly Entertainments and Rational Pleaſures is not wholly loſt. All the Parts were acted to Perfection, and there ſeem'd a peculiar Regard had to their Behaviour on this Occaſion: No one was guilty of the Affectation to inſert Witticiſms of his own, but a due Reſpect had to the Audience, for encouraging this accompliſh'd Player. It is not now doubted but Plays will revive, and take their uſual Place in the Opinion of Perſons of Wit and Merit, notwithſtanding their late Apoſtacy in Favour of Dreſs and Sound. This Place is very much alter'd ſince Mr. *Dryden* frequented it, where you us'd to ſee *Songs*, *Epigrams*, and *Satyrs*, in the Hands of every Man you met, you have now only a Pack of Cards; and inſtead of the Cavils about the Turn of the Expreſſion, the Elegance of the Style, and the like; the Learned now diſpute only about the Truth of the Game. But however, the Company is alter'd, all have ſhewn a great Reſpect for Mr. *Betterton*: And the very Gaming Part of this Houſe have been ſo much touch'd with a Senſe of the Uncertainty of Human Affairs, (which alter with themſelves every Moment) that in this Gentleman, they pitied *Mark Anthony* of *Rome*, *Hamlett* of *Denmark*, *Mithridates* of *Pontus*, *Theodoſius* of *Greece*, and *Henry* the Eighth of *England*. It is well known, he has been in the Condition of each of thoſe illuſtrious Perſonages for ſeveral Hours together, and behav'd himſelf in thoſe high Stations, in all the Changes of the Scene, with ſuitable Dignity. For theſe Reaſons, we intend to repeat this late Favour to him on a proper Occaſion, leſt he who can inſtruct us ſo well in perſonating Feigned Sorrows, may not be loſt to us by ſuffering under Real Ones. The Town is at preſent in very

very great Expectation of ſeeing a Comedy now in Rehearſal, which is the 25th Production of my Honour'd Friend Mr. *Thomas D' Urfey*; who, beſides his great Abilities in the Dramatick, has a peculiar Talent in the Lyrick Way of Writing, and that with a Manner wholly new and unknown to the Antient *Greeks* and *Romans*, and is but faintly imitated in the Tranſlations of the Modern *Italian* Opera's.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 11.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 16th ſaid, That Major General *Cadogan* was gone to *Bruſſels*, with Orders to diſperſe proper Inſtructions for aſſembling the whole Force of the Allies in *Flanders* in the beginning of the next Month. The late Offers concerning Peace, were made in the Style of Perſons who think themſelves upon equal Terms: But the Allies have ſo juſt a Senſe of their preſent Advantages, that they will not admit of a Treaty, except *France* offers what is more ſuitable to her preſent Condition. At the ſame Time we make Preparations, as if we were alarm'd by a greater Force than that which we are carrying into the Field. Thus this Point ſeems now to be argued Sword in Hand; which was what a Great General alluded to, when being ask'd the Names of thoſe who were to be Plenipotentiaries for the enſuing Peace; anſwer'd, with a ſerious Air, *There are about an Hundred thouſand of us.* Mr. *Kidney*, who has the Ear of the greateſt Politicians who come hither, tells me, There is a Mail come in to Day with Letters, dated *Hague*, *April* 19. *N. S.* which ſay, a Deſign of bringing Part of our Troops into the Field at the latter End of this Month, is now alter'd to a Reſolution of Marching towards the Camp about the 20th of the next. Prince *Eugene* was then return'd thither from *Amſterdam*. He ſets out from *Bruſſels* on *Tueſday*: The Greater Number of the General Officers at the *Hague* have Orders to go at the ſame Time. The Squadron at *Dunkirk* conſiſts of ſeven Veſſels. There happen'd t'other Day, in the Road of *Scheveling*, an Engagement between a Privateer of *Zealand* and one of *Dunkirk*. The *Dunkirker*, carrying 33 Pieces of Cannon, was taken and brought into the *Texel*. It is ſaid, the Courier of Monſieur

ſieur *Rouille* is return'd to him from the Court of *France*. Monſieur *Vendoſme* being reinſtated in the Favour of the Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*, is to command in *Flanders*.

Mr. *Kidney* added, that there were Letters of the 17th from *Ghent*, which give an Account, that the Enemy had form'd a Deſign to ſurpriſe two Battalions of the Allies which lay at *Aloſt*; but thoſe Battalions receiv'd Advice of their March, and retir'd to *Dendermond*. Lieutenant General *Wood* appear'd on this Occaſion at the Head of 5000 Foot and 1000 Horſe, upon which the Enemy withdrew without making any further Attempt.

From my own Apartment.

I am ſorry I am oblig'd to trouble the Publick with ſo much Diſcourſe, upon a Matter which I at the very firſt mentioned as a Trifle, viz. the Death of Mr. *Partridge*, under whoſe Name there is an *Almanack* come out for the Year 1709. In one Page of which, it is aſſerted by the ſaid *John Partridge*, That he is ſtill living, and that not only ſo, but that he was alſo living ſome Time before, and even at the Inſtant when I writ of his Death. I have in another place, and in a Paper by it ſelf, ſufficiently convinc'd this Man that he is Dead, and if he has any Shame, I don't doubt but that by this Time he owns it to all his Acquaintance: For tho' the Legs and Arms, and whole Body of that Man may ſtill appear and perform their animal Functions; yet ſince, as I have elſewhere obſerv'd, his Art is gone, the Man is gone. I am, as I ſaid, concern'd, that this little Matter ſhould make ſo much Noiſe; but ſince I am engag'd, I take my ſelf oblig'd in Honour to go on in my Lucubrations, and by the Help of theſe Arts of which I am Maſter, as well as my Penetration in Aſtrological Speculations, I ſhall, as I ſee Occaſion, proceed to confute other dead Men, who pretend to be in Being, that they are actually deceaſed. I therefore give all Men fair Warning to mend their Manners, for I ſhall from Time to Time print Bills of Mortality; and I beg the Pardon of all ſuch who ſhall be nam'd therein, if they who are good for Nothing ſhall find themſelves in the Number of the Deceas'd.

Advertiſement.

Advertiſement.

*** A Vindication of *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq; againſt what is objected to Him by Mr. *Partridge*, in his Almanack for the preſent Year 1709. By the ſaid *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq; *London*: Printed in the Year 1709.

From *Tueſday April* 12. to *Thurſday April* 14. N°. 2.

Will's Coffee-Houſe, April 13.

THere has lain all this Evening, on the Table, the following Poem. The Subject of it being Matter very uſeful for Families, it deſerv'd to be conſider'd, and made more publick. The Turn the Poet gives it, is very happy; but the Foundation is from a real Accident which happen'd among my Acquaintance. A Young Gentleman of a great Eſtate, fell deſperately in Love with a great Beauty, of very high Quality, but as ill natur'd, as long Flattery, and an habitual Self-will, could make her. However, my young Spark ventures upon her, like a Man of Quality, without being acquainted with her, or having ever ſaluted her, 'till it was a Crime to kiſs any Woman elſe. Beauty is a Thing which palls with Poſſeſſion; and the Charms of this Lady ſoon wanted the Support of good Humour and Complaiſancy of Manners. Upon this my Spark flies to the Bottle for Relief from his Satiety. She diſdains him for being tired with that for which all Men envy'd him; and he never came home, but it was— Was there no Sot that would ſtay longer? Would any Man living but you? Did I leave all the World for this Uſage? To which he—— Madam, Split me, you are very impertinent! In a Word, this Match was Wedlock in its moſt terrible Appearances. She, at laſt weary of Railing to no Purpoſe, applies to a good Uncle, who gives her a Bottle, he pretended he had bought of Mr. *Partridge* the Conjurer. This, ſaid he, I gave Ten Guinea's for. The Virtue of the Inchanted Liquor (ſaid he that ſold it) is ſuch, that if the Woman you Marry proves a Scold, (which it ſeems, my dear Neece, is your Misfortune; and it was your good Mother's before you,) let her hold ſix Spoonfuls in her

Mouth, for a full Half Hour after you come Home— But I find I am not in the Humour for telling a Tale, and nothing in Nature is ſo ungrateful as Story Telling againſt the Grain, therefore take it as the Author has given it you.

The MEDECIN.

A Tale——for the Ladies.

Miſs *Molly*, a fam'd Toaſt, was Fair and Young,
Had Wealth and Charms,— but then ſhe had a Tongue!
From Morn to Night th' Eternal Larum run,
Which often loſt thoſe Hearts her Eyes had won.

Sir *John* was ſmitten, and confeſs'd his Flame,
Sigh'd out the uſual Time, then wed the Dame:
Poſſeſs'd he thought of ev'ry Joy of Life,
But his Dear *Molly* prov'd a Very Wife.
Exceſs of Fondneſs did in Time decline,
Madam lov'd Money, and the *Knight* lov'd Wine.
From whence ſome petty Diſcord would ariſe,
As, *You're a Fool*; —and, *You are mighty Wiſe*!

Tho' he and all the World allow'd her Wit,
Her Voice was ſhrill, and rather loud than ſweet.
When ſhe began, — for Hat and Sword he'd call,
Then, after a faint Kiſs, — Cry, B'y, Dear *Moll*:
Supper and Friends expect me at the *Roſe*.
And, what, Sir *John*, You'l get your uſual Doſe!
Go, ſtink of Smoak, and guſle naſty Wine,
Sure, never Virtuous Love was us'd like mine!

Oft, as the watchful Bellman march'd his Round,
At a freſh Bottle gay Sir *John* he found.
By Four the *Knight* would get his Buſineſs done,
And only then reel'd off, — becauſe alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful Storm to come,
But arm'd with *Bourdeaux*, he durſt venture Home.

My Lady with her Tongue was ſtill prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:

'Tis

'Tis a fine Hour! In a ſweet Pickle made!
And this, Sir *John*, is ev'ry Day the Trade.
Here I ſit moping all the live-long Night,
Devour'd with Spleen, and Stranger to Delight:
'Till Morn ſends ſtagg'ring Home a Drunken Beaſt,
Reſolv'd to break my Heart, as well as Reſt.

Hey! Hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obſtrep'rous Spouſe!
What, can't you find one Bed about the Houſe!
Will that perpetual Clack lie never ſtill!
That Rival to the Softneſs of a Mill!
Some Couch and diſtant Room muſt be my Choice,
Where I may ſleep uncurs'd with Wife and Noiſe.

Long this uncomfortable Life they led,
With ſnarling Meals, and each a ſeparate Bed.
To an old Uncle oft ſhe would complain,
Beg his Advice, and ſcarce from Tears refrain;
Old *Wiſewood* ſmoak'd the Matter as it was,
Cheer up, cry'd he! and I'll remove the Cauſe.

A wond'rous Spring within my Garden flows,
Of Sov'reign Virtue, chiefly to compoſe
Domeſtick Jarrs, and Matrimonial Strife,
The beſt Elixir t'appeaſe Man and Wife;
Strange are th' Effects, the Qualities Divine,
'Tis Water call'd, but worth its Weight in Wine.
If in his ſullen Airs, Sir *John* ſhould come,
Three Spoonfuls take, hold in your Mouth—then Mum:
Smile, and look Pleas'd, when he ſhall Rage and Scold,
Still in your Mouth the Healing Cordial hold;
One Month this Sympathetick Med'cin try'd,
He'll grow a Lover, you a Happy Bride.
But deareſt Neece keep this Grand Secret cloſe,
Or ev'ry pratling Huſſy'l beg a Doſe.

A Water-Bottle's brought for her Relief,
Not *Nants* could ſooner eaſe the Lady's Grief:
Her buſy Thoughts are on the Tryal bent,
And Female-like, impatient for th' Event.
The Bounty Knight reels Home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for Clamour and Domeſtick War.
Entring, he cries, — Hey! Where's our Thunder fled!
No Hurricane! *Betty*'s your Lady dead!

Mada.n,

Madam, aſide, an ample Mouthful takes,
Curt'ſy's, looks Kind, but not a Word ſhe ſpeaks:
Wond'ring, he ſtar'd, ſcarcely his Eyes believ'd,
But found his Ears agreeably deceiv'd.
Why, How now, *Molly*, What's the Crotchet now?
She ſmiles, and anſwers only with a Bow.
Then claſping her about, Why, let me Dye!
Theſe Nightclothes, *Moll*, become thee mightily!
With that, he ſigh'd, her Hand began to preſs,
And *Betty* calls her Lady to undreſs.
Nay, kiſs me, *Molly*, for I'm much inclin'd.
Her Lace ſhe cuts to take him in the Mind.
Thus the Fond Pair to Bed enamour'd went,
The Lady pleas'd, and the good Knight content.

For many Days theſe Fond Endearments paſs'd,
The Reconciling Bottle fails at laſt;
'Twas us'd and gone, — Then Midnight Storms aroſe,
And Looks and Words, the Union diſcompoſe.
Her Coach is order'd, and Poſt-haſte ſhe flies,
To beg dear Uncle for ſome freſh Supplies;
Tranſported does the ſtrange Effects relate,
Her Knight's Converſion, and her happy State!

Why, Neece, ſays he, — I prithee apprehend,
The Water's Water, — Be thy ſelf thy Friend;
Such Beauty would the coldeſt Husband warm,
But your provoking Tongue undoes the Charm:
Be ſilent, and complying, — You'll ſoon find,
Sir *John*, without a Med'cin, will be kind.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 13.

Letters from *Venice* ſay, the Diſappointment of ſeeing his *Daniſh* Majeſty has very much diſquieted the Court of *Rome*. Our laſt Advices from *Germany* inform us, that the Miniſter of *Hanover* has urg'd the Council at *Ratiſbone* to exert themſelves on the common Cauſe, and took the Liberty to ſay, that the Dignity, the Virtue, the Prudence of his Electoral Highneſs, his Maſter, were called to the Head of their Affairs in vain, if they thought fit to leave him naked of the proper Means to make thoſe Excellences uſeful, for the Honour and Safety of the

the Empire. They write from *Berlin* of the 13th, *O. S.* That the true Deſign of General *Fleming*'s Viſit to that Court was, to inſinuate, that it will be for the mutual Intereſt of the King of *Pruſſia* and King *Auguſtus* to enter into a new Alliance; but that the Miniſters of *Pruſſia* are not inclin'd to his Sentiments. We hear from *Vienna*, That his Imperial Majeſty has expreſs'd great Satisfaction in their High Mightineſſes, having communicated to him the whole that has paſs'd in the Affair of a Peace. Tho' there have been Practices uſed by the Agents of *France*, in all the Courts of *Europe*, to break the good Underſtanding of the Allies, they have had no other Effect, but to make all the Members concern'd in the Alliance, more doubtful of their Safety from the great Offers of the Enemy. The Empire is rouz'd by this Alarm, and the Frontiers of all the *French* Dominions, are in Danger of being inſulted the enſuing Campaign. Advices from all Parts confirm, That it is impoſſible for *France* to find a Way to gain ſo much Credit, as to ſeparate any one Potentate of the Allies ſo far, as to hope for Safety from any Thing but the Enemies Inability to break his Treaties.

From my own Apartment, April 13.

I find it of very great Uſe, now I am ſetting up for a Writer of News, that I am an Adept in Aſtrological Speculations; by which Means, I avoid ſpeaking of Things which may offend great Perſons. But at the ſame Time, I muſt not proſtitute the Liberal Sciences ſo far, as not to utter the Truth in Caſes which do not immediately concern the Good of my native Country. I muſt therefore boldly contradict what has been ſo aſſuredly reported by the News-writers of *England*, That *France* is in the moſt deplorable Condition, and that their People dye in great Multitudes. I will therefore let the World know, that my Correſpondent, by the Way of *Bruſſels*, informs me, upon his Honour, That the Gentleman who writes the Gazette of *Paris*, and ought to know as well as any Man, has told him, That ever ſince the King has been paſt his 63d Year, or Grand Climateric, there has not dy'd one Man of the *French* Nation, who was younger than his Majeſty, except a very few,

who

who were taken ſuddenly near the Village of *Hockſtet*, in *Germany*: And ſome more, who were ſtraitned for Lodging at a Place call'd *Ramelies*, and dy'd on the Road to *Ghent* and *Bruges*. There are alſo other Things given out, which are Shifts below a conquering Nation to make Uſe of. Among others, 'tis ſaid, there is a general Murmuring among the People, tho' at the ſame Time, all my Letters agree, that there is ſo good an Underſtanding among them, that there is not one Morſel carry'd out of any Market in the Kingdom, but what is deliver'd upon Credit.

From *Thurſday April* 14. to *Saturday April* 16. N°. 3.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 14.

THis Evening, the Comedy call'd *The Country-Wife*, was acted in *Drury-Lane*, for the Benefit of Mrs. *Rignall*. The Part which gives Name to the Play was perform'd by her ſelf. Through the whole Action ſhe made a very pretty Figure, and exactly enter'd into the Nature of the Part. Her Husband, in the *Drama*, is repreſented to be one of thoſe Debauchees who run through the Vices of the Town, and believe, when they think fit they can marry, and ſettle at their Eaſe. His own Knowledge of the Iniquity of the Age, makes him chooſe a Wife wholly ignorant of it, and place his Security in her Want of Skill how to abuſe him. The Poet, on many Occaſions, where the Propriety of the Character of the Perſon ſpeaking will admit of it, inſinuates, That there is no Defence againſt Vice, but the Contempt of it: And has, in the Natural Ideas of an Untainted Innocent, ſhown the gradual Steps to Ruin and Deſtruction, which Perſons of Condition run into, without the Help of a good Education by which to form their Conduct. The Torment of a Jealous Coxcomb, which ariſes from his own Falſe Maxims, and the Aggravation of his Pain, by the very Words in which he ſees her Innocence, makes a very pleaſant and inſtructive Satyr. The Character of *Horner*, and the Deſign of it, is a good Repreſentation of the Age in which that Comedy was written:

written; at which Time, Love and Wenching were the Buſineſs of Life, and the Gallant Manner of purſuing Women, was the beſt Recommendation at Court. To which only it is to be imputed, that a Gentleman of Mr. *Wicherley*'s Character, and Senſe, condeſcends to repreſent the Inſults done to the Honour of the Bed, without juſt Reproof; but to have drawn a Man of Probity with Regard to ſuch Conſiderations, had been a Monſter, and a Poet had, at that Time, diſcover'd his Want of knowing the Manners of the Court he liv'd in, by a Virtuous Character, in his fine Gentleman, as he would ſhow his Ignorance, by drawing a Vitious One to pleaſe the preſent Audience. Mrs. *Bignall* did her Part very happily, and had a certain Grace in her Ruſticity, which gave us Hopes of ſeeing her a very Skilful Player, and in ſome Parts, ſupply our Loſs of Mrs. *Verbruggen*. I cannot be of the ſame Opinion with my Friends and Fellow-Labourers, the *Reformers of Manners*, in their Severity towards Plays, but muſt allow, that a good Play, acted before a well-bred Audience, muſt raiſe very proper Incitements to good Behaviour, and be the moſt quick and moſt prevailing Method of giving Young People a Turn of Senſe and Breeding. But as I have ſet up for a Weekly Hiſtorian, I reſolve to be a Faithful One; and therefore take this publick Occaſion, to admoniſh a Young Nobleman, who came fluſter'd into the Box laſt Night, and let him know, how much all his Friends were out of Countenance for him. The Women ſate in Terrour of hearing ſomething that ſhould ſhock their Modeſty, and all the Gentlemen in as much Pain, out of Compaſſion to the Ladies, and perhaps Reſentment for the Indignity which was offer'd in coming into their Preſence in ſo diſreſpectful a Manner. Wine made him ſay nothing that was Rude, therefore he is forgiven, upon Condition he will never hazard his offending more in this Kind. As I juſt now hinted, I own my ſelf of the Society for *Reformation of Manners*. We have lower Inſtruments than thoſe of the Family of *Bickerſtaff*, for puniſhing Great Crimes, and expoſing the Abandon'd. Therefore, as I deſign to have Notices from all Publick Aſſemblies, I ſhall take upon me only Indecorums, Impropri-

eties,

ties, and Negligences, in ſuch as ſhould give us better Examples. After this Declaration, if a Fine Lady thinks fit to giggle at Church, or a Great Beau come in drunk to a Play, either ſhall be ſure to hear of it in my enſuing Paper: For meerly as a well-bred Man, I cannot bear theſe Enormities.

After the Play we naturally ſtroll to this Coffee-houſe, in hopes of meeting ſome new Poem, or other Entertainment, among the Men of Wit and Pleaſure, where there is a Dearth at preſent. But it is wonderful there ſhould be ſo few Writers, when the Art is become merely Mechanick, and Men may make themſelves Great that Way, by as certain and infallible Rules, as you may be a Joyner or a Maſon. There happens a good Inſtance of this, in what the Hawker juſt now has offer'd to Sale; to wit, *Inſtructions to Vanderbank*; *A Sequel to the Advice to the Poets*; *a Poem, occaſioned by the Glorious Succeſs of her Majeſty's Arms, under the Command of the Duke of* Marlborough, *the laſt Year in* Flanders. Here you are to underſtand, that the Author finding the Poets would not take his Advice, he troubles himſelf no more about 'em; but has met with one *Vanderbank*, who works in Arras, and makes very good Tapeſtry-Hangings: Therefore, in order to celebrate the Hero of the Age, he claps me together all that can be ſaid of a Man that makes Hangings: As,

Then, Artiſt, who doſt Nature's Face expreſs
In Silk and Gold, and Scenes of Action dreſs;
Doſt figur'd Arras animated leave,
Spin a Bright Story, or a Paſſion weave
By mingling Threads; *canſt mingle Shade and Light,*
Delineate Triumphs, or deſcribe a Fight?

Well, what ſhall this Workman do? Why? To ſhow how great an Hero the Poet intends, he bids him give him a very good Horſe:

Champing his Foam, and bounding on the Plain,
Arch his High Neck, and Graceful ſpread his Mane.

Now

Now as to the Intrepidity, the calm Courage, the conſtant Application of the Hero, it is not neceſſary to take that upon your ſelf; you may, in the Lump, bid him you employ raiſe him as High as he can, and if he does it not, let him anſwer for diſobeying Orders.

Let Fame and Victory in inferiour Sky,
Hover with ballanc'd Wings, and ſmiling fly
Above his Head, &c.

A whole Poem of this Kind may be ready againſt an enſuing Campaign, as well as a Space left in the Canvaſs of a Piece of Tapeſtry for the principal Figure, while the Under Parts are working: So that in Effect, the Adviſer copies after the Man he pretends to direct. This method ſhould, methinks, encourage young Beginners: For the Invention is ſo fitted to all Capacities, that by the Help of it a Man may make a Receipt for a Poem. A young Man may obſerve, that the Gigg of the Thing is, as I ſaid, finding out all that can be ſaid of his Way you employ to ſet forth your Worthy. *Waller* and *Denham* had worn out the Expedient of *Advice to a Painter*: This Author has transfer'd the Work, and has ſent his *Advice to the Poets*; that is to ſay, to the *Turners of Verſe*, as he calls 'em. Well, that Thought is worn out alſo, therefore he directs his Genius to the Loom, and will have a new Set of Hangings, in Honour of the laſt Year in *Flanders*. I muſt own to you, I approve extremely this Invention, and it might be improv'd for the Benefit of Manufactury: As, ſuppoſe an Ingenious Gentleman ſhould write a Poem of Advice to a Callico Printer: Do you think there is a Girl in *England*, that would wear any thing but *The Taking of Liſle*, or *The Battle of Oudenarde*? They would certainly be all the Faſhion, 'till the Heroes abroad had cut out ſome more Patterns. I ſhould fancy ſmall Skirmiſhes might do for Under Petticoats, provided they had a Siege for the Upper. If our Adviſer were well imitated, many Induſtrious People might be put to Work. Little Mr. *Daffile*, now in the Room, who formerly writ a Song and a Half, is a Week gone in a very pretty Work, upon this Hint: He is

wri-

writing an Epigram to a young Virgin who knits very well; 'tis a Thouſand Pities he is a *Jacobite*: But his Epigram is by Way of Advice to this Damſel, to knit all the Actions of the *Pretender* and the Duke of *Burgundy* laſt Campaign in the Clock of a Stocking. It were endleſs to enumerate the many Hands and Trades that may be employ'd by Poets, of ſo uſeful a Turn as this Adviſer's. I ſhall think of it; and in this Time of Taxes, ſhall conſult a great Critick employ'd in the Cuſtom-houſe, in order to propoſe what Tax may be proper to put upon Knives, Seals, Rings, Hangings, Wrought-Beds, Gowns and Petticoats, where any of thoſe Commodities bear Motto's, or are work'd upon Poetical Grounds.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 15.

Letters from *Turin* of the 3d Inſtant, *N. S.* inform us, That his Royal Highneſs employs all his Addreſs in alarming the Enemy, and perplexing their Speculations, concerning his real Deſigns the enſuing Campaign. Contracts are enter'd into with the Merchants of *Milan*, for a great Number of Mules to tranſport his Proviſions and Ammunition. His Royal Highneſs has order'd the Train of Artillery to be convey'd to *Suſa* before the 20th of the next Month. In the mean Time, all Accounts agree, that the Enemy are very backward in their Preparations, and almoſt incapable of defending themſelves againſt an Invaſion, by reaſon of the general Murmurs of their own People; which, they find, are no way to be quieted, but by giving them Hopes of a ſpeedy Peace. When theſe Letters were diſpatch'd, the Marſhal *de Theſſe* was arriv'd at *Genoa*, where he has taken much Pains to keep the Correſpondents of the Merchants of *France* in Hopes, that there will Meaſures be found out to ſupport the Credit and Commerce between that State and *Lyons*. But the late Declaration of the Agents of Monſieur *Bernard*, that they cannot diſcharge the Demands made upon 'em, has quite diſpirited all thoſe who are engag'd in the Remittances of *France*.

From

From my own Apartment, April 15.

It is a very natural Paſſion in all good Members of the Common-wealth, to take what Care they can of their Families. Therefore I hope the Reader will forgive me, that I deſire he would go to the Play, call'd the *Stratagem*, this Evening, which is to be acted for the Benefit of my near Kinſman Mr. *John Bickerſtaff*. I proteſt to you, the Gentleman has not ſpoken to me to deſire this Favour; but I have a Reſpect for him, as well in Regard to Conſanguinity, as that he is an intimate Friend of that Famous and Heroick Actor, Mr. *George Powell*, who formerly play'd *Alexander the Great* in all Places, tho' he is lately grown ſo reſerv'd, as to act it only on the Stage.

From *Saturday April* 16. to *Tueſday April* 19. N°. 4.

IT is uſual with Perſons, who mount the Stage for the Cure or Information of the Crowd about 'em, to make ſolemn Profeſſions of their being wholly diſintereſted in the Pains they take for the Publick Good. At the ſame Time, thoſe very Men, who make Harangues in Pluſh Doublets, and extol their own Abilities and Generous Inclinations, tear their Lungs in vending a Drug, and ſhow no Act of Bounty, except it be, that they lower a Demand of a Crown to Six, nay, to One Penny. We have a Contempt for ſuch Paultry Barterers, and have therefore all along inform'd the Publick, that we intend to give them our Advices for our own Sakes, and are labouring to make our Lucubrations come to ſome Price in Money, for our more convenient Support in the Service of the Publick. It is certain, that many other Schemes have been propoſed to me; as a Friend offer'd to ſhow me a Treatiſe he had writ, which he call'd, The Whole Art of Life, *or* The Introduction to Great Men, illuſtrated in a Pack of Cards. *But being a Novice at all Manner of Play, I declin'd the Offer. Another adviſed me, for want of Money, to ſet up my Coach, and practiſe Phyſick, but having been bred a Scholar, I fear'd I ſhould not ſucceed that Way neither; therefore reſolv'd to go on in my preſent Project. But you are to underſtand, that I ſhall not pretend to*

raiſe

raiſe a Credit to this Work, upon the Weight of my Politick News only, but, as my Latin *Sentence on the Front hereof informs you, ſhall take any Thing that offers for the Subject of my Diſcourſe. Thus New Perſons, as well as New Things, are to come under my Conſideration; as, when a* Toaſt, *or a* Wit, *is firſt pronounc'd ſuch, you ſhall have the Freſheſt Advice of their Preferment to that Rank from me, with a Deſcription of the* Beauty's *Manner, and the* Wit's *Style; as alſo, in whoſe Places they are advanc'd. For this Town is never good-natur'd enough to raiſe One Perſon, without depreſſing Another. But it is my Deſign, to avoid ſaying any Thing of any Perſon, which ought juſtly to diſpleaſe; but ſhall endeavour, by the Variety of the Matter and Style, to give Entertainment for Men of Pleaſure, without Offence, to thoſe of Buſineſs.*

White's *Chocolate-houſe, April* 18.

ALL Hearts at preſent pant for two Ladies only, who have for ſome time engroſs'd the Dominion of the Town. They are indeed both exceeding Charming, but differ very much in their Excellencies. The Beauty of *Clariſſa* is Soft, that of *Chloe* Piercing. When you look at *Clariſſa*, you ſee the moſt exact Harmony of Feature, Complexion, and Shape; you find in *Chloe* nothing extraordinary in any one of thoſe Particulars, but the Whole Woman irreſiſtible. *Clariſſa* looks Languiſhing; *Chloe*, Killing. *Clariſſa* never fails of gaining Admiration; *Chloe*, of moving Deſire. The Gazers at *Clariſſa*, are at firſt unconcern'd, as if they were obſerving a fine Picture. They who behold *Chloe* at the Firſt Glance diſcover Tranſport, as if they met their deareſt Friend. Theſe different Perfections are ſuitably repreſented by the laſt Great Painter *Italy* has ſent us, Mr. *Jervaſe*. *Clariſſa* is, by that Skilful Hand, plac'd in a Manner that looks artleſs, and innocent of the Torments ſhe gives; *Chloe* drawn with a Livelineſs that ſhows ſhe is Conſcious, but not Affected of her Perfections. *Clariſſa* is a Shepherdeſs; *Chloe*, a Country Girl. I muſt own, the Deſign of *Chloe*'s Picture ſhows to me, great Maſtery in the Painter; for nothing could be better imagin'd than the Dreſs he has given her, of a Straw Hat and Ribbon, to repreſent that Sort of Beauty which enters the

the Heart with a certain Familiarity, and cheats it into a Belief, that it has receiv'd a Lover as well as an Object of Love. The Force of their different Beauties is ſeen alſo in the Effects it makes on their Lovers. The Admirers of *Chloe* are eternally Gay and Well pleas'd: Thoſe of *Clariſſa* Melancholly and Thoughtful. And as this Paſſion always changes the natural Man into a quite different Creature from what he was before, the Love of *Chloe* makes Coxcombs; that of *Clariſſa*, Madmen. There were of each Kind juſt now here. Here is One that Whiſtles, Laughs, Sings, and Cuts Capers, for Love of *Chloe*. Another has juſt now writ Three Lines to *Clariſſa*; then taken a Turn in the Garden, then came back again, then tore his Fragment, then call'd for ſome Chocolate, then went away without it.

Chloe has ſo many Admirers in the Room at preſent, that there is too much Noiſe to proceed in my Narration: So that the Progreſs of the Loves of *Clariſſa* and *Chloe*, together with the Bottles that are drank each Night for the One, and the many Sighs which are utter'd, and Songs written, on the Other, muſt be our Subject on future Occaſion.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 18.

Letters from the *Hay-market* inform us, That on *Saturday* Night laſt, the Opera of *Pyrrhus* and *Demetrius* was perform'd with great Applauſe. This Intelligence is not very acceptable to us Friends of the Theatre; for the Stage being an Entertainment of the Reaſon and all our Faculties, this Way of being pleas'd with the Suſpence of 'em for Three Hours together, and being given up to the ſhallow Satisfaction of the Eyes and Ears only, ſeems to ariſe rather from the Degeneracy of our Underſtanding, than an Improvement of our Diverſions. That the Underſtanding has no Part in the Pleaſure, is evident from what theſe Letters very poſitively aſſert, to wit, That a great Part of the Performance was done in *Italian*: And a Great Critick fell into Fits in the Gallery, at ſeeing not only Time and Place, but Languages and Nations confus'd, in the moſt incorrigible Manner. His Spleen is ſo extreamly moved on this Occaſion, that he is going to publiſh another Treatiſe

tiſe againſt the Introduction of Opera's, which, he thinks, has already inclin'd us to Thoughts of Peace, and if tolerated, muſt infallibly diſpirit us from carrying on the War. He has communicated his Scheme to the whole Room, and declared in what Manner Things of this Kind were firſt introduc'd. He has upon this Occaſion conſider'd the Nature of Sounds in general, and made a very elaborate Digreſſion upon the *London Cries*, wherein he has ſhown from Reaſon and Philoſophy, why Oyſters are cry'd, Cardmatches ſung, and Turneps and all other Vegetables neither cry'd, ſung, nor ſaid, but ſold with an Accent and Tone neither natural to Man or Beaſt. This Piece ſeems to be ſtol'n from the Model of that excellent Diſcourſe of Mrs. *Manly* the School-Miſtriſs, concerning Samplers. Advices from the upper-End of *Piccadilly* ſay, that *May-Fair* is utterly aboliſh'd; and we hear, Mr. *Pinkethman* has remov'd his Ingenious Company of Strollers to *Greenwich*: But other Letters from *Deptford* ſay, the Company is only making thither, and not yet ſettled; but that ſeveral Heathen Gods and Goddeſſes, which are to deſcend in Machines, landed at the *King's-Head-Stairs* laſt *Saturday*. *Venus* and *Cupid* went on Foot from thence to *Greenwich*; *Mars* got drunk in the Town, and broke his Landlord's Head; for which he ſat in the Stocks the whole Evening; but Mr. *Pinkethman* giving Security that he ſhould do nothing this enſuing Summer, he was ſet at Liberty. The moſt Melancholy Part of all, was, that *Diana* was taken in the Act of Fornication with a Boat-man, and committed by Juſtice *Wrathful*, which has, it ſeems, put a Stop to the Diverſions of the Theatre of *Black-Heath*. But there goes down another *Diana* and a *Patient-Griſſel* next Tide from *Billingſgate*. It is credibly reported, that Mr. *D——y* has agreed with Mr. *Pinkethman* to have his Play acted before that Audience, aſſoon as it has had its firſt Sixteen Days Run in *Drury-Lane*.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 18.

They write from *Saxony* of the 13th Inſtant, *N. S.* That the Grand General of the Crown of *Poland* was ſo far from entring into a Treaty with King *Staniſlaus*, that he had written Circular Letters, wherein he exhorted the

the *Palatinates* to joyn againſt him; declaring, that this was the moſt favourable Conjuncture for aſſerting their Liberty.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 23d Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, they have Advices from *Vienna*, which import, that his Electoral Highneſs of *Hannover* had ſignified to the Imperial Court, that he did not intend to put himſelf at the Head of the Troops of the Empire, except more effectual Meaſures were taken for acting vigorouſly againſt the Enemy the enſuing Campaign. Upon this Repreſentation, the Emperor has giv'n Orders to ſeveral Regiments to march towards the *Rhine*, and diſpatch'd Expreſſes to the reſpective Princes of the Empire to deſire an Augmentation of their Forces.

Theſe Letters add, that an Expreſs arriv'd at the *Hague* on the 20th Inſtant, with Advice, that the Enemy having made a Detachment from *Tournay* of 1500 Horſe, each Trooper carrying a Foot Soldier behind him, in order to ſurprize the Garriſon of *Aloſt*; the Allies, upon Notice of their March, ſent out a ſtrong Body of Troops from *Ghent*, which engag'd the Enemy at *Aſche*, and took 200 of them Priſoners, obliging the reſt to retire without making any further Attempt. On the 22d in the Morning, a Fleet of Merchants Ships coming from *Scotland*, were attack'd by Six *French* Privateers, at the Entrance of the *Meuſe*. We have yet no certain Advice of the Event: But Letters from *Rotterdam* ſay, that a *Dutch* Man of War of Forty Guns, which was Convoy to the ſaid Fleet, was taken, as were alſo Eighteen of the Merchants. The *Swiſs* Troops, in the Service of the States, have compleated the Augmentation of their reſpective Companies. Thoſe of *Wirtemberg* and *Pruſſia* are expected on the Frontiers within few Days; and the Auxiliaries from *Saxony*, as alſo a Battalion of *Holſtein*, and another of *Wolfembuttle*, are advancing thither with all Expedition. On the 21ſt Inſtant, the Deputies of the States had a Conference near *Woerden* with the Preſident *Rouille*; but the Matter which was therein debated is not made publick. His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* continue at the *Hague*.

From

From my own Apartment, April 18.

I have lately been very ſtudious for Intelligence, and have juſt now, by my Aſtrological Flying Poſt, receiv'd a Packet from *Felicia*, an Iſland in *America*, with an Account that gives me great Satisfaction, and lets me underſtand, that the Iſland was never in greater Proſperity, or the Adminiſtration in ſo good Hands, ſince the Death of their late Valiant King. Theſe Letters import, That the Chief Miniſter has enter'd into a firm League with the ableſt and beſt Men of the Nation, to carry on the Cauſe of Liberty, to the Encouragement of Religion, Virtue, and Honour. Thoſe Perſons at the Helm are ſo uſeful, and in themſelves of ſuch Weight, that their ſtrict Alliance muſt needs tend to the Univerſal Proſperity of the People. *Camillo*, it ſeems, preſides over the Deliberations of State; and is ſo highly valued by all Men for his ſingular Probity, Courage, Affability, and Love of Mankind, that his being plac'd in that Station has diſſipated the Fears of that People, who of all the World are the moſt jealous of their Liberty and Happineſs. The next Member of their Society is *Horatio*, who makes all the Publick Diſpatches. This Miniſter is Maſter of all the Languages in Uſe to great Perfection: He is held in the higheſt Veneration imaginable for a ſevere Honeſty and Love of his Country: He lives in a Court, unſullied with any of its Artifices, the Refuge of the Oppreſs'd, and Terror of Oppreſſors. *Martio* has joyn'd himſelf to this Council; a Man of moſt undaunted Reſolution and great Knowledge in Maritime Affairs; Famous for deſtroying the Navy of the *Franks*, and ſingularly happy in one Particular, that he never prefer'd a Man who has not prov'd remarkably ſerviceable to his Country. *Philander* is not to be forgotten; a Nobleman who has the moſt refin'd Taſte of the true Pleaſures and Elegance of Life, joyn'd to an indefatigable Induſtry in Buſineſs. A Man Eloquent in Aſſemblies, Agreeable in Converſation, and Dextrous in all Manner of Publick Negotiations. Theſe Letters add, That *Verono*, who is alſo of this Council, has lately ſet Sail to his Government of *Patricia*, with Deſign to confirm the Affections of the People in the Intereſts of his

his Queen. This Minister is Master of great Abilities, and is as industrious and restless for the Preservation of the Liberties of the People, as the greatest Enemy can be to subvert 'em. The Influence of these Personages, who are Men of such distinguish'd Parts and Virtues, makes the People enjoy the utmost Tranquillity in the Midst of a War, and gives 'em undoubted Hopes of a secure Peace from their Vigilance and Integrity.

Advertisement.

Upon the humble Petition of the Running Stationers, &c. this Paper may be had of them, for the future, at the Price of one Penny.

From *Tuesday April* 19. to *Thursday April* 21. N°. 5.

White's Chocolate-house, April 20.

WHO names that Lost Thing, Love, without a Tear?
Since so debauch'd by ill-bred Customs here,
To an exact Perfection they have brought
The Action, Love, the Passion is forgot.

This was long ago a Witty Author's Lamentation, but the Evil still continues; and if a Man of any Delicacy were to attend the Discourses of the young Fellows of this Age, they would believe there were none but Prostitutes to make the Objects of Passion. So true it is what the Author of the above Verses said a little before his Death, of the Modern Pretenders to Gallantry, "They set up for Wit in this Age, by saying "when they are Sober, what they of the last spoke "only when they were Drunk. But *Cupid* is not only Blind at present, but Dead drunk; he has lost all his Faculties: Else how should *Celia* be so long a Maid with that agreeable Motion and Air? *Corinna*, with that sprightly Wit? *Lesbia*, with that Heavenly Voice? And *Sacharissa*, with all those Excellencies in one Person, frequent the Park, the Play, and murder the poor Tits that drag her to Publick Places, and not a Man turn pale at her Appearance? But such is the fallen State of Love, that if it were not for Honest *Cynthio*,

who is true to the Cauſe, we ſhould hardly have a Pattern left of the antient Worthies that Way: And indeed he has but very little Encouragement to perſevere; but he has a Devotion, rather than Love, for his Miſtreſs, and ſays,

Only tell her that I love,
Leave the reſt to her, and Fate;
Some kind Planet from Above,
May, perhaps, her Paſſion move:
Lovers on their Stars muſt wait.

But the Stars I am ſo intimately acquainted with, that I can aſſure him, he will never have her: For would you believe it, tho' *Cynthio* has Wit, Good Senſe, Fortune, and his very Being depends on her, the Termagant for whom he ſighs, is in Love with a Fellow, who ſtares in the Glaſs all the Time he is with her, and lets her plainly ſee, ſhe may poſſibly be his Rival, but never his Miſtreſs. Yet *Cynthio*, the ſame unhappy Man whom I mentioned in my firſt Narrative, pleaſes himſelf with a vain Imagination, that with the Language of his Eyes, now he has found who ſhe is, he ſhall conquer her, tho' her Eyes are intent upon one who looks from her; which is ordinary with the Sex. It is certainly a Miſtake in the Antients, to draw the little Gentleman, *Love*, as a Blind Boy; for his real Character is, a little Thief that ſquints. For ask Mrs. *Meddle*, who is a Confident, or Spy, upon all the Paſſions in Town, and ſhe'll tell you, that the Whole is a Game of Croſs Purpoſes. The Lover is generally purſuing one, who is in purſuit of another, and running from one that deſires to meet him. Nay, the Figure of this Paſſion is ſo juſtly repreſented in a ſquinting little Thief, (who is always in a Double Action) that do but obſerve *Clariſſa* next Time you ſee her, and you'll find, when her Eyes have made their ſoft Tour round the Company, ſhe makes no Stay on him they ſay ſhe is to marry, but reſts two Seconds of a Minute on *Wildair*, who neither looks nor thinks of her, or any Woman elſe. However, *Cynthio* had a Bow from her t'other Day,

Day, upon which he is very much come to himſelf; and I heard him ſend his Man of an Errand yeſterday without any manner of Heſitation, after which, a Quarter of an Hour after he reckon'd Twenty, he remembred he was to ſup with a Friend, and went exactly to his Appointment. I ſent to know how he did this Morning, and I find, he very perfectly remembers that he ſpoke to me Yeſterday.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 20.

This Week being Sacred to Holy Things, and no Publick Diverſions allow'd, there has been taken notice of, even here, a litte Treatiſe call'd, *A Project for the Advancement of Religion: Dedicated to the Counteſs of* Berkeley. The Title was ſo uncommon, and promis'd ſo peculiar a Way of Thinking, that every Man here has read it, and as many as have done ſo, have approv'd it. It is written with the Spirit of one, who has ſeen the World enough to undervalue it with Good Breeding. The Author muſt certainly be a Man of Wiſdom, as well as Piety, and have ſpent much Time in the Exerciſe of Both. The Real Cauſes of the Decay of the Intereſt of Religion are ſet forth in a lively clear Manner, without unſeaſonable Paſſions; and the whole Air of the Book, as to the Language, the Sentiments, and the Reaſonings, ſhow it was written by one, whoſe Virtue ſits eaſy about him, and to whom Vice is throughly contemptible. It was ſaid by one of this Company, alluding to the Knowledge of the World the Author ſeems to have, the Man writes very like a Gentleman, and goes to Heav'n with a very good Mien.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 20.

Letters from *Italy* ſay, that the Marquis *de Prie*, upon the Receipt of an Expreſs from the Court of *Vienna*, went immediately to the Palace of Cardinal *Paulucci*, Miniſter of State to his Holineſs, and demanded, in the Name of his Imperial Majeſty, that King *Charles* ſhould be forthwith acknowledg'd King of *Spain*, by a ſolemn Act of the Congregation of Cardinals appointed for that Purpoſe: He declar'd at the ſame time, that if the leaſt Heſitation was made in this moſt important Article of the late Treaty, he ſhould not only be himſelf

oblig'd to leave *Rome*, but alſo tranſmit his Maſter's Orders to the Imperial Troops, to face about, and return into the Eccleſiaſtical Dominions. When the Cardinal reported this Meſſage to the Pope, he was ſtruck with ſo ſenſible an Affliction, that he burſt into Tears. His Sorrow was aggravated by Letters, which immediately after arriv'd from the Court of *Madrid*, wherein his Nuncio acquainted his Holineſs, that upon the News of his Accommodation with the Emperor, he had receiv'd a Meſſage to forbear coming to Court; and that the People were ſo highly provok'd, that they could hardly be reſtrain'd from inſulting his Palace. Theſe Letters add, that the King of *Denmark* was gone from *Florence* to *Piſa*, and from *Piſa* to *Leghorn*, where the Governour paid his Majeſty all imaginable Honours. The King deſign'd to go from thence to *Lucca*, where a Magnificent Tournament was prepared for his Diverſion. An *Engliſh* Man of War, which came from *Port Mahon* to *Leghorn* in Six Days brought Advice, that the Fleet commanded by Admiral *Whitaker* was ſafely arriv'd at *Barcelona*, with the Troops and Ammunition which he had taken in at *Naples*.

General *Boneval*, Governor of *Comacchio*, had ſummoned the Magiſtrates of all the Towns near that Place to appear before him, and take an Oath of Fidelity to his Imperial Majeſty, commanding alſo the Gentry to pay him Homage, on Pain of Death and Confiſcation of Goods. Advices from *Switzerland* inform us, that the Bankers of *Geneva* were utterly ruin'd by the Failure of Mr. *Bernard*. They add, that the Deputies of the *Swiſs* Cantons were return'd from *Soleure*, where they were aſſembled at the Inſtance of the *French* Ambaſſador; but were very much diſſatisfied with the Reception they had from that Miniſter. 'Tis true, he omitted no Civilities, or Expreſſions of Friendſhip from his Maſter, but he took no Notice of their Penſions and Arrears; what further provok'd their Indignation, was, that inſtead of 25 Piſtoles formerly allowed to each Member, for their Charge in coming to the Dyet, he had preſented them with Six only. They write from *Dreſden*, that King *Auguſtus* was ſtill buſie in recruiting his Cavalry,

valry, and that the *Danish* Troops, which lately ſerved in *Hungary*, had Orders to be in *Saxony* in the Middle of *May*, and that his Majeſty of *Denmark* was expected at *Dreſden* in the Beginning of that Month. King *Auguſtus* makes great Preparations for his Reception, and has appointed Sixty Coaches, each drawn by Six Horſes for that Purpoſe: The Interview of theſe Princes affords great Matter for Speculation. Letters from *Paris* of the 22d of this Month ſay, that Mareſchal *Harcourt* and the Duke of *Berwick* were preparing to go into *Alſace* and *Dauphine*, but that their Troops were in want of all Manner of Neceſſaries. The Court of *France* had received Advices from *Madrid*, that on the 7th of this Month, the States of *Spain*, had with much Magnificence acknowledg'd the Prince of *Aſturias* Preſumptive Heir of the Crown. This was perform'd at *Buen-Retiro*; the Deputies took the Oaths on that Occaſion by the Hands of Cardinal *Portocarrero*. Thoſe Advices add, that it was ſignified to the Pope's Nuncio, by Order of Council, to depart from that Court in 24 Hours, and that a Guard was accordingly appointed to conduct him to *Bayonne*.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 27th Inſtant inform us, that Prince *Eugene* was to ſet out the next Day for *Bruſſels*, to put all Things in a Readineſs for opening the Campaign. They add, that the Grand Penſioner having reported to the Duke of *Marlborough* what paſs'd in the laſt Conference with M. *Rouille*, his Grace had taken a Reſolution immediately to return to *Great Britain*, to communicate to Her Majeſty all that has been tranſacted in that important Affair.

From my own Apartment, April 20.

The Nature of my Miſcellaneous Work is ſuch, that I ſhall always take the Liberty to tell for News, ſuch Things (let them have happen'd never ſo much before the Time of writing) as have eſcaped Publick Notice, or being miſ-repreſented to the World, provided that I am ſtill within Rules, and treſpaſs not as a Tatler any further than in an Incorrectneſs of Style, and writing in an Air of common Speech. Thus if any Thing that is ſaid, ev'n of old *Anchiſes* or *Æneas*, be ſet

by me in a different Light than has hitherto been hit upon, in order to inſpire the Love and Admiration of worthy Actions, you will, Gentle Reader, I hope, accept of it for Intelligence you had not before. But I am going upon a Narrative, the Matter of which I know to be true: It is not only doing Juſtice to the deceas'd Merit of ſuch Perſons, as, had they liv'd, would not have had it in their Power to thank me, but alſo an Inſtance of the Greatneſs of Spirit in the Loweſt of her Majeſty's Subjects, take it as follows:

At the Siege of *Namure* by the Allies, there were in the Ranks of the Company commanded by Captain *Pinsent*, in Colonel *Frederick Hamilton*'s Regiment, one *Union* a Corporal, and one *Valentine* a private Centinel: There happen'd between theſe Two Men a Diſpute about a Matter of Love, which upon ſome Aggravations, grew to an irreconcileable Hatred. *Union* being the Officer of *Valentine*, took all Opportunities ev'n to ſtrike his Rival, and profeſs the Spite and Revenge which mov'd him to it. The Centinel bore it without Reſiſtance, but frequently ſaid, he would die to be revenged of that Tyrant. They had ſpent whole Months thus, one injuring, the other complaining; when, in the Midſt of this Rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the Attack of the Caſtle, where the Corporal received a Shot in the Thigh, and fell; the *French* preſſing on, and he expecting to be trampled to Death, call'd out to his Enemy, An *Valentine*! can you leave me here? *Valentine* immediately ran back, and in the Midſt of a thick Fire of the *French*, took the Corporal upon his Back, and brought him through all that Danger as far as the Abbey of *Salſine*, where a Cannon Ball took off his Head: His Body fell under his Enemy who he was carrying off. *Union* immediately forgot his Wound, roſe up tearing his Hair, and then threw himſelf upon the bleeding Carcaſs, crying, Ah, *Valentine*! Was it for me, who have ſo barbarouſly uſed thee, that thou haſt died? I will not live after thee. He was not by any Means to be forced from the Body, but was remov'd with it bleeding in his Arms, and attended with Tears by all their Comrades, who knew their Enmity.

mity. When he was brought to a Tent his Wounds were dreſs'd by force; but the next Day, ſtill calling upon *Valentine*, and lamenting his Cruelties to him, he died in the Pangs of Remorſe and Deſpair.

It may be a Queſtion among Men of Noble Sentiments, Whether of theſe unfortunate Perſons had the greater Soul; he that was ſo generous as to venture his Life for his Enemy, or he who could not ſurvive the Man that died in laying upon him ſuch an Obligation?

If when we ſee Spirits like theſe in a People, to what Heights may we not ſuppoſe the Glory may ariſe, but (as it is excellently obſerved by *Saluſt*) it is not only to the general Bent of a Nation that great Revolutions are owing, but to the extraordinary Genio's that lead 'em. On which Occaſion he proceeds to ſay, that the *Roman* Greatneſs was neither to be attributed to their ſuperior Policy, for in that the *Carthaginians* excell'd; or to their Valour, for in that the *French* were preferable; but to particular Men, who were born for the Good of their Country, and form'd for great Attempts. This he ſays, to introduce the Characters of *Ceſar* and *Cato*: It would be perhaps taking too much Liberty in the Title I have aſſum'd of a *Tatler*, to ſhow, our Nation has produc'd as great and able Men for publick Affairs, as any other. But I believe, the Reader out-runs me, and fixes his Imagination upon the Duke of *Marlborough*. It is, methinks, a pleaſing Reflection, to conſider the Diſpenſations of Providence in the Fortune of this Illuſtrious Man, who, in the Space of Forty Years, has paſs'd through all the Gradations of Human Life, 'till he has aſcended to the Character of a Prince, and become the Scourge of a Tyrant, who ſate in one of the greateſt Thrones of *Europe*, before the Man who was to have the greateſt Part in his Downfal, had made one Step in the World. But ſuch Elevations are the Natural Conſequences of an exact Prudence, a calm Courage, a well-govern'd Temper, a patient Ambition, and an affable Behaviour. Theſe Arts, as they are the Steps to his Greatneſs, ſo they are the Pillars of it now it is rais'd. To this her Glorious Son, *Great Britain* is indebted for the happy Conduct of her Arms, in whom ſhe can boaſt,

ſhe has produc'd a Man form'd by Nature to lead a Nation of Heroes.

From *Thurſday April* 21. to *Saturday April* 23. N°. 6.

Will's Coffee-Louſe, April 22.

I Am juſt come from viſiting *Sappho*, a fine Lady, who writes Verſes, ſings, dances, and can ſay and do whatever ſhe pleaſes, without the Imputation of any Thing that can injure her Character; for ſhe is ſo well known to have no Paſſion, but Self-love; or Folly, but Affectation; that now upon any Occaſion, they only cry, *Tis her Way*, and, *That's ſo like her*, without further Reflection. As I came into the Room, ſhe cries, Oh! Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, I am utterly undone! I have broke that pretty *Italian* Fan I ſhow'd you when you were here laſt, wherein were ſo admirably drawn our Firſt Parents in *Paradiſe* aſleep in each other's Arms. But there is ſuch an Affinity between Painting and Poetry, that I have been improving the Images which were rais'd by that Picture, by reading the ſame Repreſentation in Two of our greateſt Poets. Look you, here are the Paſſages in *Milton* and in *Dryden*. All *Milton*'s Thoughts are wonderfully juſt and natural, in this inimitable Deſcription which *Adam* makes of himſelf in the Eighth Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*. But there is none of 'em finer than that contained in the following Lines, where he tells us his Thoughts when he was falling aſleep a little after his Creation.

While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I know not whither,
From whence I firſt drew Air, and firſt beheld
This happy Light; when Anſwer none return'd,
On a green ſhady Bank, profuſe of Flowers,
Penſive I ſat me down, there gentle Sleep
Firſt found me, and with ſoft Oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My drowned Senſe, unthralled, tho I thought
I thus was paſſing to my former ſtate,
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve.

But now I can't forgive this odious Thing; this *Dryden*, who has given my Great Grandmother *Eve* the

ſame

ſame Apprehenſion of Annihilation, in his *State of Innocence*, on a very different Occaſion, as *Adam* pronounces it of himſelf, when he was ſeiz'd with a pleaſing kind of Stupor and Deadneſs; *Eve* fancies her ſelf falling away, and diſſolving in the Hurry of a Rapture. However, the Verſes are very good, and I don't know but it may be natural what ſhe ſays. I'll read 'em.

When your kind Eyes look'd languiſhing on mine,
And wreathing Arms did ſoft Embraces joyn,
A doubtful Trembling ſeiz'd me firſt all o'er,
Then Wiſhes, and a Warmth unknown before;
What follow'd was all Extaſy and Trance,
Immortal Pleaſures round my ſwimming Eyes did dance,
And ſpeechleſs Joys, in whoſe ſweet Tumults toſt,
I thought my Breath and my New Being loſt.

She went on, and ſaid a Thouſand good Things at Random, but ſo ſtrangely mix'd, that you would be apt to ſay, All her Wit is meer good Luck, and not the Effect of Reaſon and Judgment. When I made my Eſcape hither, I found a Gentleman playing the Critick on Two other great Poets, even *Virgil* and *Homer*. He was obſerving, that *Virgil* is more judicious than the other in the Epithets he gives his Heroe. *Homer*'s uſual Epithet, ſaid he, is Πόδας ὠκὺς or Ποδάρκης, and his Indiſcretion has been often rallied by the Criticks, for mentioning the Nimbleneſs of Foot in *Achilles*, tho' he deſcribes him ſtanding, ſitting, lying down, fighting, eating, drinking, or in any other Circumſtance, however foreign or repugnant to Speed and Activity. *Virgil*'s common Epithet to *Æneas* is *Pius* or *Pater*. I have therefore conſider'd what Paſſage there is in any of his Hero's Actions, where either of theſe Appellations would have been moſt improper, to ſee if I could catch him at the ſame Fault with *Homer*: And this, I think, is his Meeting with *Dido* in the Cave, where *Pius Æneas* would have been abſurd, and *Pater Æneas* a Burleſque: The Poet has therefore wiſely drop'd 'em both for *Dux Trojanus*.

Speluncam Dido, Dux & Trojanus eandem
Deveniunt, ———

Which he has repeated twice in *Juno*'s Speech and his own Narration: For he very well knew, a Heroe

Action might be consistent enough with the usual Manners of a Soldier, tho' it became neither the Chastity of a Pious Man, nor the Gravity of the Father of a People.

Grecian Coffee-house, April 22.

While other Parts of the Town are amus'd with the present Actions, we generally spend the Evening at this Table in Inquiries into Antiquity, and think any Thing News which gives us new Knowledge. Thus we are making a very pleasant Entertainment to our selves, in putting the Actions of *Homer*'s *Iliad* into an exact Journal.

Chryses, King of *Chryseis*, and Priest of *Apollo*, comes to redemand his Daughter, who was carried off at the taking of that City, and given to *Agamemnon* for his Part of the Booty. The Refusal he receiv'd enrages *Apollo*, who for 9 Days shower'd down Darts upon them, which occasion'd the Pestilence.

The 10th Day, *Achilles* assembles the Council, and encourages *Calicas* to speak for the Surrender of *Chryseis* to appease *Apollo*. *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* storm at one another, notwithstanding, *Agamemnon* will not release his Prisoner, unless he has *Briseis* in her Stead. After long Contestations, wherein *Agamemnon* gives a glorious Character of *Achilles*'s Valour, he determines to restore *Briseis* to her Father, and sends Two Heralds to fetch away *Chryseis* from *Achilles*, who abandons himself to Sorrow and Despair. His Mother *Thetis* came to comfort him under this Affliction, and promises to represent his sorrowful Lamentations to *Jupiter*; but he could not attend it; for the Evening before, he had appointed to divert himself for two Days beyond the Seas with the harmless *Æthiopians*.

'Twas the 21st Day after *Chryseis*'s Arrival to the Camp, that *Thetis* went very early to demand an Audience of *Jupiter*. The Means he uses to satisfie her were, to perswade the *Grecks* to attack the *Trojans*; that so they might perceive the Consequence of contemning *Achilles*, and the Miseries they suffer if he does not head them. The next Night he orders *Agamemnon* in a Dream to attack them; who was deceiv'd with the Hopes of obtaining a Victory, and also taking the City, without sharing the Honour with *Achilles*.

On

On the 22d in the Morning, he aſſembles the Council, and having made a Feint of raiſing the Siege and retiring, he declares to them his Dream, and, together with *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes*, reſolves on an Engagement.

This was the 23d Day, which is full of Incidents, and which continues from almoſt the Beginning of the Second Canto to the Eighth. The Armies being then drawn up in View of one another, *Hector* brings it about, that *Menelaus* and *Paris*, the two Perſons concern'd in the Quarrel, ſhould decide it by a ſingle Combat; which tending to the Advantage of *Menelaus*, was interrupted by a Cowardice inſus'd by *Minerva*: Then both Armies engage, where the *Trojans* have the Diſadvantage; but being afterwards animated by *Apollo*, they repulſe the Enemy, yet they are once again forced to give Ground; but their Affairs were retriev'd by *Hector*, who has a ſingle Combat with *Ajax*. The Gods threw themſelves into the Battle, *Juno* and *Minerva* took the *Grecians* Part, and *Apollo* and *Mars* the *Trojans*: But *Mars* and *Venus* are both wounded by *Diomedes*.

The Truce for burying the Slain ended the 23d Day; after which the *Grecks* threw up a great Intrenchment to ſecure their Navy from Danger. Councils are held on both ſides. On the Morning of the 24th Day, the Battle is renew'd, but in a very diſadvantagious Manner to the *Greeks*, who are beaten back to their Retrenchments. *Agamemnon* being in Deſpair at this ill Succeſs, propoſes to the Counſel to quit the Enterprize, and retire from *Troy*: But by the Advice of *Neſtor*, he is perſwaded to regain *Achilles*, by returning *Briſeis*, and ſending him conſiderable Preſents. Hereupon, *Ulyſſes* and *Ajax* are ſent to that Hero, who continues inflexible in his Anger. *Ulyſſes*, at his Return, joyns himſelf with *Diomedes*, and goes in the Night to gain Intelligence of the Enemy: They enter into their very Camp, where, finding the Centinels aſleep, they made a great Slaughter. *Rheſus*, who was juſt then arriv'd with Recruits from *Thrace* for the *Trojans*, was kill'd in that Action. Here ends the 10th Canto. The Sequel of this Journal will be inſerted in the next Article from this Place.

&c.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 22.

We hear from *Italy*, that notwithſtanding the Pope has receiv'd a Letter from the Duke of *Anjou*, demanding of him, to explain himſelf upon the Affair of acknowledging King *Charles*: His Holineſs has not yet thought fit to ſend any Anſwer to that Prince. The Court of *Rome* appears very much mortify'd, that they are not to ſee his Majeſty of *Denmark* in that City, having perhaps given themſelves vain Hopes from a Viſit made by a Proteſtant Prince to that See. The Pope has diſpatch'd a Gentleman to compliment his Majeſty, and ſent the King a Preſent of all the Curioſities and Antiquities of *Rome*, repreſented in Seventeen Volumes, very richly bound, which were taken out of the *Vatican* Library. Letters from *Genoa* of the 14th Inſtant ſay, a *Felucca* was arriv'd there in Five Days from *Marſeilles*, with an Account, that the People of that City had made an Inſurrection, by Reaſon of the Scarcity of Proviſions, and that the Intendant had order'd ſome Companies of Marines, and the Men belonging to the Gallies, to ſtand to their Arms to protect him from Violence; but that he began to be in as much Apprehenſion of his Guards, as thoſe from whom they were to defend him. When that Veſſel came away, the Soldiers murmur'd publickly for Want of Pay, and it was generally believ'd, they would pillage the Magazines, as the Garriſons of *Grenoble*, and other Towns of *France*, had already done. A Veſſel which lately came into *Leghorn*, brought Advice, that the *Britiſh* Squadron was arriv'd at *Port Mahon*, where they were taking in more Troops, in order to attempt the Relief of *Alicant*, which ſtill made a very vigorous Defence. 'Tis ſaid, Admiral *Byng* will be at the Head of that Expedition. The King of *Denmark* was gone from *Leghorn* towards *Lucca*.

They write from *Vienna*, that in caſe the Allies ſhould enter into a Treaty of Peace with *France*, Count *Zinzendorf* will be appointed Firſt Plenipotentiary, the Count *de Goes* the Second, and Monſieur *Van Konsbruch* a Third. Major General *Palmes*, Envoy Extraordinary from Her *Britannick* Majeſty, has been very urgent with that Court to make their utmoſt Efforts againſt *France* the enſuing Cam-

Campaign, in order to oblige her to ſuch a Peace, as may eſtabliſh the Tranquility of *Europe* for the future.

We are alſo inform'd, That the Pope uſes all imaginable Shifts to elude the Treaty concluded with the Emperor, and he demanded the immediate Reſtitution of *Comacchio*; inſiſting alſo, that his Imperial Majeſty ſhould ask Pardon, and deſire Abſolution for what has formerly paſs'd, before he would ſolemnly acknowledge King *Charles*: But this was utterly refuſed.

They hear at *Vienna*, by Letters from *Conſtantinople*, dated the 22d of *February* laſt, That on the 12th of that Month the Grand Signior took Occaſion, at the Celebration of the Feſtivals of the *Muſſulmen*, to ſet all the Chriſtian Slaves which were in the Galleys at Liberty.

Advices from *Switzerland* import, that the Preachers of the County of *Tockenburg* continue to create new Jealouſies of the Proteſtants; and that lately ſome Diſturbances happen'd on that Account. The Proteſtants and Papiſts in the Town of *Hamman* go to Divine Service one after another in the ſame Church, as is uſual in many Parts of *Switzerland*; but on *Sunday* the 10th Inſtant, the Curate having ended his Service, attempted to hinder the Proteſtants from entring into the Church according to Cuſtom, but the Proteſtants briskly attack'd him and his Party, and broke into it by Force.

Laſt Night between Seven and Eight, his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* arriv'd at Court.

From my own Apartment, April 22.

The preſent great Captains of the Age, the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene*, having been the Subject of the Diſcourſe of the laſt Company I was in, it has naturally led me into a Conſideration of *Alexander* and *Caſar*, the Two greateſt Names which ever appear'd before this Century. In order to enter into their Characters, there needs no more but examining their Behaviour in Parallel Circumſtances. It muſt be allow'd, That they had an equal Greatneſs of Soul; but *Caſar*'s was more corrected and allay'd by a Mixture of Prudence and Circumſpection. This is ſeen conſpicuouſly in one Particular in their Hiſtories, wherein they ſeem to have ſhown exactly the Difference of their Tempers. When

Alexander,

Alexander, after a long Courſe of Victories, would ſtill have led his Soldiers farther from Home, they unanimouſly refus'd to follow him. We meet with the like Behaviour in *Cæſar*'s Army in the midſt of his March againſt *Arioviſtus*. Let us therefore obſerve the Conduct of our Two Generals in ſo nice an Affair: And here we find *Alexander* at the Head of his Army upbraiding them with their Cowardice, and Meanneſs of Spirit; and in the End telling them plainly, he would go forward himſelf, tho' not a Man followed him. This ſhew'd indeed an exceſſive Bravery; but how would the Commander have come off if the Speech had not ſucceeded, and the Soldiers had taken him at his Word? The Project ſeems of a Piece with Mr. *Ray*'s in the *Rehearſal*, who, to gain a Clap in his Prologue, comes out, with a terrible Hangman in a Fur-Cap following him, and tells his Audience, If they would not like his Play, he would lie down and have his Head ſtruck off. If this gain'd a Clap all was well; but if not, there was nothing left but for the Executioner to do his Office. But *Cæſar* would not leave the Succeſs of his Speech to ſuch uncertain Events: He ſhews his Men the Unreaſonableneſs of their Fears in an obliging Manner, and concludes, that if none elſe would march along with them, he would go himſelf with the Tenth Legion, for that he was aſſur'd of their Fidelity and Valour, tho' all the reſt forſook him; not but that in all Probability they were as much againſt the March as the reſt. The Reſult of all was very natural: The Tenth Legion, fir'd with the Praiſes of their General, ſend Thanks to him for the juſt Opinion he entertains of 'em: and the reſt, aſham'd to be out-done, aſſure him, that they are as ready to follow where he pleaſes to lead them, as any other Part of the Army whatſoever.

From *Saturday April* 23. to *Tueſday April* 26. N°. 7.

IT *is ſo juſt an Obſervation, That* Mocking is Catching, *that I am become an unhappy Inſtance of it, and am (in the ſame Manner that I have repreſented Mr.* Partridge*) my*

ſelf

ſelf a dying Man, in Compariſon of the Vigour with which I firſt ſet out in the World. Had it been otherwiſe, you may be ſure I would not have pretended to have given for News, as I did laſt Saturday, a Diary of the Siege of Troy. But Man is a Creature very inconſiſtent with himſelf: The Greateſt Heroes are ſometimes Fearful; the Spritelieſt Wits at ſome Hours Dull; and the Greateſt Politicians on ſome Occaſions Whimſical. But I ſhall not pretend to palliate, or excuſe the Matter; for I find, by a Calculation of my own Nativity, that I cannot hold out with any tolerable Wit longer than 'till Two Minutes after Twelve a Clock at Night between the 18th and 19th of the next Month. For which Space of Time, you may ſtill expect to hear from me, but no longer, except you will tranſmit to me, to work upon the Occurrences you meet with relating to your Amours, or any other Subject within the Rules by which I have propoſed to walk. If any Gentleman or Lady ſends to Iſaac Bickerſtaff Eſq; at Mr. Morphew's near Stationers-Hall, by the Penny-Poſt Paid, the Grief or Joy of their Soul, what they think fit of the Matter ſhall be related in Colours as much to their Advantage, as thoſe in which Gervaſe has drawn the Agreeable Cloe. But ſince, without ſuch Aſſiſtance, I frankly confeſs, and am ſenſible, that I have not a Month's Wit more, I think I ought, while I am in my ſound Health and Senſes, to make my Will and Teſtament; which I do in Manner and Form following:

Imprimis, I give to the Stock-jobbers about the Exchange of London, as a Security for the Truſts daily repoſed in them, all my Real Eſtate; which I do hereby veſt in the ſaid Body of worthy Citizens for ever.

Item, Foraſmuch as it is very hard to keep Land in Repair without ready Caſh, I do, out of my Perſonal Eſtate, beſtow the Bear-skin, which I have frequently lent to ſeveral Societies about this Town, to ſupply their Neceſſities. I ſay, I give alſo the ſaid Bear-skin, as an immediate Fund to the ſaid Citizens for ever.

I do hereby appoint a certain Number of the ſaid Citizens to take all the Cuſtom-houſe, or Cuſtomary-Oaths, concerning all Goods Imported by the whole City, ſtrictly directing, That ſome ſelect Members, and not the whole Number of a Body Corporate, ſhould be perjured.

I forbid all N——s and Persons of Q——ty, to watch Bargains near and about the Exchange, to the Diminution and Wrong of the said Stock-jobbers.

Thus far, in as brief and intelligible a Manner as any Will can appear, 'till it is explain'd by the Learned, I have disposed of my Real and Personal Estate: But, as I am an Adept, I have by Birth an equal Right to give also an indefeasible Title to my Endowments and Qualifications; which I do in the following Manner:

I give my Chastity to all Virgins who have withstood their Market.

I give my Courage among all who are asham'd of their dastardly Friends, all Sneakers in Assemblies, and Men who show Valour in Common Conversation.

I give my Wit, (as Rich Men give to the Rich) among such as think they have enough already. And in case they shall not accept of the Legacy, I give it to Bentivolio, *to defend his Works from time to time, as he shall think fit to publish them.*

I bestow my Learning upon the Honourary Members of the Royal Society.

Now for the Disposal of this Body.

As these Eyes must one Day cease to gaze on Teraminta, *and this Heart shall one Day paint no more for her Adoration: That is to say, since this Body must be Earth, I shall commit it to the Dust in a Manner suitable to what after. Therefore, as there are those who dispute, whether there is any such Real Person as* Isaac Bickerstaff *or not? I shall excuse all Persons who appear what they really are, from coming to my Funeral. But all those who are, in their Way of Life,* Personæ *as the* Latins *have it, Persons assumed, and who appear what they really are not, are hereby invited to that Solemnity.*

The Body shall be carried by Six Watchmen, who are never seen in the Day.

Item, *The Pall shall be held up by the Six most known Pretenders to Honesty, Wealth and Power, who are not possess'd of any of them. The Two First, an Half-Lawyer, a Compleat Justice. The Two next, a Chymist, a Projector. The Third Couple, a Treasury Sollicitor, and a Small Courtier.*

To make my Funeral (what that Solemnity, when done to

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common Men, really is in it ſelf) a very Farce; and ſince all Mourners are meer Actors on theſe Occaſions. I ſhall deſire thoſe who are profeſſedly ſuch to attend me. I humbly therefore beſeech Mrs. Barry *to act once more, and be my Widow. When ſhe ſwoons away at the Church-Porch, I appoint the Merry Sir* John Falſtaff, *and the Gay Sir* Harry Wildair, *to ſupport her. I deſire Mr.* Penkethman *to follow in the Habit of a Cardinal, and Mr.* Bullock *in that of a Privy-Councellor. To make up the reſt of the Appearance, I deſire all the Ladies from the Balconies to weep with Mrs.* Barry, *as they hope to be Wives and Widows themſelves. I invite all, who have nothing elſe to do, to accept of Gloves and Scarves.*

Thus, with the Great Charles V. *of* Spain, *I reſign the Glories of this Tranſitory World: Yet, at the ſame time, to ſhow you my Indifference, and that my Deſires are not too much fixed upon any Thing, I own to you, I am as willing to ſtay as go: Therefore leave it in the Choice of my Gentle Readers, whether I ſhall hear from them, or they hear no more from me.*

White's Chocolate-houſe, April 25.

EAſter-Day being a Time when you can't well meet with any but humble Adventures; and the e being ſuch a Thing as low Gallantry, as well as a low Comedy, Colonel *Rambler* and my ſelf went early this Morning into the Fields, which were ſtrew'd with Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, but indeed of a different Turn from the Simplicity of thoſe of *Arcadia*. Every Hedge was conſcious of more than the Repreſentations of enamour'd Swains admit of. While we were ſurveying the Crowd around us, we ſaw at a Diſtance a Company coming towards *Pancras*-Church; but tho' there was not much Diſorder, we thought we ſaw the Figure of a Man ſtuck through with a Sword, and at every Step ready to fall (if not ſupported by a Woman by his Side;) others following Two and Two. When we came nearer this Appearance, who ſhould it be but Monſ. *Guardeloop*, mine and *Rambler's French* Taylor, attended by others, leading one of Madam *Depingle's* Maids to the Church, in order to their Eſpouſals. It was his Sword tuck'd ſo high

high above his Waſt, and the Circumflex which Perſons of his Profeſſion take in their Walking, made him appear at a Diſtance wounded and falling. But the Morning being rainy, methought the March to this Wedding was but too lively a Picture of Wedlock it ſelf. They ſeem'd both to have a Month's Mind to make the beſt of their Way ſingle; yet both tugg'd Arm in Arm; and when the poor fellow made a falſe Step he was but deeper in the Mire, by endeavouring to pull out his Companion, and yet without helping her. The Bridegroom's Feathers in his Hat all droop'd, one of his Shoes loſt an Heel. In ſhort, he was in his whole Perſon and Dreſs ſo extreamly ſous'd, that there did not appear one Inch of ſingle Thread about him unmarried. Pardon me, that the melancholy Object ſtill dwells upon me ſo far as to reduce me to Punning: However, we attended to the Chappel, where we ſtaid to hear the irrevocable Words pronounc'd upon our old Servant, and made the beſt of our Way to Town. I took a Reſolution to forbear all married Perſons, or any in Danger of being ſuch, for one Four and Twenty Hours at leaſt; therefore dreſs'd, and went to viſit *Florimell*, the vaineſt Thing in Town, where I knew would drop in Colonel *Picket*, juſt come from the Camp, her profeſs'd Admirer. He is of that Order of Men who has much Honour and Merit, but withal a Coxcomb; the other of that Set of Females, who has Innocence and Wit, but the Firſt of Coquets. It is eaſy to believe, Theſe muſt be Admirers of each other. She ſays the Colonel rides the beſt of any Man in *England*: The Colonel ſays, She talks the beſt of any Woman. At the ſame Time, he underſtands Wit juſt as ſhe does Horſemanſhip. But the Colonel is juſt now diſmiſſing his Chair, and coming up. Before he enters you are to know, theſe extraordinary Perſons ſee each other daily. They themſelves, as well as the Town, think it will be a Match: But it can never happen that they can come to the Point; for inſtead of addreſſing to each other, they ſpend their whole Time in Reports of themſelves: He is ſatisfied if he can convince her he is a fine Gentleman, and a Man of Conſequence; and ſhe, in appearing

pearing to him an accompliſh'd Lady and a Wit, without further Deſign. Thus he tells her of his Manner of poſting his Men at ſuch a Paſs, with the Numbers he commanded on that Detachment: She tells him, how ſhe was dreſs'd on ſuch a Day at Court, and what Offers were made her that Week following. She ſeems to hear the Repetition of his Men's Names with Admiration; but ſhe waits only to anſwer him with as falſe a Muſter of Lovers. They talk to each other not to be inform'd but approv'd. Thus they are ſo like, that they are to be ever diſtant, and the Parallel Lines may run together for ever, but never meet.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 25.

This Evening, the Comedy called *Epſom-Wells* was acted for the Benefit of Mr. *Bullock*, who tho' he is a Perſon of much Wit and Ingenuity, has a peculiar Talent of looking like a Fool, and therefore excellently well qualified for the Part of *Biſket* in this Play. I cannot indeed ſufficiently admire his Way of bearing a Beating, as he does in this Drama, and that with ſuch a natural Air and Propriety of Folly, that one cannot help wiſhing the Whip in one's own Hand; ſo richly does he ſeem to deſerve his Chaſtiſement. Skilful Actors think it a very peculiar Happineſs to play in a Scene with ſuch as Top their Parts. Therefore I cannot but ſay, when the Judgment of any good Author directs him to write a Beating for Mr. *Bullock* from Mr. *William Pinkethman*, or for Mr. *William Pinkethman* from Mr. *Bullock*, thoſe excellent Players ſeem to be in their moſt ſhining Circumſtances, and pleaſe me more, but with a different Sort of Delight, than that which I receive from thoſe Grave Scenes of *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, or *Anthony* and *Ventidius*. The whole Comedy is very juſt, and the Low Part of Humane Life is repreſented with much Humour and Wit.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 25.

We are adviſ'd from *Vienna*, by Letters of the 20th Inſtant, That the Emperor hath lately added 20 new Members to his Council of State, but they have not yet taken their Places at the Board. Marſhal *Tallard* is return'd from *Baden*, his Health being ſo well re-eſtabliſh'd by the

the Baths of that Place, that he deſigns to ſet out next Week for *Turin*, to his Command of the Imperial Troops in the ſervice of the Duke of *Savoy*. His Imperial Majeſty has advanced his Brother Count *Henry Taun* to be a Brigadier, and a Councellor of the Aulick Council of War. Theſe Letters report, that King *Staniſlaus* and the *Swediſh* General *Craſſau* are directing their March to the *Nieper*, to join the King of *Sweden*'s Army in *Ukrania*; That the States of *Auſtria* have furniſh'd Marſhal *Heiſter* with a conſiderable Sum of Money, to enable him to puſh on the War vigorouſly in *Hungary*, where all Things as yet are in perfect Tranquility; and that General *Thungen* has been very importunate for a ſpeedy Reinforcement of the Forces on the *Upper-Rhine*, repreſenting at the ſame Time, what Miſeries the Inhabitants muſt neceſſarily undergo, if the Deſigns of *France* on thoſe Parts be not ſpeedily and effectually prevented.

Letters from *Rome*, dated the 13th Inſtant, ſay, That on the preceeding *Sunday* his Holineſs was carried in an open Chair from St. *Peter*'s to St. *Mary*'s, attended by the Sacred College in Cavalcade; and, after Maſs, diſtributed ſeveral Dowries for the Marriage of poor and diſtreſs'd Virgins. The Proceedings of that Court are very dilatory concerning the Recognition of King *Charles*, notwithſtanding the preſſing Inſtances of the Marquis *de Prie*, who has declar'd, that if this Affair be not wholly concluded by the 15th Inſtant, he will retire from that Court, and order the Imperial Troops to return into the Eccleſiaſtical State. On the other hand, the Duke of *Anjou*'s Miniſter has, in the Name of his Maſter, demanded of his Holineſs to explain himſelf on that Affair; which, 'tis ſaid, will be finally determined in a Conſiſtory to be held on *Monday* next; the Duke *d'Uzeda* deſigning to delay his Departure till he ſees the Iſſue. Theſe Letters alſo ſay, that the Court was mightily alarm'd at the News which they receiv'd by an Expreſs from *Ferrara*, that General *Bonevat*, who commands in *Comacchio*, has ſent Circular Letters to the Inhabitants of St. *Alberto*, *Longaſtrino*, *Fillo*, and other adjacent Parts, enjoining them to come and ſwear Fealty to the Emperor, and receive new Inveſtitures of their Fiefs

Fiefs from his Hands. Letters from other Parts of *Italy* ſay, that the King of *Denmark* continues at *Lucca*; that 4 *Engliſh* and *Dutch* Men of War were ſeen off of *Oneglia*, bound for *Final*, in order to tranſport the Troops deſign'd for *Barcelona*; that her Majeſty's Ship the *Colcheſter* arriv'd at *Leghorn* the 4th Inſtant from *Port Mahon* with Advice, that Major General *Stanhope* deſign'd to part from thence the 11ſt Inſtant with 6 or 7000 Men to attempt the Relief of the Caſtle of *Alicant*.

Our laſt Advices from *Berlin*, bearing Date the 27th Inſtant, import, That the King was gone to *Linam*, and the Queen to *Mecklenburg*; but that their Majeſties deſign'd to return the next Week to *Oranienburg*, where a great Chaſe of Wild-Beaſts was prepar'd for their Diverſion, and from thence they deſign to proceed together to *Potſdam*; That the Prince-Royal was ſet out for *Brabant*, but intended to make ſome ſhort Stay at *Hannover*. Theſe Letters alſo inform us, That they are advis'd from *Oboy*, that the King of *Sweden* being on his March towards *Holki*, met General *Renne* with a Detachment of *Muſcovites*, who placing ſome Regiments in Ambuſcade, attack'd the *Swedes* in their Rear, and putting them to Flight kill'd 2000 Men, the King himſelf having his Horſe ſhot under him.

Letters from *Hannover* of the 26th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That tho' it had been given out, the Electoral Prince would make another Campaign, yet now they believe his going for *Flanders* this Summer is very uncertain.

We hear from *Copenhagen*, That the Ice being broke, the *Sound* is again open for the Ships; and that they hop'd his Majeſty would return ſooner than they at firſt expected.

Letters from the *Hague*, dated *May* the 4th *N. S.* ſay, That an Expreſs arriv'd there on the 1ſt from Prince *Eugene* to his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*. The States are advis'd, That the Auxiliaries of *Saxony* were arriv'd on the Frontiers of the United Provinces; as alſo, that the Two Regiments of *Wolfembuttel*, and 4000 Troops from *Wirtemberg*, which are to ſerve in *Flanders*, are in full March thither. Letters from *Flanders* ſay, That the Great Convoy of Ammunition and Proviſions which

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ſet out from *Ghent* for *Liſle*, was ſafely arrived at *Courtray*. We hear from *Paris*, That the King has order'd the Militia on the Coaſts of *Normandy* and *Bretagne* to be in a readineſs to march; and that the Court was in Apprehenſion of a Deſcent, to animate the People to riſe in the midſt of their preſent Hardſhips.

They write from *Spain*, That the Pope's Nuncio left *Madrid* the 10th of *April*, in order to go to *Bayonne*; that the Marquiſs *de Lay* was at *Badajos* to obſerve the Motions of the *Portugueze*; and that the Count *d'Eſtain*, with a Body of 5000 Men, was on his March to attack *Gironne*. The Duke of *Anjou* has depoſed the Biſhop of *Lerida*, as being a Favourer of the Intereſt of King *Charles*; and had Summoned a Convocation at *Madrid*, compos'd of the Archbiſhop, Biſhops and States of that Kingdom, wherein he hopes they will come to a Reſolution to ſend for no more Bulls to *Rome*.

From *Tueſday April* 26. to *Thurſday April* 28. N°. 8.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 26.

THE Play of *The London Cuckolds* was acted this Evening before a ſuitable Audience, who were extreamly well diverted with that Heap of Vice and Abſurdity. The Indignation which *Eugenio*, who is a Gentleman of a juſt Taſte, has, upon Occaſion of ſeeing Human Nature fall ſo low in their Delights, made him, I thought, expatiate upon the Mention of this Play very agreeably. Of all Men living, ſaid he, I pity Players, (who muſt be Men of good Underſtanding to be capable of being ſuch) that they are oblig'd to repeat and aſſume proper Geſtures for repreſenting Things, of which their Reaſon muſt be aſham'd, and which they muſt diſdain their Audience for approving. The Amendment of theſe low Gratifications is only to be made by People of Condition, by encouraging the Preſentation of the Noble Characters drawn by *Shakeſpear* and others, from whence it is impoſſible to return without ſtrong Impreſſions of Honour and Humanity. On theſe Occaſions, Diſtreſs is laid before us, with all its Cauſes and Conſequences, and

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our Reſentment plac'd according to the Merit of the Perſons afflicted. Were *Drama's* of this Nature more acceptable to the Taſt of the Town, Men who have Genius would bend their Studies to excel in 'em. How forcible an Effect this would have on our Minds, one needs no more than to obſerve how ſtrongly we are touch'd by meer Pictures. Who can ſee *Le Brun's* Picture of the Battle of *Porus*, without entring into the Character of that fierce gallant Man, and being accordingly ſpur'd to an Emulation of his Conſtancy and Courage? When he is falling with his Wound, the Features are at the ſame Time very terrible and languiſhing; and there is ſuch a ſtern Faintneſs diffus'd through all his Look, as is apt to move a kind of Horrour, as well as Pity, in the Beholder. This, I ſay, is an Effect wrought by meer Lights and Shades; conſider farther a Repreſentation made by Words only, as in an Account giv'n by a good Writer: *Cataline* in *Saluſt* makes juſt ſuch a Figure, as *Porus* by *Le Brun*. It is ſaid of him, *Catalina vero longe a ſuis inter Hoſtium Cadavera repertus eſt; paululum etiam ſpirans, ferocemque Animi quam vivus habuerat in Vultu retinens.* 'Cataline was found kill'd far from 'his own Men among the dead Bodies of the Enemy: 'He ſeem'd ſtill to breath, and ſtill retain'd in his Face 'the ſame Fierceneſs he had when he was living. You have in that one Sentence a lively Impreſſion of his whole Life and Actions. What I would inſinuate from all this, is, that if the Painter and the Hiſtorian can do thus much in Colours and Language, what may not be perform'd by an excellent Poet? When the Character he draws is preſented by the Perſon, the Manner, the Look, and the Motion of an accompliſh'd Player: If a Thing painted or related can irreſiſtibly enter our Hearts, what may not be brought to paſs by ſeeing generous Things perform'd before our Eyes? *Eugenio* ended his Chat, by recommending the apt Uſe of a Theatre, as the moſt agreeable and eaſie Method of making a Polite and Moral Gentry, which would end in rendring the reſt of the People regular in their Behaviour, and ambitious of laudable Undertakings.

Sr.

St. James's Coffee-House, April 27.

Letters from *Naples* of the 9th Inſtant, *N. S.* adviſe, That Cardinal *Grimani* had order'd the Regiment commanded by General *Pate* to march towards *Final*, in order to embark for *Catalonia*, whither alſo a Thouſand Horſe are to be tranſported from *Sardinia*, beſides the Troops which come from the *Milaneſe*. An *Engliſh* Man of War has taken Two Prizes, one a Veſſel of *Malta*, the other of *Genoa*, both laden with Goods of the Enemy. They write from *Florence* of the 13th, That His Majeſty of *Denmark* had receiv'd a Courier from the *Hague*, with an Account of ſome Matters relating to the Treaty of a Peace; upon which he declar'd, that he thought it neceſſary to haſten to his own Dominions.

Letters from *Switzerland* inform us, That the Effects of the great Scarcity of Corn in *France* were felt at *Geneva*; the Magiſtrates of which City had appointed Deputies to treat with the Cantons of *Bern* and *Zurich*, for Leave to buy up ſuch Quantities of Grain within their Territories as ſhould be thought neceſſary. The Proteſtants of *Tockenbourg* are ſtill in Arms about the Convent of St. *John*, and have declar'd, That they will not lay them down, till they ſhall have ſufficient Security from the Roman Catholicks, that they ſhall live unmoleſted in the Exerciſe of their Religion. In the mean Time the Deputies of *Bern* and *Tockenbourg* have frequent Conferences at *Zurich*, with the Régency of that Canton, to find out Methods for the quieting theſe Diſorders.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 3d of *May* adviſe, That the Preſident *Rouille*, after his laſt Conference with the Deputies of the States, had retir'd to *Bodegrave*, five Miles off of *Worden*, and expected the Return of a Courier from *France*, with new Inſtructions, on the 4th. It is ſaid, if his Anſwer from the *French* Court ſhall not prove Satisfactory, he will be deſired to withdraw out of theſe Parts. In the mean time it is alſo reported, That his Equipage, as an Ambaſſador on this great Occaſion, is actually on the March towards him. They write from *Flanders*, That the great Convoy of Proviſions, which ſet out from *Ghent*, is ſafely arriv'd at *Liſle*. Thoſe Advices add, That the Enemy had aſſembled near *Tournay*

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a conſiderable Body of Troops drawn out of the Neighbouring Garriſons. Their High Mightineſſes having ſent Orders to their Miniſters at *Hamburgh* and *Dantzick*, to engage the Magiſtrates of thoſe Cities to forbid the Sale of Corn to the *French*, and to ſignify to them, that the *Dutch* Merchants will buy up as much of that Commodity as they can ſpare. The *Hamburghers* have accordingly contracted with the *Dutch*, and refus'd any Commerce with the *French* on that Occaſion.

From my own Apartment.

After the Laſſitude of a Day ſpent in the ſtrolling Manner, which is uſual with Men of Pleaſure of this Town, and with a Head full of a Million of Impertinencies, which had danc'd round it for Ten Hours together, I came to my Lodging, and haſten'd to Bed. My Valet de Chambre knows my Univerſity-Trick of reading there; and he being a good Scholar for a Gentleman, run over the Names of *Horace*, *Tibullus*, *Ovid*, and others, to know which I would have. Bring *Virgil*, ſaid I, and if I fall aſleep, take Care of the Candle. I read the Sixth Book over with the moſt extreme Delight, and had gone half through it a ſecond Time, when the pleaſing Ideas of *Elyſian* Fields, deceas'd Worthies walking in 'em, ſincere Lovers enjoying their Languiſhment without Pain, Compaſſion for the unhappy Spirits who had miſpent their ſhort Day-light, and were exil'd from the Seats of Bliſs for ever; I ſay, I was deep again in my Reading, when this Mixture of Images had taken Place of all others in my Imagination before, and lull'd me into a Dream, from which I am juſt awake, to my great Diſadvantage. The happy Manſions of *Elyſium* by degrees ſeem'd to be wafted from me, and the very Traces of my late waking Thoughts began to fade away, when I was caſt by a ſudden Whirlwind upon an Iſland, encompaſs'd with a roaring and troubled Sea, which ſhak'd its very Centre, and rock'd its Inhabitants as in a Cradle. The Iſlanders lay on their Faces, without offering to look up, or hope for Preſervation; though all her Harbours were crowded by Mariners, and tall Veſſels of War lay in Danger of being driv'n to Pieces on her Shores. Bleſs me! ſaid I, why have I liv'd ſo as that

the Convulſion of Nature ſhould be ſo terrible to me, when I feel in my ſelf, that the better Part of me is to ſurvive it? Oh! may that be in Happineſs. A ſudden Shriek, in which the whole People on their Faces join'd, interrupted my Soliloquy, and turn'd my Eyes and Attention to the Object which had given us that ſudden Start, in the midſt of an inconſolable and ſpeechleſs Affliction. Immediately the Winds grew calm, the Waves ſubſided, and the People ſtood up, turning their Faces upon a magnificent Pile in the midſt of the Iſland. There we beheld an Heroe of a comely and erect Aſpect, but pale and languid, ſitting under a Canopy of State. By the Faces and dumb Sorrow of thoſe who attended, we thought him in the Article of Death. At a Diſtance, ſat a Lady whoſe Life ſeem'd to hang upon the ſame Thread with his: She kept her Eyes fix'd upon him, and ſeem'd to ſmother Ten thouſand thouſand nameleſs Things, which urg'd her Tenderneſs to claſp him in her Arms: But her Greatneſs of Spirit overcame thoſe Sentiments, and gave her Power to forbear diſturbing his laſt Moment; which immediately approach'd. The Heroe look'd up with an Air of Negligence, and Satiety of Being, rather than of Pain to leave it; and leaning back his Head, expir'd.

When the Heroine, who ſat at a Diſtance, ſaw his laſt Inſtant come, ſhe threw her ſelf at his Feet, and kneeling, preſs'd his Hand to her Lips; in which Poſture ſhe continu'd under the Agony of an unutterable Sorrow, 'till conducted from our Sight by her Attendants. That commanding Awe which accompanies the Grief of great Minds, remain'd the Multitude while in her Preſence; but as ſoon as ſhe retir'd, they gave Way to their Diſtraction, and all the Iſlanders call'd upon their deceas'd Heroe. To him, methought, they cry'd out, as to a Guardian Being, and I gather'd from their broken Accents, That he had had an Empire over the Ocean and its Powers, by which he had long protected the Iſland from Shipwreck and Invaſion. They now give a Looſe to their Moan, and think themſelves expoſed without Hopes of Humane or Divine Aſſiſtance. While the People ran wild, and expreſs'd all the different Forms of

Lamen-

Lamentation, methought a Sable Cloud over-ſhadow'd the whole Land, and cover'd its Inhabitants in Darkneſs: No Glimpſe of Light appear'd, except one Ray from Heaven upon the Place in which the Heroine now ſecluded her ſelf from the World, with her Eyes fix'd on thoſe Abodes to which her Conſort was aſcended. Methought, a long Period of Time had paſs'd away in Mourning and in Darkneſs, when a Twilight began by Degrees to enlighten the Hemiſphere; and looking round me, I ſaw a Boat rowed towards the Shore, in which ſat a Perſonage adorn'd with Warlike Trophies, bearing on his Left Arm a Shield, on which was engraven the Image of *Victory*, and in his Right Hand a Branch of Olive. His Viſage was at once ſo winning and ſo awful, that the Shield and the Olive ſeem'd equally ſuitable to his Genius.

When this illuſtrious Perſon touch'd on the Shore, he was received by the Acclamations of the People, and followed to the Palace of the Heroine. No Pleaſure in the Glory of her Arms, or the Acclamations of her applauding People, were ever capable to ſuſpend her Sorrow for one Moment, till ſhe ſaw the Olive Branch in the hand of that auſpicious Meſſenger. At that Sight, as Heaven beſtows its Bleſſings on the Wants and Importunities of Mortals, out of its native Bounty, and not to encreaſe its own Power, or Honour, in Compaſſion to the World, the Celeſtial Mourner was then firſt ſeen to turn her Regard to Things below; and taking the Branch out of the Warrior's Hand, look'd at it with much Satisfaction, and ſpoke of the Bleſſings of Peace, with a Voice and Accent, ſuch as that in which Guardian Spirits whiſper to dying Penitents, Aſſurances of Happineſs. The Air was hush'd, the Multitude attentive, and all Nature in a Pauſe, while ſhe was ſpeaking. But ſoon as the Meſſenger of Peace had made ſome low Reply, in which, methought, I heard the Word *Iberia*, the Heroine aſſuming a more ſevere Air, but ſuch as ſpoke Reſolution, without Rage, return'd him the Olive, and again veil'd her Face. Loud Cries and claſhing of Arms immediately follow'd, which forc'd me from my charming Viſion, and drove me back to theſe Manſions of Care and Sorrow.

Mr. Bickerſtaff *thanks Mr.* Quarterſtaff *for his kind and inſtructive Letter dated the 26th Inſtant.*

From *Thurſday April* 28. to *Saturday April* 30. N°. 9.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 28.

THis Evening we were entertain'd with *The Old Batchelor*, a Comedy of deſerved Reputation. In the Character which gives Name to the Play, there is excellently repreſented the Reluctance of a batter'd Debauchee to come into the Trammels of Order and Decency: He neither languiſhes nor burns, but frets for Love. The Gentlemen of more regular Behaviour are drawn with much Spirit and Wit, and the *Drama* introduc'd by the Dialogue of the firſt Scene with uncommon, yet natural Converſation. The Part of *Fondlewife* is a lively Image of the unſeaſonable Fondneſs of Age and Impotence. But inſtead of ſuch agreeable Works as theſe, the Town has this half Age been tormented with Inſects call'd *Laſie Writers*, whoſe Abilities Mr. *Wycherly* one Day deſcrib'd excellently well in one Word: *That*, ſaid he, *among theſe Fellows is call'd* Eaſy Writing, *which any one may eaſily write.* Such Janty Scriblers are ſo juſtly laugh'd at for their Sonnets on *Phillis* and *Chloris*, and Fantaſtical Deſcriptions in 'em, that an ingenious Kinſman of mine, of the Family of the *Staffs*, Mr. *Humphrey Wagſtaff* by Name, has, to avoid their Strain, run into a Way perfectly new, and deſcrib'd Things exactly as they happen: He never forms Fields, or Nymphs, or Groves, where they are not, but makes the Incidents juſt as they really appear. For an Example of it; I ſtole out of his Manuſcript the following Lines: They are a Deſcription of the Morning, but of the Morning in Town; nay, of the Morning at this End of the Town, where my Kinſman at preſent lodges.

Now hardly here and there an Hackney-Coach
Appearing, ſhew'd the Ruddy Morn's Approach.
Now Betty from her Maſter's Bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own.

The

The Sipſhod Prentice from his Maſter's Door,
Had par'd the Street, and ſprinkled round the Floor.
Now Moll *had whirl'd her Mop with dextrous Airs,*
Prepar'd to ſcrub the Entry and the Stairs.
The Youth with broomy Stumps began to trace
The Kennel Edge, where Wheels had worn the Place.
The Smallcoal-Man was heard with Cadence deep,
Till drown'd in ſhriller Notes of Chimney-ſweep.
Duns at his Lordſhip's Gate began to meet:
And Brickduſt Moll *had ſcream'd through half a Street.*
The Turn-key now his Flock returning ſees,
Duly let out a' Nights to ſteal for Fees.
The watchful Bailiffs take their ſilent Stands;
And School-boys lag with Satchels in their Hands.

All that I apprehend is, that Dear *Numps* will be angry I have publiſh'd theſe Lines; not that he has any Reaſon to be aſham'd of 'em, but for Fear of thoſe Rogues, the Bane to all excellent Performances, the *Imitators*. Therefore, before-hand, I barr all Deſcriptions of the Evening; as a Medley of Verſes ſignifying Grey Peas are now cry'd warm; that Wenches now begin to amble round the Paſſages of the Play-houſe: Or of Noon; as, That fine Ladies and great Beaux are juſt yawning out of their Beds and Windows in *Pall-Mall*, and ſo forth. I forewarn alſo all Perſons from encouraging any Draughts after my Couſin; and foretel any Man who ſhall go about to imitate him, that he will be very inſipid. The Family Stock is embark'd in this Deſign, and we will not admit of Counterfeits: Dr. *Anderſon* and his Heirs enjoy his Pills, Sir *William Read* has the Cure of Eyes, and Mr. *Roſelli* can only cure the Gout. We pretend to none of theſe Things; but to examine who and who are together, to tell any miſtaken Man he is not what he believes he is, to diſtinguiſh Merit, and expoſe falſe Pretences to it, is a Liberty our Family has by Law in 'em, from an Inter-marriage with a Daughter of Mr. *Scoggin* the famous Droll of laſt Century. This Right I deſign to make Uſe of but will not encroach upon the above-mentioned Adepts, or any other. At the ſame Time I ſhall take all the Privileges I may, as an *Engliſhman*, and will lay hold of the late

Act of Naturalization to introduce what I ſhall think fit from *France*. Therefore an Author of that Nation, called *De Bruyere*, I ſhall make bold with on ſuch Occaſions. The Uſe of that Law may, I hope, be extended to people the polite World with new Characters, as well as the Kingdom it ſelf with new Subjects. The laſt Perſon I read of in that Writer was Lord *Timon*; *Timon*, ſays my Author is the moſt generous of all Men; but is ſo little judicious or careful in conferring Benefits, that he is munificent without laying Obligations. All thoſe who receive from him, look upon themſelves rather as Partners in a Spoil, than Partakers of a Bounty. The other Day coming into *Paris*, I met *Timon* going out on Horſeback, attended only by one Servant. It ſtruck me with a ſudden Damp to ſee a Man of ſo excellent a Diſpoſition, and that underſtood making a Figure ſo very well, ſo much ſhorttened in his Retinue. But paſſing by his Houſe, I ſaw his great Coach break to Pieces before his Door, and, by a ſtrange Inchantment, immediately turn'd into many different Vehicles. The firſt was a very pretty Chariot, into which ſtep'd his Lordſhip's Secretary, The ſecond was hung a little heavier; into that ſtrutted the fat Steward. In an Inſtant followed a Chaſe, which which was enter'd by the Butler. The reſt of the Body and Wheels were forthwith chang'd into Go-carts, and ran away with by the Nurſes and Brats of the reſt of the Family. What makes theſe Misfortunes in the Affairs of *Timon* the more aſtoniſhing is, That he has a better Underſtanding than thoſe who cheat him; ſo that a Man knows not which more to wonder at, the Indifference of the Matter, or the Impudence of the Servant.

White's Chocolate-houſe, April 29.

It is Matter of much Speculation among the Beaux and Ogles, what it is that can have made ſo ſudden a Change, as has been of late obſerv'd, in the whole Behaviour of *Paſſionella*, who never ſat ſtill a moment till ſhe was Eighteen, which ſhe has now exceeded by Two Months. Her Aunt, who has the Care of her, has not been always ſo rigid as ſhe is at this preſent Date; but has ſo good a Senſe of the Frailty of Woman,

man, and Falſhood of Man, that ſhe reſolv'd on all Manner of Methods to keep *Paſtorella*, if poſſible, in Safety, againſt her ſelf and all her Admirers. At the ſame Time the good Lady knew by long Experience, that a gay Inclination, curb'd too raſhly, would but run to the greater Exceſſes for that Reſtraint: Therefore reſolv'd to watch her, and take ſome Opportunity of ingaging her inſenſibly in her own Intereſts, without the Anguiſh of an Admonition. You are to know then, That Miſs, with all her Flirting and Ogling, had alſo naturally a ſtrong Curioſity in her, and was the greateſt *Eve's*-Dropper breathing. *Pariſatis* (for ſo her prudent Aunt is call'd) obſerv'd this Humour, and retires one Day to her Cloſet, into which ſhe knew *Paſtorella* would peep, and liſten to know how ſhe was employ'd. It happen'd accordingly, and the young Lady ſaw her good Governante on her Knees, and after a mental Behaviour break into theſe Words: *As for the dear Child committed to my Care, let her Sobriety of Carriage, and Severity of Behaviour, be ſuch, as may make that Noble Lord, who is taken with her Beauty, turn his Deſigns to ſuch as are honourable.* Here *Pariſatis* heard her Neece nettle cloſer to the Key-Hole: She then goes on: *Make her the joyful Mother of a numerous and wealthy Offspring, and let her Carriage be ſuch, as may make this Noble Youth expect the Bleſſings of an happy Marriage from the Singularity of her Life in this looſe and cenſorious Age.* Miſs had heard enough, ſneaks off for fear of Diſcovery, and immediately at her Glaſs, alters the Sitting of her Head; then pulls up her Tucker, and forms her ſelf into the exact Manner of *Lindamira*: In a Word, becomes a ſincere Convert to every Thing that's commendable in a fine young Lady; and Two or Three ſuch Matches as her Aunt feign'd in her Devotions, are at this Day in her Choice. This is the Hiſtory and Original Cauſe of *Paſtorella's* Converſion from Coquettry. The Prudence in the Management of this young Lady's Temper, and good Judgment of it, is hardly to be exceeded. I ſcarce remember a greater Inſtance of Forbearance of the uſual peeviſh Way with which the Aged treat the Young, except that of our famous *Noy*, whoſe good

Nature went ſo far, as to make him put off his Admonitions to his Son, even till after his Death; and did not give him his Thoughts of him, till he came to read that memorable Paſſage in his Will: *All the reſt of my Eſtate*, ſays he, *I leave to my Son* Edward *(who is Executor to this my Will) to be ſquandred as he ſhall think fit: I leave it him for that Purpoſe, and hope no better from him.* A generous Diſdain and Reflection, upon how little he deſerv'd from ſo excellent a Father, reform'd the young Man, and made *Edward*, from an Errant Rake become a fine Gentleman.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 29.

Letters from *Portugal* of the 18th Inſtant, dated from *Eſtremos*, ſay, That on the 6th Inſtant the Earl of *Galway* arriv'd at that Place, and had the Satisfaction to ſee the Quarters well furniſh'd with all Manner of Proviſions, and a Quantity of Bread ſufficient for ſubſiſting the Troops for 60 Days, beſides Biſket for 25 Days. The Enemy give out, That they ſhall bring into the Field 14 Regiments of Horſe, and 24 Battallions. The Troops in the Service of *Portugal* will make up 14000 Foot and 4000 Horſe. On the Day theſe Letters were diſpatch'd, the Earl of *Galway* receiv'd Advice, That the Marquels *de Bay* was preparing for ſome Enterprize, by gathering his Troops together on the Frontiers. Whereupon his Excellency reſolv'd to go that ſame Night to *Villa-Viceſa*, to aſſemble the Troops in that Neighbourhood, in order to diſappoint his Deſigns.

Yeſterday in the Evening, Captain *Foxon*, Aid de Camp to Major-General *Cadogan*, arriv'd here Expreſs to the Duke of *Marlborough*. And this Day a Mail is come in, with Letters dated from *Bruſſels* of the 6th of *May*, N. S. which adviſe, That the Enemy had drawn together a Body, conſiſting of 20000 Men, with a Deſign, as was ſuppos'd, to intercept the great Convoy on the March towards *Liſle*; but that the Convoy was ſafely arriv'd at *Menin* and *Courtray*, in its Way to that Place; and that the *French* had retir'd without making any Attempt.

We hear from the *Hague*, That a Perſon of the Firſt Quality is arriv'd in the *Low-Countries* from *France*, in order

order to be a Plenipotentiary in an enſuing Treaty of Peace.

Letters from *France* acknowledge, That Monſieur *Bernard* has made no higher Offers of Satisfaction to his Creditors than of 35 *l. per Cent.*

Theſe Advices add, That the Mareſchal *Boufflers*, Monſieur *Torſi*, (who diſtinguiſh'd himſelf formerly, by adviſing the Court of *France* to adhere to the Treaty of Partition) and Monſieur *d' Harcourt*, (who negotiated with Cardinal *Portocarrero* for the Succeſſion of the Crown of *Spain* in the Houſe of *Bourbon*) are all Three join'd in a Commiſſion for a Treaty of Peace. The Mareſchal is come to *Ghent*: The other Two are arriv'd at the *Hague*.

It is confidently reported here, That the Right Honourable the Lord *Townſhend* is to go with his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* into *Holland*.

Mr. Bickerſtaff *has receiv'd the Epiſtles of Mrs.* Rebecca Wagſtaff, Timothy Pikeſtaff, *and* Wagſtaff; *which he will acknowledge further as Occaſion ſhall ſerve.*

By Mrs. Jenny Diſtaff, *Half Siſter to Mr.* Bickerſtaff.

From *Saturday April* 30. to *Tueſday May.* 3. N°. 10.

From my own Apartment, May 1.

MY Brother *Iſaac* having a ſudden Occaſion to go out of Town, order'd me to take upon me the Buſineſs of the next Advice from Home, with Liberty to ſpeak it my own Way, not doubting the Allowances which would be given to a Writer of my Sex. You may be ſure, I undertook it with much Satisfaction: And I confeſs, I am not a little pleas'd with the Opportunity of running over all the Papers in his Cloſet, which he has left open for my Uſe on this Occaſion. The Firſt that I lay my Hands on, is, a Treatiſe concerning *The Empire of Beauty*, and the Effects it has had in all Nations of the World upon the publick and private Actions of Men; with an Appendix, which he calls, *The Batchelor's Scheme for Governing his Wife.* The Firſt Thing

he makes this Gentleman propoſe, is, That ſhe ſhall be no Woman; for ſhe is to have an Averſion to Balls, to Opera's, to Viſits: She is to think his Company ſufficient to fill up all the Hours of Life with great Satisfaction: She is never to believe any other Man Wiſe, Learned, or Valiant; or at leaſt but in a Second Degree. In the next Place, he intends ſhe ſhall be a Cuckold; but expects, that he himſelf muſt live in perfect Security from that Terror. He dwells a great while on Inſtructions for her diſcreet Behaviour, in caſe of his Falſehood. I have not Patience with theſe unreaſonable Expectations, therefore turn back to the Treatiſe it ſelf. Here indeed my Brother deduces all the Revolutions among Men from the Paſſion of Love; and in his Preface, anſwers that uſual Obſervation againſt us, *That there is no Quarrel without a Woman in it*; with a gallant Aſſertion, *That there is nothing elſe worth quarrelling for.* My Brother is of a Complexion truly amorous; all his Thoughts and Actions carry in 'em a Tincture of that obliging Inclination; and this Turn has open'd his Eyes to ſee, we are not the inconſiderable Creatures which unlucky Pretenders to our Favour would inſinuate. He obſerves, that no Man begins to make any tolerable Figure, till he ſets out with the Hopes of pleaſing ſome one of us. No ſooner he takes that in his Head, but he pleaſes every one elſe by the by. It has an immediate Effect upon his Behaviour. There is Colonel *Ranter*, who never ſpoke without an Oath 'till he ſaw Lady *Betty Modiſh*; now never gives his Man an Order, but it is, Pray *Tom* do it. The Drawers where he drinks live in perfect Happineſs. He ask'd *Will* at the *George* t'other Day, How he did? Where he us'd to ſay, Damn it, It is ſo. He now believes there is ſome Miſtake: He muſt confeſs, he is of another Opinion; but however he won't inſiſt.

Every Temper, except downright inſipid, is to be animated or ſoftned by the Influence of Beauty: But of this untractable Sort is a lifeleſs handſome Fellow that viſits us, whom I have dreſs'd at this Twelve-month; but he is as inſenſible of all the Arts I uſe, as if he converſ'd that whole Time with his Nurſe. He outdoes

our

our whole Sex in all the Faults our Enemies impute to us; he has brought Lazineſs into an Opinion, and makes his Indolence his Philoſophy: Inſomuch, that no longer than yeſterday in the Evening he gave me this Account of himſelf: *I am, Madam, perfectly unmov'd at all that paſſes among Men, and ſeldom give my ſelf the Fatigue of going among 'em; but when I do, I always appear the ſame Thing to thoſe whom I converſe with. My Hours of Exiſtence, or being awake, are from Eleven in the Morning to Eight at Night; half of which I live to my ſelf, in picking my Teeth, waſhing my Hands, paring my Nails, and looking in my Glaſs. The Inſignificancy of my Manners to the reſt of the World makes the Laughers call me a* Quid Nunc, *a Phraſe I ſhall never enquire what they mean by. The laſt of me each Night is at St.* James's *Coffee-houſe, where I converſe, but never fall into a Diſpute on any Occaſion, but leave the Underſtanding I have ſacrifice of all that goes through it, without entring into the Buſineſs of Life. And thus, Madam, have I arriv'd by Lazineſs to what others pretend to by Devotion, a Perfect Neglect of the World.* Sure, if our Sex had the Liberty of frequenting publick Houſes, and Converſations, we ſhould put theſe Rivals of our Faults and Follies out of Countenance. However, we ſhall ſoon have the Pleaſure of being acquainted with 'em one Way or other, for my Brother *Iſaac* deſigns, for the Uſe of our Sex, to give the exact Characters of all the Chief Politicians who frequent all the Coffee-houſes from St. *James*'s to the *Change*; but deſigns to begin with that Cluſter of Wiſe Heads, as they are found ſitting every Evening from the left Side of the Fire at the *Smyrna*, to the Door. This will be of great Service for us, and I have Authority to promiſe an exact Journal of their Deliberations: the Publication of which I am to be allow'd for Pin-Money. In the mean Time I caſt my Eye upon a new Book, which gave me a more pleaſing Entertainment, being a Sixth Part of Miſcellany Poems, publiſh'd by Mr. *Tonſon*, which I find, by my Brother's Notes upon it, no Way inferior to the other Volumes. There are, it ſeems, in this, a Collection of the beſt Paſtorals that have hitherto appear'd in *England*; but among them, none ſuperior to that Dialogue between *Silvia* and *Do-*

rinda,

nada, written by one of my own Sex; where all our little Weakneſſes are laid open in a Manner more juſt, and with truer Raillery, than ever Man yet hit upon.

Only this I now diſcern,
From the Things thou'ſt have me learn;
That Woman-kind's peculiar Joys
From paſt or preſent Beauties riſe.

But to reſtitute my firſt Deſign, there cannot be a greater Inſtance of the Command of Females, than in the prevailing Charms of the Heroine in the Play which was acted this Night, call'd, *All for Love*; or, *The World well loſt*. The enamour'd *Antony* reſigns Glory and Power to the Force of the attractive *Cleopatra*, whoſe Charms were the Defence of her Diadem, againſt a People otherwiſe invincible. It is ſo natural for Women to talk of themſelves, that it is to be hop'd, all my own Sex at leaſt will pardon me, that I could fall into no other Diſcourſe. If we have their Favour, we give our ſelves very little Anxiety for the reſt of our Readers. I believe, I ſee a Sentence of *Latin* in my Brother's Day-Book of Wit, which ſeems applicable on this Occaſion, and in Contempt of the Criticks.

——— *Triſtitiam & Metus*
Tradam protectis in Mare Criticum
Portare Ventis.

But I am interrupted by a Packet from Mr. *Kidney* from St. *James*'s Coffee-houſe, which I am obliged to inſert in the very Stile and Words which Mr. *Kidney* uſes in his Letter.

St. James's *Coffee-houſe*, *May* 2.

We are adviſ'd by Letters from *Bern*, dated the 1ſt Inſtant, *N. S.* That the Duke of *Berwick* arriv'd at *Lyons* the 25th of the laſt Month, and continu'd his Journey the next Day to viſit the Paſſes of the Mountains, and other Poſts in *Dauphine* and *Provence*. Theſe Letters alſo inform'd us, That the Miſeries of the People in *France* are heighten'd to that Degree, that unleſs a Peace be ſpeedily concluded, half of that Kingdom would periſh for want of Bread. On the 24th, the Mareſchal *de Theſſe* paſs'd through *Lyons* in his Way to *Verſailles*; and two Battallions, which were marching from *Alſace* to reinforce

inforce the Army of the Duke of *Berwick*, paſs'd alſo through that Place. Thoſe Troops were to be follow'd by 6 Battallions more.

Letters from *Naples* of the 16th of *April* ſay, That the Marquiſs *de Prie*'s Son was arriv'd there, with Inſtructions from his Father, to ſignify to the Viceroy the Neceſſity his Imperial Majeſty was under, of deſiring an Aid from that Kingdom, for carrying on the Extraordinary Expences of the War. On the 14th of the ſame Month, they made a Review of the *Spaniſh* Troops in that Garriſon, and afterwards of the Marines, one Part of whom will embark with the other Troops deſign'd for *Barcelona*, and the reſt are to be ſent on Board the Gallies appointed to Convoy Proviſions to that Place.

We hear from *Rome*, by Letters dated the 20th of *April*, That the Count *de Mellos*, Envoy from the King of *Portugal*, had made his Publick Entry into that City, with much State and Magnificence. The Pope has lately held two other Conſiſtories, wherein he made a Promotion of two Cardinals; but the Acknowledgment of King *Charles* is ſtill defer'd.

Letters from other Parts of *Italy* adviſe us, That the Doge of *Venice* continues dangerouſly ill: That the Prince *de Carignan* having relaps'd into a violent Fever, Dy'd the 23d of *April*, in his 80th Year.

Advices from *Vienna* of the 27th of *April* import, That the Arch-Biſhop of *Saltzburg* is Dead, who is ſucceeded by Count *Harrach*, formerly Biſhop of *Vienna*, and for theſe laſt Three Years, Coadjutor to the ſaid Arch-Biſhop; and that Prince *Maximilian* of *Lichtenſtein*, has likewiſe departed this Life, at his Country Seat call'd *Groman* in *Moravia*. Theſe Advices add, That the Emperor has nam'd Count *Zinzendorf*, Count *Goes*, and Monſieur *Conſbruck*, for his Plenipotentiaries in an enſuing Treaty of Peace; and that they hear from *Hungary*, That the Imperialiſts have had ſeveral ſucceſsful Skirmiſhes with the Malecontents.

Letters from *Paris*, dated *May* the 6th, ſay, That the Mareſchal *de Theſſe* arrived there on the 29th of the laſt Month; and that the Chevalier *de Beuil* was ſent thither by Don *Pedro Ronquillo* with Advice, That the Confederate

federate Squadron appear'd before *Alicant* the 17th, and having for ſome Time Cannonaded the City, endeavour'd to land ſome Troops for the Relief of the Caſtle; but General *Stanhope* finding the Paſſes well guarded, and the Enterprize dangerous, demanded to capitulate for the Caſtle, which being granted him, the Garriſon, conſiſting of 600 Regular Troops, March'd out with their Arms and Baggage the Day following; and being receiv'd on Board, they immediately ſet Sail for *Barcelona*. Theſe Letters add, That the March of the *French* and *Swiſs* Regiments is further deferr'd for a few Days; and that the Duke of *Noailles* was juſt ready to ſet out for *Rouſſillon*, as well as the Count *de Bezons* for *Catalonia*.

The ſame Advices ſay, Bread was ſold at *Paris* for 6 *d.* *per* Pound; and that there was not half enough, even at that Rate, to ſupply the Neceſſities of the People, which reduc'd them to the utmoſt Deſpair; that 300 Men had taken up Arms, and having plunder'd the Market of the Suburb St. *Germain*, preſs'd down by their Multitude the King's Guards who oppos'd them. Two of thoſe Mutineers were ſeiz'd and condemn'd to Death; but Four others went to the Magiſtrate who pronounc'd that Sentence, and told him, He muſt expect to anſwer with his own Life for that of their Comrades. All Order and Senſe of Government being thus loſt among the enrag'd People, to keep up a Show of Authority, the Captain of the Guards, who ſaw all their Inſolence, pretended, That he had repreſented to the King their deplorable Condition, and had obtain'd their Pardon. It is further reported, That the Dauphin and Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*, as they went to the Opera, were ſurrounded by Crowds of People, who upbraided them with their Neglect of the general Calamity, in going to Diverſions, when the whole People were ready to periſh for Want of Bread. Edicts are daily publiſh'd to ſuppreſs theſe Riots; and Papers, with Menaces againſt the Government, as publickly thrown about. Among others, theſe Words were drop'd in a Court of Juſtice, France *wants a* Ravillac, *or a* Jeſuit *to deliver her.* Beſides this univerſal Diſtreſs, there is a contagious Sickneſs, which, it is fear'd, will end in a Peſtilence. Letters from *Bourdeaux*

aux bring Accounts no leſs lamentable: The Peaſants are driven by Hunger from their Abodes into that City, and make Lamentations in the Streets without Redreſs.

We are adviſ'd by Letters from the *Hague*, dated the 10th Inſtant, *N. S.* That on the 6th the Marquiſs *de Torſi* arrived there from *Paris*; but the Paſſport by which he came having been ſent Blank by Monſieur *Rouille*, he was there two Days before his Quality was known. That Miniſter offer'd to communicate to Monſieur *Heinſius* the Propoſals which he had to make; but he refus'd to hear them, and ſaid, He would ſignify it to the States, who deputed ſome of their own Body to acquaint him, That they would enter into no Negotiation till the Arrival of his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, and the other Miniſters of the Alliance. Prince *Eugene* was expected there the 12th Inſtant from *Bruſſels*. 'Tis ſaid, That beſides Monſ. *de Torſi*, and Monſ. *Pajot*, Director General of the Poſts, there are two or three Perſons at the *Hague* whoſe Names are not known; but 'tis ſuppos'd, that the Duke *de Abe*, Ambaſſador from the Duke of *Anjou*, was one of them. The States have ſent Letters to all the Cities of the Provinces, deſiring them to ſend their Deputies to receive the Propoſitions of Peace made by the Court of *France*.

In the Abſence of Mr. Bickerſtaff, *Mrs.* Diſtaff *has received Mr* Nathaniel Broomſtick's *Letter.*

From *Tueſday May* 3. to *Thurſday May* 5. N°. 11.

Will's Coffee-houſe, May 3.

A Kinſman has ſent me a Letter, wherein he informs me, He had lately reſolv'd to write an Heroick Poem; but by Buſineſs has been interrupted, and has done no more but made one Similitude, which he ſhould be afflicted to have wholly loſt, and begs of me to apply it to ſomething, being very deſirous to ſee it well plac'd in the World. I am ſo willing to help the Diſtreſs'd,

ſtreſs'd, that I have taken it in; but tho' his greater Genius might very well diſtinguiſh his Verſes from mine, I have mark'd where his begin. His Lines are a Deſcription of the Sun in Eclipſe, which I know nothing more like than a brave Man in Sorrow, who bears it as he ſhould do, without imploring the Pity of his Friends, or being dejected with the Contempt of his Enemies. As in the Caſe of *Cato*:

When all the Globe to *Cæſar*'s Fortune bow'd,
Cato alone his Empire diſallow'd;
With Inborn Strength alone oppos'd Mankind,
With Heav'n in View, to all below it blind:
Regardleſs of his Friends, Applauſe or Moan,
Alone Triumphant, ſince he falls alone.
'Thus when the Ruler of the Genial Day,
'Behind ſome dark'ning Planet forms his Way,
'Deſponding Mortals, with Officious Care,
'The Concave Drum, and Majick Braſs prepare;
'Implore him to ſuſtain th' important Fight,
'And ſave depending Worlds from endleſs Night.
'Fondly they hope their Labour may avail,
'To eaſe his Conflict, and aſſiſt his Toil.
'Whilſt he in Beams of Native Splendor bright,
'(Tho' dark his Orb appear to Humane Sight)
'Shines to the Gods with more diffuſive Light.
'To diſtant Stars with equal Glory burns,
'Inflames their Lamps, and feeds their Golden Urns.
'Sure to retain his known ſuperior Tract,
'And proves the more illuſtrious by Defect.

This is a very lively Image; but I muſt take the Liberty to ſay, my Kinſman drives the Sun a little like *Phaeton*: He has all the Warmth of *Phœbus*, but won't ſtay for his Direction of it. *Avail* and *Toil*, *Defect* and *Tract*, will never do for Rhimes. But however, he has the true Spirit in him; for which Reaſon I was willing to entertain any Thing he pleas'd to ſend me. The Subject which he writes upon, naturally occaſions great Reflections into the Soul, and puts us in mind of the mix'd Condition which we Mortals are to ſupport; which, as it varies to Good or Bad, adorns or defaces our Actions to the Beholders: All which Glory and Shame

Shame muſt end in what we ſo much repine at Death. But Doctrines on this Occaſion, any other than that of living well, are the moſt inſignificant and moſt empty of all the Labours of Men. None but a Tragedian can die by Rule, and wait till he diſcovers a Plot, or ſays a fine Thing upon his *Exit*. In real Life this is Chimæra; and by Noble Spirits it will be done decently, without the Oſtentation of it. We ſee Men of all Conditions and Characters go through it with equal Reſolution: And if we conſider the Speeches of the mighty Philoſophers, Heroes, Law-givers, and Great Captains, they can produce no more in a diſcerning Spirit, than Rules to make a Man a Fop on his Death-bed. Commend me to that natural Greatneſs of Soul, expreſs'd by an innocent, and conſequently reſolute, Country Fellow, who ſaid in the Pains of the Cholick, *If I once get this Breath out of my Body, you ſhall Lang me before you put it in again* Honeſt *Ned*! and ſo he dy'd.

But it is to be ſuppos'd, from this Place you may expect an Account of ſuch a Thing as a new Play is not to be omitted. That of to Night is the neweſt that ever was writ. The Author is my Ingenious Friend Mr. *Thomas D——y*. This Drama is call'd, *The Modern Prophets*, and is, a moſt unanſwerable Satyr againſt the late Spirit of Enthuſiaſm. The Writer had by long Experience obſerv'd, That in Company, very grave Diſcourſes have been follow'd by Bawdry; and therefore has turn'd the Humour that Way with great Succeſs, and taken from his Audience all Manner of Superſtition, by the Agitations of pretty Mrs. *Bicknel*, whom he has, with great Subtilty, made a Lay-Siſter, as well as a Prophetеſs; by which Means ſhe carries on the Affairs of both Worlds with great Succeſs. My Friend deſigns to go on with another Work againſt Winter, which he intends to call *The Modern Poets*; a People no leſs miſtaken in their Opinions of being inſpir'd than the other. In order to this, he has by him ſeven Songs, beſides many Ambiguities, which cannot be miſtaken for any thing but what he means 'em. Mr. *D——y* generally writes State-Plays, and is wonderfully uſeful to the World in ſuch Repreſentations. This Method is

what

what was us'd by the Old *Athenians*, to laugh out of Countenance, or promote Opinions among the People. My Friend has therefore, againſt this Play is acted for his own Benefit, made Two Dances, which may be alſo of an univerſal Benefit. In the firſt, he has repreſented Abſolute Power, in the Perſon of a Tall Man with an Hat and Feather, who gives his Firſt Miniſter, who ſtands juſt before him, an huge Kick; the Miniſter gives the Kick to the next before; and ſo to the End of the Stage. In this Moral and Practical Jeſt you are made to underſtand, That there is in an abſolute Government, no Gratification, but giving the Kick you receive from one above you, to one below you. This is perform'd to a grave and melancholy Air; but on a ſudden the Tune moves quicker, and the whole Company falls into a Circle, and take Hands; then, at a certain ſharp Note, they move round, and kick as kick can. This latter Performance he makes to be the Repreſentation of a Free State; where, if you all mind your Steps, you may go round and round very jollily, with a Motion pleaſant to your ſelves and thoſe you dance with: Nay, if you put your ſelves out, at the worſt you only kick and are kick'd, like Friends and Equals.

From my own Apartment, May 4.

Of all the Vanities under the Sun, I confeſs, that of being proud of one's Birth is the greateſt. At the ſame Time, ſince in this unreaſonable Age, by the Force of prevailing Cuſtom, Things in which Men have no Hand are imputed to 'em; and that I am us'd by ſome People, as if *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, tho' I write my ſelf *Eſquire*, was no Body: To ſet the World right in that Particular, I ſhall give you my Genealogy, as a Kinſman of ours has ſent it from the *Heraulds Office*. It is certain, and obſerv'd by the wiſeſt Writers, That there are Women who are not nicely chaſt, and Men not ſeverely honeſt, in all Families; therefore let thoſe, who may be apt to raiſe Aſperſions upon ours, pleaſe to give us as impartial an Account of theirs, and we ſhall be ſatisfied. The Buſineſs of Heraulds is a Matter of ſo great Nicety, that to avoid Miſtakes, I ſhall give you my Conſin's Letter *verbatim*, without altering a Syllable.

Dear

Dear Couſin,

SInce you have been pleas'd to make your ſelf ſo famous of late, by your ingenious Writings, and ſome Time ago by your learned Predictions: Since Partridge, *of Immortal Memory, is dead and gone, who, Poetical as he was, could not underſtand his own Poetry; and Philomathical as he was, could not read his own Deſtiny. Since, the* Pope, *the King of* France, *and great Part of his Court, are either literally or metaphorically defunct: Since, I ſay, theſe Things, not foretold by any one but your ſelf, have come to paſs after ſo ſurprizing a Manner; 'tis with no ſmall Concern I ſee the Original of the* Staffian *Race ſo little known in the World as it is at this Time; for which Reaſon, as you have employ'd your Studies in Aſtronomy, and the occult Sciences, ſo I, my Mother being a* Welſh *Woman, dedicated mine to Genealogy, particularly that of our own Family, which, for its Antiquity and Number, may challenge any in* Great-Britain. *The* Staffs *are originally of* Staffordſhire, *which took its Name from them: The Firſt that I find of the* Staffs *was one* Jacobſtaff, *a famous and renown'd Aſtronomer, who by* Dorothy *his Wife had Iſſue Seven Sons*; viz. Bickerſtaff, Longſtaff, Wagſtaff, Quarterſtaff, Whiteſtaff, Falſtaff, *and* Tipſtaff. *He had alſo a younger Brother, who was twice married, and had Five Sons*; viz. Diſtaff, Pikeſtaff, Mopſtaff, Broomſtaff, *and* Raggedſtaff. *As for the Branch from whence you ſpring, I ſhall ſay very little of it, only that 'tis the Chief of the* Staffs, *and call'd* Bickerſtaff, quaſi Biggerſtaff; *as much as to ſay, the* Great Staff, *or* Staff *of* Staffs; *and that it has applied it ſelf to Aſtronomy with great Succeſs after the Example of our aforeſaid Forefather. The Deſcendants from* Longſtaff, *the Second Son, were a rakiſh diſorderly Sort of People, and rambled from one Place to another, till in* Harry II's *Time they ſettled in* Kent, *and were call'd* Long-Tails, *from the* Long-Tails *which were ſent 'em as a Puniſhment for the Murder of* Thomas a Becket, *as the Legends ſay, They have been always ſeek'd after by the Ladies; but whether it be to ſhow their Averſion to Popery, or their Love to Miracles, I cant ſay. The* Wagſtaffs *are a merry thoughtleſs Sort of People, who have always been opinionated of their own Wit; they have turn'd themſelves moſtly to Poetry. This is*

the

the moſt numerous Branch of our Family, and the pooreſt. The Quarterſtaffs *are moſt of them Prize-fighters or Deer-ſtealers: There have been ſo many of them hang'd lately, that there are very few of that Branch of our Family left. The* Whiteſtaffs *are all Courtiers, and have had very conſiderable Places: There have been ſome of 'em of that Strength and Dexterity, that Five hundred of the ableſt Men in the Kingdom have often tug'd in vain to pull a Staff out of their Hands. The* Falſtaffs *are ſtrangely given to Whoring and Drinking: There are abundance of 'em in and about* London. *There's one thing very remarkable of this Branch, and that is, there are juſt as many Women as Men in it. There was a wicked Stick of Wood of this Name in* Harry IV's *Time, one Sir* John Falſtaff. *As for* Tipſtaff, *the youngeſt Son, he was an honeſt Fellow; but his Sons, and his Sons's Sons, have all of them been the veryeſt Rogues living: 'Tis this unlucky Branch has ſtock'd the Nation with that Swarm of Lawyers, Attorneys, Serjeants, and Bailiffs, with which the Nation is over-run.* Tipſtaff *being a Seventh Son, us'd to cure the* King's Evil; *but his raſcally Deſcendants are ſo far from having that healing Quality, that by a Touch upon the Shoulder, they give a Man ſuch an ill Habit of Body, that he can never come abroad afterwards. This is all I know of the Line of* Jacobſtaff: *His younger Brother* Iſaacſtaff, *as I told you before, had Five Sons, and was married twice; his Firſt Wife was a* Staff *(for they did not ſtand upon falſe Heraldry in thoſe Days) by whom he had one Son, who in Proceſs of Time being a Schoolmaſter, and well read in the* Greek, *call'd himſelf* Diſtaff, *or* Twiceſtaff: *He was not very rich, ſo he put his Children out to Trades; and the* Diſtaffs *have ever ſince been employed in the Woollen and Linnen Manufactures, except my ſelf, who am a Genealogiſt.* Pikeſtaff, *the eldeſt Son by the Second Venter, was a Man of Buſineſs, a downright pleading Fellow, and withal ſo plain, that he became a Proverb. Moſt of this Family are at preſent in the Army.* Raggedſtaff *was an unlucky Boy, and us'd to tear his Cloaths a getting Birds Neſts, and was always playing with a tame Bear his Father kept.* Mopſtaff *fell in Love with one of his Father's Maids, and us'd to help her to clean the Houſe.* Broomſtaff *was a Chimney-Sweeper. The* Mopſtaffs *and* Broomſtaffs *are naturally as civil People*

as

as ever went out of Doors; but alass! if they once get into ill Hands, they knock down all before them. Pilgrimstaff *run away from his Friends, and went a strolling about the Country: And* Pipestaff *was a Wine-Cooper. These Two were the unlawful Issue of* Longstaff.

N. B. *The* Lanes, *the* Clubs, *the* Cudgels, *the* Wands, *the* Devil upon Two Sticks, *and one* Bread, *that goes by the Name of* Staff *of* Life, *are none of our Relations. I am,*

Dear Cousin, *Your humble Servant,*

From the *Heralds* D. Distaff.

Office, May 1.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 4.

As Politick News is not the principal Subject on which we treat, we are so happy as to have no Occasion for that Art of Cookery, which our Brother Newsmongers so much excel in; as appears by their excellent and inimitable Manner of dressing up a second Time for your Tast the same Dish which they gave you the Day before, in case their come over no new Pickles from *Holland*. Therefore, when we have nothing to say to you from Courts or Camps, we hope still to give you somewhat new and curious from our selves. The Women of our House, upon Occasion, being capable of carrying on the Business, according to the laudable Custom of the Wives in *Holland*; but, without further Preface, take what we have not mentioned in our former Relations.

Letters from *Hannover* of the 30th of the last Month say, That the Prince Royal of *Prussia* arriv'd there on the 15th, and left that Court on the second of this Month, in Pursuit of his Journey to *Flanders* where he makes the ensuing Campaign. Those Advices add, That the young Prince *Nassaw*, Hereditary Governor of *Friesland*, consummated on the 26th of the last Month his Marriage with the beauteous Princess of *Hesse Cassel*, with a Pomp and Magnificence suitable to their Age and Quality.

Letters from *Paris* say, his most Christian Majesty retir'd to *Marly* on the First Instant, *N. S.* and our last Advices from *Spain* inform us, That the Prince of *Asturias* made his publick Entry into *Madrid* in great Splendour.

Court. The Duke of *Anjou* has given Don *Joseph Hurtado de Amaraga* the Government of *Terra-Firma de Veragua*, and the Presidency of *Panama* in *America*. They add, That the Army commanded by the Marquis *de Bay* hath been reinforced by Six Battallions of *Spaniſh* and *Walloon* Guards. Letters from *Lisbon* adviſe, That the Army of the King of *Portugal* was at *Elvas* on the 22d of the laſt Month, and was to decamp on the 24th, in order to march upon the Enemy, who lay at *Badajos*.

Yeſterday, at Four in the Morning, his Grace the D[illegible] of *Marlborough* ſet out for *Margate*, and embark'd for *Holland* at Eight this Morning.

Yeſterday alſo Sir *George Thorold* was declar'd Alderman of *Cordwainers* Ward, in the Room of his Brother Sir *Cornelius Thorold*, deceas'd.

All Ladies, who have any particular Stories of their Acquaintance, which they are willing privately to make publick, may ſafely convey the Penny-Poſt to Iſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſq; *incloſed, to Mr.* John Morphew *near* Stationers-Hall.

From *Thurſday May* 5. to *Saturday May* 7. N°. 12.

May 5.

WHen a Man has engag'd to keep a Stage Coach, he is oblig'd, whether he has Paſſengers or not, to ſet out: Thus it fares with us Weekly Hiſtorians; but indeed on my Particular, I hope I ſhall ſoon have little more to do in this Work, than to Publiſh what is ſent me from ſuch as have Leiſure and Capacity for giving Delight, and being pleas'd in an elegant Manner. The preſent Grandeur of the *Britiſh* Nation might make us expect, that we ſhould riſe in our Publick Diverſions, and Manner of enjoying Life, in Proportion to our Advancement in Glory and Power. Inſtead of that, take and ſurvey this Town, and you'l find, Rakes and Debauchees are your Men of Pleaſure; Thoughtleſs Atheiſts, and Illiterate Drunkards, call themſelves Free Thinkers; and Gameſters, Banterers, Biters, Swearers, and Twenty new-born Inſects more, are, in their ſeveral Species, the modern Men of Wit. Hence it is, that a Man who

who has been out of Town but one half Year, has loſt the Language, and muſt have ſome Friend to ſtand by him, and keep him in Countenance for talking common Senſe. To Day I ſaw a ſhort Interlude at *White*'s of this Nature, which I took Notes of, and put together as well as I could in a Publick Place. The Perſons of the *Drama* are, *Pip*, the laſt Gentleman that has been made ſo at Cards; *Trimmer*, a Perſon half undone at 'em, and is now between a Cheat and a Gentleman; *Acorn*, an honeſt *Engliſh* Man, of good plain Senſe and Meaning; and Mr. *Friendly*, a reaſonable Man of the Town.

White's *Chocolate-houſe*, *May* 5.

Enter *Pip*, *Trim*, and *Acorn*.

Ac. What's the Matter Gentlemen? What! Take no Notice of an old Friend?

Pip. Pox on it! don't talk to me, I am Vowel'd by the Count, and curſedly out of Humour.

Ac. Vowel'd! Prithee, *Trimmer*, What does he mean by that?

Trim. Have a Care, *Harry*, ſpeak ſoftly; don't ſhow your Ignorance: — If you do, they'l Bite you where e'r they meet you; they are ſuch curſed Curs, — the preſent Wits.

Ac. Bite me! What do you mean?

Pip. Why! Don't you know what Biting is? Nay, you are in the right on't. However, one would learn it only to defend one's ſelf againſt Men of Wit, as one would know the Tricks of Play, to be ſecure againſt the Cheats. But don't you hear, *Acorn*, that Report, That ſome Potentates of the Alliance have taken Care of themſelves, excluſive of us?

Ac. How! Heav'n forbid! After all our Glorious Victories; all this Expence of Blood and Treaſure!

Pip. Bite —

Ac. Bite! How?

Trim. Nay, he has Bit you fairly enough; that's certain.

Ac. Pox! I don't feel it — How? Where?

Exit *Pip*, and *Trimmer*, laughing.

Ac. Ho! Mr. *Friendly*, your moſt humble Servant; you heard what paſs'd between thoſe fine Gentlemen and me.

me. *Pip* complain'd to me, That he has been Vowel'd; and they tell me, I am Bit.

Friend. You are to underſtand, Sir, That Simplicity of Behaviour, which is the Perfection of good Breeding and good Senſe, is utterly loſt in the World; and in the Room of it, there are ſtarted a Thouſand little Inventions, which Men, barren of better Things, take up in the Place of it. Thus, for every Character in Converſation that us'd to pleaſe, there is an Impoſtor put upon you. Him whom we allow'd formerly for a certain pleaſant Subtilty, and natural Way of giving you an unexpected Hit, call'd a *Droll*, is now mimick'd by a *Biter*, who is a dull Fellow, that tells you a Lye with a grave Face, and laughs at you for knowing him no better than to believe him. Inſtead of that Sort of Companion, who could rally you, and keep his Countenance, 'till he made you fall into ſome little Inconſiſtency of Behaviour, at which you could laugh your ſelf with him; you have the Snearer, who will keep you Company from Morning to Night, to gather your Follies of the Day, (which perhaps you commit out of Confidence in him) and expoſe you in the Evening to all the Scorners in Town. For your Man of Senſe and free Spirit, whoſe Set of Thoughts were Built upon Learning, Reaſon, and Experience, you have now an impudent Creature made up of Vice only, who ſupports his Ignorance by his Courage, and Want of Learning by Contempt of it.

Ac. Dear Sir, hold: What you have told me already in this Change of Converſation, is too miſerable to be heard with any Delight; but, methinks, as theſe new Creatures appear in the World, it might give an excellent Field to Writers for the Stage, to divert us with the Repreſentation of them there.

Friend. No, No: As you ſay, there might be ſome Hopes of Redreſs of theſe Grievances, if there were proper Care taken of the Theatre; but the Hiſtory of that is yet more lamentable than that of the Decay of Converſation I gave you.

Ac. Pray, Sir, a little: I han't been in Town theſe Six Years, 'till within this Fortnight.

Friend. It is now ſome Years, ſince ſeveral Revoluti-

tions in the Gay World, had made the Empire of the Stage ſubject to very fatal Convulſions, which were too dangerous to be cured by the Skill of little King *Oberon*, who then ſat in the Throne of it. The Lazineſs of this Prince threw him upon the Choice of a Perſon who was fit to ſpend his Life in Contentions, an able and profound Attorney, to whom he mortgag'd his whole Empire. This *Dicito* is the moſt skilful of all Politicians: He has a perfect Skill in being unintelligible in Diſcourſe, and uncomeatable in Buſineſs. This Fellow having no Underſtanding in this polite Way, brought in upon us, to get in his Money, Ladder-dancers, Rope-dancers, Jugglers, and Mountebanks, to ſtrut in the Place of *Shakeſpear*'s Heroes, and *Johnſon*'s Humouriſts. When the Seat of Wit was thus mortgag'd, without Equity of Redemption, an Architect aroſe, who has built the Muſe a new Palace, but ſecur'd her no Retinue; ſo that inſtead of Action there, we have been put off by Song and Dance. This latter Help of Sound has alſo began to fail for want of Voices; therefore the Palace has ſince been put into the Hands of a Surgeon, who cuts any Foreign Fellow into an Eunuch, and paſſes him upon us for a Singer of *Italy*.

Ac. I'll go out of Town to Morrow.

Friend. Things are come to this paſs, and the World will not underſtand, the Theatre has much the ſame Effect on the Manners of the Age, as the Bank on the Credit of the Nation. Wit and Spirit, Humour and good Senſe, can never be reviv'd, but under the Government of thoſe who are Judges of ſuch Talents, who know, that whatever is put up in their ſtead, is but a ſhort and trifling Expedient to ſupport the Appearance of 'em for a Seaſon. It is poſſible a Peace will give leiſure to put theſe Matters under new Regulation; but at preſent, all the Aſſiſtance we can ſee towards our Recovery, is as far from giving us Help, as a Poultice is from performing what can be done only by the Grand Elixir.

Will's Coffee-Houſe, May 6.

According to our late Deſign in the applauded Verſes on the Morning, which you lately had from hence, we

proceed to improve that juſt Intention, and preſent you with other Labours, made proper to the Place in which they were written. The following Poems comes from *Copenhagen*, and is as fine a Winter-piece, as we have ever had from any of the Schools of the moſt learned Painters. Such Images as theſe give us a new Pleaſure in our Sight, and fix upon our Minds Traces of Reflexion, which accompany us whenever the like Objects occur. In ſhort, excellent Poetry and Deſcription dwell upon us ſo agreeably, that all the Readers of 'em are made to think, if not write, like Men of Wit. But it would be Injury to detain you longer from this excellent Performance, which is addreſs'd to the Earl of *Dorſet* by Mr. *Philips*, the Author of ſeveral excellent Poems in Mr. *Tonſon*'s new Miſcellany.

From Frozen Climes, and Endleſs Tracts of Snow,
From Streams that Northern Winds forbid to flow;
What Preſent ſhall the Muſe to Dorſet *bring;*
Or how, ſo near the Pole, attempt to ſing?
The hoary Winter here conceals from Sight
All pleaſing Objects that to Verſe invite.
The Hills and Vales, and the Delightful Woods,
The Flowry Plains, and Silver Streaming Floods,
By Snow diſguis'd, in bright Confuſion lye,
And with one dazling Waſte fatigue the Eye.
The ruling Cold retards the coming Spring,
No Birds within the Deſart Region ſing.
The Ships unmov'd the boiſt'rous Winds defy,
While rattling Chariots o'er the Ocean fly.
The vaſt Leviathan *wants Room to play,*
And ſpout his Waters in the Face of Day.
The ſtarving Wolves along the main Sea prowl,
And to the Moon in Icy Valleys howl.
For many a ſhining League the level Main,
Here ſpreads it ſelf into a Glaſſy Plain:
And there the Frozen Billows of enormous Size,
Alpes *of green Ice, in wild Diſorder riſe.*
And yet but lately have I ſeen, e'en here,
The Winter in a lovely Dreſs appear.
E'er yet the Clouds let fall the treaſur'd Snow,
Or ſtormy Winds thick hazy Weather blow. *Firſt,*

Firſt, a keen Eaſtern Breeze at Ev'ning roſe;
Then, the deſcending Rain unſullied froze.
Soon as the ſilent Shades of Night withdrew,
The ruddy Morn diſclos'd at once to View
The Fall of Nature in a rich Diſguiſe,
And brighten'd ev'ry Object to my Eyes.
For ev'ry Shrub, and ev'ry Blade of Graſs
And ev'ry pointed Thorn, ſeem'd wrought in Glaſs.
In Pearls and Rubies rich the Hawthorns ſhow,
While through the Ice the Criminſon Berries glow.
The thick ſprung Reeds the ſtabby Marſhes yield,
Seem poliſh'd Lances in a hoſtile Field.
The Stag in limpid Currents with Surprize,
Sees Chryſtal Branches on his Forehead riſe.
The ſpreading Oak, the Beech, and tow'ring Pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing Æther ſhine.
The frighted Birds the rattling Branches ſhun,
That wave and gliſter in the diſtant Sun.
When if a ſudden Guſt of Wind ariſe,
The brittle Foreſt into Atoms flies:
A ſpangled Shower from every Tree deſcends
And the bright Scene in caſtly Ruin ends.
Or if a ſouthern Gale the Region warm
And by Degrees unbinds the Wintry Charm.
The Traveller a miry Country ſees,
And journeys ſad beneath the dropping Trees.

From my own Apartment, May 6.

There has a Mail this Day arriv'd from *Holland*; but the Matter of the Advices importing rather what gives us great Expectations, than any poſitive Aſſurances, I ſhall, for this Time, decline giving you what I know, and apply the following Verſes of Mr. *Dryden*, in the Second Part of *Almanzor*, to the preſent Circumſtances of Things, without diſcovering what my Knowledge in Aſtronomy ſuggeſts to me.

When Fame in its Childhood firſt appears,
A watchful Fate o'er ſees its tender Years:
Till grown more ſtrong, it thruſts and ſtretches out,
And ſtrows all the Kingdom round about.

The Place thus made for its firſt breathing free,
It moves again for Eaſe and Luxury:
'Till ſwelling by Degrees it has poſſeſt
The greater Space, and now crowds up the reſt.
When from behind there ſtarts ſome petty State,
And puſhes on its new unweildy Fate.
Then down the Precipice of Time it goes,
And ſinks in Minutes, which in Ages roſe.

From *Saturday May* 7. to *Tueſday May* 10. N°. 13.

From my own Apartment, May 8.

MUch Hurry and Buſineſs had to Day perplex'd me into a Mood too thoughtful for going into Company; for which Reaſon, inſtead of the Tavern, I went into *Lincoln's-Inn-Walks*; and after having taken a Round or Two I ſat down, according to the allow'd Familiarity of theſe Places, on a Bench; at the other End of which ſat a venerable Gentleman, who ſpeaking with a very affable Air, *Mr.* Bickerſtaff, ſaid he, *I take it for a very great Piece of good Fortune, that you have found me out.* *Sir*, ſaid I, *I have not, that I know of, ever had the Honour of ſeeing you before.* *That*, replyed he, *is what I have often lamented; but I aſſure you, I have for many Years done you good Offices, without being obſerv'd by you; or elſe, when you had any little Glimpſe of my being concern'd in an Affair, you have fled from me, and ſhun'd me like an Enemy; but however, the Part I am to act in the World is ſuch, that I am to go on in doing Good, tho' I meet with never ſo many Repulſes, ev'n from thoſe I oblige.* This, thought I, ſhows a great good Nature, but little Judgment in the Perſons upon whom he confers his Favours. He immediately took Notice to me, That he obſerv'd by my Countenance, I thought him indirect in his Beneficence, and proceeded to tell me his Quality in the following Manner: *I know thee, Iſaac, to be ſo well vers'd in the Occult Sciences, that I need not much Preface, or make long Preparations to gain your Faith that there are Airy Beings, who are employ'd in the Care and Attendance of Men, as Nurſes are to Infants, till they come to an Age*

in which they can act of themselves. These Beings are usually called amongst Men, Guardian Angels; *and Mr.* Bickerstaff, *I am to acquaint you, that I am to be yours for some Time to come; it being our Orders to vary our Stations, and sometimes, to have one Patient under our Protection, and sometimes another, with a Power about us of assuming what Shape we please, to ensnare our Wards into their own Good. I have of late been upon such hard Duty, and know you have so much Work for me, that I think fit to appear to you Face to Face, to desire you would give me as little Occasion for Vigilance as you can. Sir,* said I, *it will be a great Instruction to me in my Behaviour, if you please to give me some Account of your late Employments, and what Hardships or Satisfactions you have had in 'em, that I may govern my self accordingly.* He answer'd: To give you an Example of the Drudgery we go through, I will entertain you only with my Three last Stations: I was on the First of *April* last past, put to mortify a great Beauty, with whom I was a Week; from her I went to a common Swearer, and have been last with a Gamester. When I first came to my Lady, I found my great Work was to guard well her Eyes and Ears; but her Flatterers were so numerous, and the House, after the modern Way, so full of Looking-Glasses, that I seldom had her safe but in her Sleep. Whenever we went abroad we were surrounded by an Army of Enemies: when a well-made Man appear'd, he was sure to have a side-glance of Observation: If a disagreeable Fellow, he had a full Face, out of meer Inclination to Conquest. But at the Close of the Evening, on the Third of the last Month, my Ward was sitting on a Couch, reading *Ovid*'s Epistles; and as she came to this Line of *Helen to Paris*,

She half consents who gladly hears the Voice.

Enter'd *Philander* who is the most skilful of all Men in in Address to Women. He has arriv'd at the Perfection of the Art which gains 'em, *which is, to talk like a very miserable Man, but look like a very happy one.* I saw *Dictinna* blush at his Entrance, which gave me the Alarm; but he immediately said something so agreeable on her being at Study, and the Novelty of finding a Lady employ'd in so grave a Manner; that he on a sud-

den became very familiarly a Man of no Conſequence; and in an Inſtant laid all her Suſpicions of his Skill aſleep, as he almoſt had done mine, till I obſerv'd him very dangerouſly turn his Diſcourſe upon the Elegance of her Dreſs, and her Judgment in the Choice of that very pretty Mourning. Having had Women before in my Care, I trembled at the *Apprehenſions of a Man of Senſe*, who could talk upon Trifles, and reſolv'd to ſtick to my Poſt, with all the Circumſpection imaginable. In ſhort, I prepoſſeſs'd her againſt all he could ſay to the Advantage of her Dreſs and Perſon; but he turn'd again the Diſcourſe, where I found I had no Power over her, the abuſing her Friends and Acquaintance. He allow'd indeed, That *Flora* had a little Beauty and a great deal of Wit; but then ſhe was ſo ungainly in her Behaviour, and ſuch a laughing Hoyden. —— *Paſtorella* had with him the Allowance of being blameleſs; But what was that towards being Praiſe-worthy? To be only Innocent is not to be Virtuous. He afterwards ſpoke ſo much againſt Mrs. *Dipple*'s Forehead, Mrs. *Prim*'s Mouth, Mrs. *Dentifrice*'s Teeth, and Mrs. *Fidget*'s Cheeks, that ſhe grew downright in Love with him: For it is always to be underſtood, That a Lady takes all you detract from the reſt of her Sex to be a Gift to her. In a Word, Things went ſo far, that I was diſmiſs'd, and ſhe will remember that Evening 9 Months from the 2d of *April*, by a very remarkable Token. The next, as I ſaid, I went to was a Common Swearer: Never was Creature ſo puzzled as my ſelf when I came firſt to view his Brain; Half of it was worn out, and fill'd up with meer Expletives, that had nothing to do with any other Parts of the Texture; therefore, when he call'd for his Cloaths in a Morning, he would cry, *John?* —— *John* does not anſwer. *What a Pox! No Body there? What the Devil, and rot me! John, you a Lazy Dog as you are.* I knew no way to cure him but writing down all he ſaid one Morning as he was dreſſing, and laying it before him on the Toilet when he came to pick his Teeth. The laſt Recital I gave him of what he ſaid for half an Hour before, was, *What a Pox not me! Where is the Waſh-ball? Call the Chairmen: Damn 'em, I warrant they are at the*

the Ale-house already! Zounds, and Confound 'em. When he came to the Glass he takes up my Note —— *Eh! This Fellow is worse than me: What, Does he sweat with Pen and Ink?* But reading on, he found 'em to be his own Words. The Stratagem had so good an Effect upon him, that he grew immediately a new Man, and in learning to speak without an Oath, which makes him extreamly short in his Phrases; for, as I observ'd before, a Common Swearer has a Brain without any Idea on the Swearing Side; therefore my Ward has yet mighty little to say, and is forc'd to substitute some other Vehicle of Nonsence to supply the Defect of his usual Expletives. When I left him, he made use of *Odsbodikins! Oh me!* and *Never stir alive!* and so forth; which gave me Hopes of his Recovery. So I went to the next I told you of, the Gamester. When we first take out Place about a Man, the Receptacles of the *Pericranium* are immediately search'd. in his, I found no one ordinary Trace of Thinking; but strong Passion, violent Desires, and a continued Series of different Changes, had torn it to Pieces. There appear'd no middle Condition; the Triumph of a Prince, or the Misery of a Beggar, were his alternate States. I was with him no longer than one Day, which was Yesterday. In the Morning at Twelve we were worth Four Thousand Pounds; at Three we were arriv'd at Six Thousand; half an Hour after we were reduc'd to One Thousand; at Four a Clock we were down to Two Hundred; at Five to Fifty; at Six to Five; at Seven, to One Guinea; the next Bet to Nothing: This Morning, he borrow'd Half a Crown of the Maid who cleans his Shoes; and is now gaming in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* among the Boys for Farthings and Oranges, till he has made up three Pieces, and then he returns to *White's* into the best Company in Town again. This ended our first Discourse; and it is hoped, you will forgive me that I have pick'd so little out of my Companion at our first Interview. In the next, 'tis possible he may tell me more pleasing Incidents; for tho' he is a Familiar, he is not an Evil Spirit.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 9.

We hear from the *Hague*, of the 14th Instant, *N. S.* That Monsieur *de Torcy* hath had frequent Conferences with the Grand Pensioner, and the other Ministers who were heretofore commission'd to treat with Monsieur *Rouille*. The Preliminaries of a Peace are almost settled, and wait only for the Arrival of the Duke of *Marlborough*; after whose Approbation of the Articles propos'd it is not doubted but the Methods of the Treaty will be publickly known. In the mean time, the States have declar'd an Abhorrence from making any Step in this great Affair, but in Concert with the Court of *Great-Britain*, and other Princes of the Alliance. The Posture of Affairs in *France* does necessarily oblige that Nation to be very much in earnest in their Offers; and Monsieur *de Torcy* hath profess'd to the Grand Pensioner, That he will avoid all Occasions of giving him the least Jealousy of his using any Address in private Conversations for accomplishing the Ends of his Embassy. It is said, That as soon as the Preliminaries are adjusted, that Minister is to return to the *French* Court. The States of *Holland* have resolv'd to make it an Instruction to all their Men of War and Privateers, to bring into their Ports whatever Neutral Ships they shall meet with laden with Corn, and bound for *France*; and to avoid all Cause of Complaint from the Potentates to whom these Ships shall belong, their full Demand for their Freight shall be paid them there. The *French* Protestants refiding in that Country have applyed themselves to their respective Magistrates, desiring that there may be an Article in the Treaty of Peace, which may give Liberty of Conscience to the Protestants in *France*. Monsieur *Bosnage*, Minister of the *Walloon* Church at *Rotterdam*, has been at the *Hague*, and hath had some Conferences with the Deputies of the States on that Subject. It is reported there, That all the *French* Refugees in those Dominions are to be Naturaliz'd, that they may enjoy the same good Effects of the Treaty with the *Hollanders* themselves, in respect of *France*.

Letters from *Paris* say, the People conceive great Hopes of a sudden Peace, from Monsieur *Torcy*'s being employ'd

employ'd in the Negotiation, he being a Miniſter of too great Weight in that Court, to be ſent on any Employment in which his Maſter would not act in a Manner wherein he might juſtly promiſe himſelf Succeſs. The *French* Advices add, That there is an Inſurrection in *Poictou*; 3000 Men have taken up Arms, and beaten the Troops which were appointed to diſperſe them: Three of the Mutineers being taken, were immediately executed; and as many of the King's Party were ſerved after the ſame Manner.

Our late Act of Naturalization hath had ſo great an Effect in Foreign Parts, that ſome Princes have prohibited the *French* Refugees in their Dominions, to Sell or Transfer their Eſtates to any other of their Subjects; and at the ſame Time have granted them greater Immunities than they hitherto enjoyed; they having always had Magiſtrates ſet over them of their own Nation. It has been alſo thought neceſſary to reſtrain their own Subjects from leaving their Native Country, on Pain of Death.

From *Tueſday May* 10. to *Thurſday May* 12. N°. 14.

From my own Apartment, May 10.

HAD it not been that my Familiar had appear'd to me, as I told you in my laſt, in Perſon, I had certainly been unable to have found even Words, without Meaning, to keep up my Intelligence with the Town: But he has check'd me ſeverely for my Deſpondence, and order'd me to go on in my Deſign of obſerving upon Things, and forbearing Perſons; for, ſaid he, the Age you live in is ſuch, that a good Picture of any Vice or Virtue will infallibly be miſrepreſented; and tho' none will take the kind Deſcriptions you make ſo much to themſelves, as to wiſh well to the Author, yet all will reſent the ill Characters you produce, out of Fear of their own Turn in the Licence you muſt be oblig'd to take, if you point at particular Perſons. I took his Admonition kindly, and immediately promiſ'd him to beg Pardon of the Author of the *Advice to the Poets*, for any Raillery

upon his Work; tho' I aim'd at no more in that Examination, but to convince him, and all Men of Genius, of the Folly of laying themſelves out on ſuch Plans as are below their Characters. I hope too it was done without ill-Breeding, and nothing ſpoken below what a Civilian (as it is allow'd I am) may utter to a Phyſician. After this Preface, all the World may be ſafe from my Writings; for if I can find nothing to commend, I am ſilent, and will forbear the Subject: For, tho' I am a Reformer, I ſcorn to be an Inquiſitor.

It would become all Men, as well as me, to lay before 'em the noble Character of *Verus* the Magiſtrate, who always ſat in Triumph over, and Contempt of Vice; never ſearch'd after it, or ſpar'd it when it came before him: At the ſame Time, could ſee through the Hypocriſy and Diſguiſe of thoſe who have no Pretence to Virtue themſelves, but Severity to the Vicious. This ſame *Verus* was, in Times long paſt, Chief Juſtice (as we call it amongſt us) in *Felicia*. He was a Man of profound Knowledge of the Laws of his Country, and as juſt an Obſerver of 'em in his own Perſon. He conſider'd Juſtice as a Liberal Science, not as a Trade for Maintenance. Wherever he was Judge, he never forgot that he was alſo Council. The Criminal before him was always ſure he ſtood before his Country, and, in a Sort, a Parent of it. The Priſoner knew, that tho' his Spirit was broken with Guilt, and incapable of Language to defend it ſelf, all would be gather'd from him which could conduce to his Safety; and that, tho' his Judge would wreſt no Law to deſtroy him, he would conceal none that could ſave him. In his Time, there were a Neſt of Pretenders to Juſtice, who happen'd to be employ'd to put Things in a Method for being examin'd before him at his uſual Seſſions: Theſe Animals were to *Verus*, as Monkeys are to Men, ſo like, that you can hardly diſown them; but ſo baſe, that you are aſham'd of their Fraternity. It grew a Phraſe, *Who would do Juſtice on the Juſtices?* That certainly would *Verus*. I have ſeen an old Tryal where he ſat Judge on Two of 'em; one was call'd *Trick-Track*, the other *Tearſhift*; one was a learned Judge of Sharpers, the other the quickeſt

of

of all Men at finding out a Wench. *Trick-Track* never ſpar'd a Pick-pocket, but was a Companion to Cheats: *Tearſhift* would make Compliments to Wenches of Quality, but certainly commit poor ones. If a poor Rogue wanted a Lodging, *Trick-Track* ſent him to Goal for a Thief: If a poor Whore went only with one thin Petticoat, *Tearſhift* would impriſon her for being looſe in her Dreſs. Theſe Patriots infeſted the Days of *Venus*, while they alternately committed and releas'd each others Priſoners. But *Venus* regarded them as Criminals, and always look'd upon Men as they ſtood in the Eye of Juſtice, without reſpecting whether they ſat on the Bench, or ſtood at the Bar.

Will's Coffee-houſe, May 11.

Yeſterday we were entertain'd with the Tragedy of *The Earl of Eſſex*, in which there is not one good Line, and yet a Play which was never ſeen without drawing Tears from ſome Part of the Audience: A remarkable Inſtance, that the Soul is not to be mov'd by Words, but Things; for the Incidents in this *Drama* are laid together ſo happily, that the Spectator makes the Play for himſelf, by the Force the Circumſtance has upon his Imagination. Thus, in ſpight of the moſt dry Diſcourſes, and Expreſſions almoſt ridiculous, with Reſpect to Propriety, it is impoſſible for one unprejudic'd to ſee it untouch'd with Pity. I muſt confeſs, this Effect is not wrought on ſuch as examine why they are pleas'd; but it never fails to appear on thoſe who are not too learned in Nature, to be mov'd by her firſt Suggeſtions. It is certain, the Perſon and Behaviour of Mr. *Wilks*, has no ſmall Share in the conducing to the Popularity of the Play; and when an handſome Fellow is going to a more courſe *Exit* than beheading, his Shape and Countenance makes ev'ry tender one reprieve him with all her Heart, without waiting till ſhe hears his dying Words.

This Evening *The Alchymiſt* was play'd. This Comedy is an Example of *Ben*'s extenſive Genius and Penetration into the Paſſions and Follies of Mankind. The Scene in the fourth Act, where all the cheated People oppoſe the Man that would open their Eyes, has ſomething in it ſo inimitably excellent, that it is certainly as great a

Maſter-

Maſter-piece as has ever appear'd by any Hand. The Author's great Addreſs in ſhowing Covetouſneſs the Motive of the Actions of the *Puritan*, the *Epicure*, the *Gameſter*, and the *Trader*; and that all their Endeavours, however differently ſoever they ſeem to tend, center only in that one Point of Gain, ſhows he had to great Perfection that Diſcernment of Spirit, which conſtitutes a Genius for Comedy.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 11.

It is not to be imagin'd how far the Violence of our Deſires will carry us towards our own Deceit in the Purſuit of what we wiſh for. A Gentleman here this Evening, was giving me an Account of a dumb Fortune-Teller, who outdoes Mr. *Partridge*, my ſelf, or the Unborn-Doctor, for Predictions. All his Viſitants come to him full of Expectations, and pay his own Rate for the Interpretations they put upon his Shrugs and Nods. There is a fine rich City-Widow ſtole thither the other Day, (tho' it is not Six Weeks ſince her Husband's Departure from her Company to Reſt) and, with her truſty Maid, demanded of him, Whether ſhe ſhould Marry again? by holding up two Fingers, like Horns on her Forehead. The Wizard held up both his Hands forked. The Relict deſir'd to know, Whether he meant by his holding up both Hands, to repreſent that ſhe had one Husband before, and that ſhe ſhould have another? Or that he intimated, ſhe ſhould have Two more? The Cunning Man look'd a little ſour; upon which *Betty* jogg'd her Miſtreſs, who gave t'other Guinea; and he made her underſtand, She ſhould poſitively have Two more; but ſhak'd his Head, and hinted, that they ſhould not live long with her. The Widow ſigh'd, and gave him t'other half Guinea. After this Prepoſſeſſion, all that ſhe had next to do, was to make Sallies to our End of the Town, and find out who it is her Fate to have. There are Two who frequent this Place, whom ſhe takes for Men of Vogue, and her Imagination has given her the Choice of. They are both the Appearances of fine Gentlemen, to ſuch as do not know when they ſee Perſons of that Turn; and indeed, they are induſtrious enough to come at that Character, to deſerve the Reputation of being

ſuch:

ſuch: But this Town will not allow us to be the Things we ſeem to aim at, and are too diſcerning to be fobb'd off with Pretences. One of theſe pretty Fellows fails by his laborious Exactneſs; the other, by his as much ſtudied Negligence. *Frank Careleſs*, aſſoon as his Valet has help'd on and adjuſted his Clothes, goes to his Glaſs, ſets his Whig awry, tumbles his Cravat; and in ſhort, undreſſes himſelf to go into Company. *Will. Nice* is ſo little ſatisfied with his Dreſs, that all the time he is at a Viſit, he is ſtill mending it, and is for that Reaſon the more inſufferable; for he who ſtudies Careleſneſs, has at leaſt his Work the ſooner done of the Two. The Widow is diſtracted whom to take for her firſt Man; for *Nice* is ev'ry Way ſo careful, that ſhe fears his length of Days; and *Frank* is ſo looſe, that ſhe has Apprehenſions for her own Health with him. I am puzzled how to give a juſt Idea of them; but in a Word, *Careleſs* is a Coxcomb, and *Nice* a Fop: Both, you'l ſay, very hopeful Candidates for a gay Woman juſt ſet at Liberty. But there is a Whiſper, her Maid will give her to *Tom Terrour* the Gameſter. This Fellow has undone ſo many Women, that he'll certainly ſucceed if he is introduc'd; for nothing ſo much prevails with the vain Part of that Sex, as the Glory of deceiving them who have deceiv'd others. *Deſunt Multa.*

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 11.

Letters from *Berlin*, bearing Date *May* 11. *N. S.* inform us, That the Birth-day of Her *Pruſſian* Majeſty has been Celebrated there with all poſſible Magnificence; and that the King made Her, on that Occaſion, a Preſent of Jewels, to the Value of Thirty Thouſand Crowns. The Marquiſs *de Queſne*, who has diſtinguiſh'd himſelf by his great Zeal for the Proteſtant Intereſt, was, at the time of the Diſpatch of theſe Letters, at that Court, ſoliciting the King to take Care, that an Article in Behalf of the Refugees, admitting their Return to *France*, ſhould be inſerted in the Treaty of Peace. They write from *Hanover* of the 14th, That His Electoral Highneſs had received an Expreſs from Count *Merci*, repreſenting how neceſſary it was to the Common Cauſe, that he would pleaſe to haſten to the *Rhine*; for that nothing but his

Preſence

Preſence could quicken the Meaſures towards bringing the Imperial Army into the Field. There are very many Speculations upon the intended Interview of the King of *Denmark* and King *Auguſtus*. The latter has made ſuch Preparations for the Reception of the other, that it is ſaid, his *Daniſh* Majeſty will be entertain'd in *Saxony* with much more Elegance than he met with in *Italy* it ſelf.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 18th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* landed the Night before at the *Brill*, after having been kept out at Sea by adverſe Winds two Days longer than is uſual in that Paſſage. His Excellency the Lord *Townſhend*, Her Majeſties Ambaſſador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the States General, was driven into the *Veer* in *Zealand* on *Thurſday* laſt, from whence he came to the *Hague* within few Hours after the Arrival of his Grace. The Duke, ſoon after his coming to the *Hague*, had a Viſit from the Penſioner of *Holland*. All Things relating to the Peace were in Suſpence 'till this Interview; nor is it yet known what Reſolutions will be taken on that Subject; for the Troops of the Allies have freſh Orders diſpatch'd to them to move from their reſpective Quarters, and march with all Expedition to the Frontiers, where the Enemy are making their utmoſt Efforts for the Defence of their Country. Theſe Advices further inform us, That the Marquiſs *de Torſi* had receiv'd an Anſwer from the Court of *France* to his Letters which he had ſent thither by an Expreſs on the *Friday* before.

Mr. Bickerſtaff *has receiv'd Letters from Mr.* Coltſtaff, *Mr.* Whipſtaff, *and Mrs.* Rebecca Wagſtaff; *all which relate chiefly to their being left out in the Genealogy of the Family lately publiſh'd; but my Couſin being a Clerk in the* Herald's Office *who writ that Draught, and being at preſent under the Diſpleaſure of the Chapter; it is fear'd, if that Matter ſhould be touch'd upon at this time, the Young Gentleman would loſe his Place for Treaſon againſt the Kings at Arms.*

Caſtabella's *Complaint is come to Hand.*

From

From *Thurſday May* 12. to *Saturday May* 14. N°. 15.

From my own Apartment, May 12.

I Have taken a Reſolution hereafter, on any Emergency of Want of Intelligence, to carry my Familiar abroad with me, who has promis'd to give me very proper and juſt Notices of Perſons and Things, to make up the Hiſtory of the paſſing Day. He is wonderfully skilful in the Knowledge of Men and Manners, which has made me more than ordinarily curious to know how he came to that Perfection, and I communicated to him that Doubt. Mr. *Facolet*, ſaid I, I am mightily ſurpriz'd to ſee you ſo good a Judge of our Nature and Circumſtances, ſince you are a meer Spirit, and have no Knowledge of the Bodily Part of us. He anſwer'd, ſmiling, You are miſtaken, I have been one of you, and liv'd a Month amongſt you, which gives me an exact Senſe of your Condition. You are to know, That all who enter into Human Life, have a certain Date or *Stamen* given to their Being, which they only who die of Age may be ſaid to have arriv'd at; but it is order'd ſometimes by Fate, that ſuch as die Infants, are after Death to attend Mankind, to the End of that *Stamen* of Being in themſelves, which was broke off by Sickneſs, or any other Diſaſter. Theſe are proper Guardians to Men, as being ſenſible of the Infirmity of their State. You are Philoſopher enough to know, that the Difference of Men's Underſtanding proceeds only from the various Diſpoſitions of their Organs: ſo that he who dies at a Month old, is in the next Life as knowing (tho' more innocent) as they who live to Fifty; and after Death, they have a perfect Memory and Judgment of all that paſs'd in their Life-time, as I have of all the Revolutions in that uneaſie, turbulent Condition of yours; and, you'd ſay, I had enough of it in a Month, were I to tell you all my Misfortunes. A Life of a Month, ſaid I, can't have, one would think, much Variety; but pray let us have your Story.

It was one of the moſt wealthy Families in *Great-Britain*

Britain into which I was born, and it was a very great Happineſs to me that it ſo happen'd, otherwiſe, I had ſtill, in all Probability, been living: But I ſhall recount to you all the Occurrences of my ſhort and miſerable Exiſtence juſt as they appear'd to me at that Time. The Firſt Thing that ever ſtruck my Senſes, was a Noiſe over my Head of one ſhrieking: after which, methought I took a full Jump, and found my ſelf in the Hands of a Sorcereſs, who ſeem'd to have long watch'd, as being employ'd in ſome Incantation: I was throughly frighten'd, and cried out, but ſhe immediately ſeem'd to go on in ſome Magical Operation, and anointed me from Head to Foot. What they meant, I could not imagine; for there gather'd a great Crowd about me, crying, *An Heir, an Heir*; upon which I grew a little ſtill, and believ'd this was a Ceremony to be us'd only to great Perſons, and ſuch as made them, what they call'd *Heirs*. I lay very quiet; but the Witch, for no Manner of Reaſon or Provocation in the World, takes me and binds my Head as hard as poſſibly ſhe could, then ties up both my Legs, and then makes me ſwallow down an horrid Mixture; and I thought it an harſh Entrance into Life to begin with taking Phyſick; but I was forc'd to it, or elſe muſt have taken down a great Inſtrument, in which ſhe gave it me. When I was thus dreſs'd, I was carried to a Bed Side, where a fine young Lady (my Mother I wot) had like to have hugg'd me to Death. From her they tac'd me about, and there was a Thing with quite another Look from all the reſt of the Room, to whom they talk'd about my Noſe. He ſeem'd wonderfully pleas'd to ſee me; but I knew ſince, my Noſe belong'd to another Family. That into which I was born is one of the moſt numerous amongſt you; therefore Crowds of Relations came every Day to congratulate my Arrival; among others, my Couſin *Betty*, the greateſt Ramp in Nature; She whisks me ſuch an Height over her Head, that I cry'd out for Fear of falling. She pinch'd me, and call'd me Squealing Chit, and threw me into a Girl's Arms that was taken in to tend me. The Girl was very proud of the Womanly Employment of a Nurſe, and took upon her to ſtrip me, and dreſs me a-

new,

new, becauſe I made a Noiſe, to ſee what ail'd me: She did ſo, and ſtuck a Pin in every Joint about me. I ſtill cry'd: Upon which, ſhe lays me on my Face in her Lap; and to quiet me, fell a nailing in all the Pins, by clapping me on the Back, and ſkreaming, a Lullaby. But my Pain made me exalt my Voice above hers, which brought up the Nurſe, (the Witch I firſt ſaw) and my Grandmother. The Girl is turn'd down Stairs, and I ſtripp'd again, as well to find what hurt me, as to ſatisfy my Grannam's further Curioſity. This good old Woman's Viſit was the Cauſe of all my Troubles. You are to underſtand, that I was hitherto bred to Hand, and any Body that ſtood next gave me Pap, if I did but open my Lips; inſomuch that I was grown ſo cunning, as to pretend my ſelf aſleep when I was not, to prevent my being cramm'd. But my Grandmother began a loud Lecture upon the Idleneſs of the Wives of this Age, who, for Fear of their Shape, forbear ſuckling their own Offspring; and Ten Nurſes were immediately ſent for; one was whiſper'd to have a wanton Eye, and would ſoon ſpoil her Milk; the other was in a Conſumption; the other had an an ill Voice, and would frighten me, inſtead of lulling me to ſleep. Such Exceptions were made againſt all but one Country Milch-Wench, to whom I was committed and put to the Breaſt. This careleſs Jade was eternally rampling with the Footmen, and downright ſtarved me; inſomuch that I daily pin'd away, and ſhould never have been reliev'd, had it not been, that on the Thirtieth Day of my Life, a Fellow of the *Royal Society*, who had writ upon *Cold Baths*, came to viſit me, and ſolemnly proteſted, I was utterly loſt for want of that Method: Upon which he ſouſ'd me Head and Ears into a Pail of Water, where I had the good Fortune to be drown'd, and ſo eſcap'd being laſh'd into a Linguiſt 'till Sixteen, running after Wenches till Twenty-five, and being married to an ill-natur'd Wife till Sixty: Which had been my Fate, had not the Inchantment between Body and Soul been broke by this Philoſopher. Thus, till the Age I ſhould have otherwiſe liv'd, I am oblig'd to watch the Steps of Men; and if you pleaſe, ſhall accompany you in your preſent Walks,

Walks, and get you Intelligence from the Aerial Lacquey, who is in waiting, what are the Thoughts and Purpoſes of any whom you enquire for. I accepted his kind Offer, and immediately took him with me in an Hack to *White*'s.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 13.

We got in hither, and my Companion threw a Powder round me, which made me as invisible as himſelf, which had alſo ſuch an Effect upon the Eyes and Ears of the Crowd about us, that we could ſee and hear all others, our ſelves unſeen and unheard.

The Firſt Thing we took Notice of was a Nobleman, of a goodly and frank Aſpect, with his generous Birth and Temper viſible in it, playing at Cards with a Creature of a black and horrid Countenance, wherein were plainly delineated the Arts of his Mind, Couſenage and Falſhood. They were marking their Game with Counters, on which we could ſee Inſcriptions, imperceptible to any but us. My Lord had ſcor'd with Pieces of Ivory, on which were writ, *Good Fame, Glory, Riches, Honour and Poſterity.* The Spectre over-againſt him had the Inſcriptions of *Diſhonour, Impudence, Poverty, Ignorance, and Want of Shame.* Bleſs me! ſaid I; Sure my Lord does not ſee what he plays for! As well as I do, ſays *Pacolet.* He deſpiſes that Fellow he plays with, and ſcorns himſelf for making him his Companion; and yet, at the very Inſtant he was ſpeaking, I ſaw the Fellow who play'd with my Lord, hide Two Cards in the Roll of his Stocking: *Pacolet* immediately ſtole 'em from thence; upon which the Nobleman ſoon after won the Game. The little Triumph he appear'd in, when he got ſuch a trifling Stock of ready Money, tho' he had ventur'd ſo great Sums with Indifference, increas'd my Admiration. But *Pacolet* began to talk to me. Mr. *Iſaac*, This to you looks wonderful, but not at all to us higher Beings: That Noble has as many good Qualities as any Man of his Order, and ſeems to have no Faults but what, as I may ſay, are Excreſcencies from Virtues: He is Generous to a Prodigality, more Affable than is conſiſtent with his Quality, and Couragious to a Raſhneſs. Yet, after all this, the Souſe of all his

his Conduct is (tho' he would hate himself if he knew it) meer Avarice. The Ready Cash laid before the Gamester's Counters makes him venture, as you see, and lay Distinction against Infamy, Abundance against Want; in a Word, all that's desirable against all that's to be avoided. However, said I, be sure you disappoint the Sharpers to Night, and steal from 'em all the Cards they hide. *Pacolet* obey'd me, and my Lord went Home with their whole Bank in his Pocket.

Will's Coffee-House, May 13.

To Night was acted a Second Time a Comedy call'd, *The busie Body*: This Play is written by a Lady. In old Times, we us'd to sit upon a Play here after it was acted; but now the Entertainment is turn'd another Way; not but there are considerable Men appear in all Ages, who, for some eminent Quality or Invention, deserve the Esteem and Thanks of the Publick. Such a Benefactor is a Gentleman of this House, who is observ'd by the Surgeons with much Envy; for he has invented an Engine for the Prevention of Harms by Love-Adventures, and has, by great Care and Application, made it an Immodesty to name his Name. This Act of Self-denial has gain'd this worthy Member of the Common-wealth a great Reputation. Some Law-givers have departed from their Abodes for ever, and commanded the Observation of their Laws till their Return; others have us'd other Artifices to fly the Applause of their Merit; but this Person shuns Glory with greater Address, and has, by giving his Engine his own Name, made it obscene to speak of him more. However, he is rank'd among, and received by the modern Wits, as a great Promoter of Gallantry and Pleasure. But I fear, Pleasure is less understood in this Age, which so much pretends to it, than in any since the Creation. 'Twas admirably said of him who first took Notice, That (*Res est severa Voluptas*), There is a certain Severity in Pleasure. Without that, all Decency is banish'd; and if Reason is not to be present at our greatest Satisfactions, of all the Races of Creatures the Human is the most miserable. It was not so of old; when *Virgil* describes a Wit, he always means a Virtuous Man; and all his Sentiments

of

of Men of Genius are ſuch as ſhow Perſons diſtinguiſh'd from the common Level of Mankind; ſuch as plac'd Happineſs in the Contempt of low Fears, and mean Gratifications: Fears, which we are ſubject to with the Vulgar; and Pleaſures, which we have in common with Beaſts. With theſe illuſtrious Perſonages, the Wiſeſt Man was the Greateſt Wit; and none was thought worthy of that Character, unleſs he anſwer'd this excellent Deſcription of the Poet:

Qui — Metus omnes & inexorabile Fatum
Subjecit Pedibus, ſtrepitumq; Acherontis *avari.*

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 13.

We had this Morning Advice, That ſome *Engliſh* Merchants Ships, convoy'd by the *Briſtol* of 54 Guns, were met with by a Part of Monſ. *du Gui Trouin's* Squadron, who engag'd the Convoy. That Ship defended it ſelf till the *Engliſh* Merchants got clear of the Enemy, but was her ſelf taken. Within few Hours after, my Lord *Durſley* came up with Part of his Squadron, and engaging the *French*, retook the *Briſtol* (which being very much ſhatter'd, ſunk), and took the *Glorieux*, a Ship of 44 Guns, as alſo a Privateer of 14. Before this Action his Lordſhip had taken Two *French* Merchant Men; and had, at the Diſpatch of theſe Advices, brought the whole ſafe to *Plymouth*.

From *Saturday May* 14. to *Tueſday May* 17. N°. 16.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 15.

SIR *Thomas*, of this Houſe, has ſhow'd me ſome Letters from the *Bath*, which give Accounts of what paſſes among the good Company of that Place; and allow'd me to tranſcribe one of 'em, that ſeems to be writ by ſome of Sir *Thomas's* particular Acquaintance, and is as follows:

Dear Knight,

I Deſire you would give my humble Service to all our Friends, which I ſpeak of to you (out of Method) in the very Beginning of my Epiſtle, leſt the preſent Diſorders,

orders, by which this Seat of Gallantry and Pleaſure is torn to Pieces, ſhould make me forget it. You keep ſo good Company, that you know *Bath* is ſtock'd with ſuch as come hither to be reliev'd from luxuriant Health, or imaginary Sickneſs; and conſequently is always as well ſtow'd with Gallants as Invalids, who live together in a very good Underſtanding. But the Seaſon is ſo early, that our fine Company is not yet arriv'd; and the warm *Bath*, which in Heathen Times was dedicated to *Venus*, is now us'd only by ſuch as really want it for Health's Sake. There are however a good many Strangers, among whom are Two ambitious Ladies, who being both in their Autumnal Time of Life, take the Opportunity of placing themſelves at the Head of ſuch as we are, before the *Chloe*'s, *Clariſſa*'s, and *Paſtorella*'s come down. One of theſe Two is exceſſively in Pain, that the Ugly Being call'd *Time*, has Wings ſo ſwift, that he will make Wrinkles in Spite of the Lead Forehead-Cloth; and therefore hides, with the Gaiety of her Air, the Volubility of her Tongue, and Quickneſs of her Motion, the Injuries which he has done her. The other Lady is but two Years behind her in Life, and dreads as much being laid aſide as the former: Conſequently, has taken the neceſſary Precautions to prevent her Reign over us. But ſhe is very diſcreet, and wonderfully turn'd for Ambition, being never apparently tranſported either with Affection or Malice. Thus, while *Florimel* is talking in Publick, and ſpreading her Graces in Aſſemblies, to gain a Popular Dominion over our Diverſions; *Prudentia* viſits very cunningly all the Lame, the Splenatick, and the Superannuated, who have their diſtinct Claſſes of Followers and Friends. Among theſe, ſhe has found that ſome body has ſent down printed Certificates of *Florimel*'s Age, which ſhe has read and diſtributed to this unjoyful Set of People, who are always Enemies to thoſe in Poſſeſſion of the good Opinion of the Company. This unprovok'd Injury done by *Prudentia*, was the firſt Occaſion of our fatal Diviſions here, and a Declaration of War between theſe Rivals. *Florimel* has abundance of Wit, which ſhe has laviſh'd in decrying *Prudentia*, and giving Defiance to her little Arts. For an Inſtance of her

her ſuperior Power, ſhe beſpoke the Play of *Alexander the Great*, to be acted by the Company of Strollers, and deſired us all to be there on *Thurſday* laſt. When ſhe ſpoke to me to come, *As you are*, ſaid ſhe, *a Lover, you will not fail the Death of* Alexander: *The Paſſion of Love is wonderfully hit* — Statira! *Oh that happy Woman* — *To have a Conqueror at her Feet* — *But you'll be ſure to be there.* I, and ſeveral others, reſolv'd to be of her Party. But ſee the irreſiſtible Strength of that unſuſpected Creature, a *Silent Woman*. *Prudentia* had counter-plotted us, and had beſpoke on the ſame Evening the Poppet-Show of *The Creation of the World*. She had engag'd every Body to be there, and, to turn our Leader into Ridicule, had ſecretly let 'em know, that the Poppet *Eve* was made the moſt like *Florimel* that ever was ſeen. On *Thurſday* Morning, the Poppet-Drummer, *Adam*, and *Eve*, and ſeveral others who liv'd before the Flood, paſs'd through the Streets on Horſeback, to invite us all to the Paſtime, and the Repreſentation of ſuch Things as we all knew to be true; and Mr. Mayor was ſo wiſe as to prefer theſe innocent People the Poppets, who, he ſaid, were to repreſent Chriſtians, before the wicked Players, who were to ſhow *Alexander*, an Heathen Philoſopher. To be ſhort, this *Prudentia* had ſo laid it, that at Ten of the Clock, Footmen were ſent to take Places at the Poppet-Show, and all we of *Florimel*'s Party were to be out of Faſhion, or deſert her. We choſe the latter. All the World crowded to *Prudentia*'s Houſe, becauſe it was giv'n out, no body could get in. When we came to *Noah*'s Flood in the Show, *Punch* and his Wife were introduc'd dancing in the Ark. An honeſt plain Friend of *Florimel*'s, but a Critick withal, roſe up in the midſt of the Repreſentation, and made many very good Exceptions to the *Drama* it ſelf, and told us, That it was againſt all Morality, as well as Rules of the Stage, that *Punch* ſhould be in Jeſt in the Deluge, or indeed that he ſhould appear at all. This was certainly a juſt Remark, and I thought to ſecond him; but he was hiſs'd by *Prudentia*'s Party; upon which really, Sir *Thomas*, we who were his Friends hiſs'd him too. Old Mrs. *Petulant* deſir'd both her Daughters to mind the Moral;

then whiſper'd Mrs. Mayorels, *This is very proper for young People to ſee. Punch* at the End of the Play made Madam *Prudentia* a Compliment, and was very civil to the whole Company, making Bows till his Buttons touch'd the Ground. All was carried triumphantly againſt our Party. In the mean Time *Florimel* went to the Tragedy, dreſs'd as fine as Hands could make her, in Hopes to ſee *Prudentia* pine away with Envy: Inſtead of that, ſhe ſat a full Hour alone, and at laſt was entertain'd with this whole Relation from *Statira*, who wip'd her Eyes with her Tragical-cut Handkerchief, and lamented the Ignorance of the Quality. *Florimel* was ſtung with this Affront, and the next Day beſpoke the Poppet-Show. *Prudentia*, inſolent with Power, beſpoke *Alexander*. The whole Company came then to *Alexander*. Madam *Petulant* deſir'd her Daughters to mind the Moral, and believe no Man's fair Words; *For you'l ſee, Children*, ſaid ſhe, *theſe Soldiers are never to be depended upon; they are ſometimes here, ſometimes there. — Don't you ſee Daughter* Betty, *Colonel* Clod, *our next Neighbour in our County, pulls off his Hat to you? Court'ſie, good Child, his Eſtate is juſt by us. Florimel* was now mortified down to *Prudentia*'s Humour, and *Prudentia* exalted into hers. This was obſerv'd: *Florimel* invites us to the Play a Second Time, *Prudentia* to the Show. See the Uncertainty of Human Affairs! The Beaux, the Wits, the Gameſters, the Prues, the Coquets, the Valetudinarians, and Gallants, all now wait upon *Florimel*. This is the State of Things at this preſent Date; and if there happens any new Commotions, you ſhall have immediate Advice from,

SIR,

Your Affectionate Friend and Servant.

Bath, May 11. 1709.

To CASTABELLA.

Madam,

I have the Honour of a Letter from a Friend of yours, relating to an Incivility done you at the Opera, by one of your own Sex; but I, who was an Eye-witneſs of the Accident, can teſtify to you, that tho' ſhe preſs'd before you, ſhe loſt her Ends in that Deſign; for ſhe was taken

taken Notice of for no other Reaſon, but her Endeavours to hide a finer Woman than her ſelf. But indeed, I dare not go further in this Matter than juſt this bare Mention; for tho' it was taking your Place of Right, rather than Place of Precedence, yet it is ſo tender a Point, and ſuch as on which the very Life of Female Ambition depends, that it is of the laſt Conſequence to meddle in it: All my Hopes are from your beautiful Sex; and thoſe bright Eyes, which are the Bane of others, are my only Sun-ſhine. My Writings are ſacred to you; and I hope, I ſhall always have the good Fortune to live under your Protection; therefore take this publick Opportunity to ſignify to all the World, That I deſign to forbear any Thing that may in the leaſt tend to the Diminution of your Intereſt, Reputation, or Power. You'll therefore forgive me, that I ſtrive to conceal any wrong Step made by any who have the Honour to wear Petticoats; and ſhall at all Times do what is in my Power, to make all Mankind as much their Slaves as my ſelf. If they would conſider Things as they ought, there needs not much Argument to be uſed to convince 'em, that it is their Fate to be obedient to you, and that your greateſt Rebels do only ſerve with a worſe Grace,

I am,

MADAM,

Your moſt Obedient, and moſt Humble Servant,

May 16th.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 16.

Letters from the *Hague*, bearing Date the 21ſt Inſtant, *N. S.* adviſe, That his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, having been kept off at Sea for the Space of three Days, arrived there on *Saturday* laſt in the Morning. His Grace immediately ſent his Secretary to the Preſident and the Penſionary, to acquaint them with his Arrival. Soon after, theſe Miniſters viſited the Duke, and made him Compliments in the Name of the States General; after which they enter'd into a Conference with him on the preſent Poſture of Affairs; and gave his Grace Aſſurances of the firm Adherence of the States to the Alliance:

At

At the ſame Time acquainting him, That all Overtures of Peace were rejected, 'till they had an Opportunity of acting in Concert with their Allies on that Subject. After this Interview, the Penſionary and the Preſident return'd to the Aſſembly of the States. Monſieut *Torſi* has had a Conference at the Penſioner's Houſe with his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, Prince *Eugene*, and his Excellency the Lord *Townſhend*. The Reſult of what was debated at that Time is kept ſecret; but there appears an Air of Satisfaction and good Underſtanding between theſe Miniſters. We are apt alſo to give our ſelves very hopeful Proſpects from Monſieur *Torſi*'s being employ'd in this Negotiation, who has been always remarkable for a particular Way of Thinking, in his Senſe, of the Greatneſs of *France*; which he has always ſaid, *Was to be promoted rather by the Arts of Peace, than thoſe of War.* His delivering himſelf freely on this Subject, has formerly appear'd an unacceptable Way to Power in that Court; but in its preſent Circumſtances, thoſe Maxims are better receiv'd; and it is thought a certain Argument of the Sincerity of the *French* King's Intentions, that this Miniſter is at preſent made uſe of. The Marquiſs is to return to *Paris* within few Days, who has ſent a Courier thither to give Notice of the Reaſons of his Return, that the Court may be the ſooner able to diſpatch Commiſſions for a formal Treaty.

The Expectations of Peace are increas'd by Advices from *Paris* of the 17th Inſtant, which ſay, the Dauphin hath alter'd his Reſolution of Commanding in *Flanders* the enſuing Campaign. The *Saxon* and *Pruſſian* Reinforcements, together with Count *Merci*'s Regiment of Imperial Horſe, are encamp'd in the Neighbourhood of *Bruſſels*; and ſufficient Stores of Corn and Forage are tranſported to that Place and *Ghent* for the Service of the Confederate Army.

They write from *Mons*, That the Elector of *Bavaria*, had Advice, that an advanc'd Party of the *Portuguese* Army had been defeated by the *Spaniards*.

We hear from *Languedock*, That their Corn, Olives and Figs, were wholly deſtroyed; but that they have a hopeful Proſpect of a plentiful Vintage.

From *Tuesday May* 17. to *Thursday May* 19. N°. 17.

Will's Coffee-house, May 18.

THE Discourse has happen'd to turn this Evening upon the true Nature of Panegyrick, the Perfection of which was asserted to consist in a certain artful Way of conveying the Applause in an indirect Manner. There was a Gentleman quoted several Instances of it: Among others, he quoted (from Sir *Francis Bacon*, in his *Advancement of Learning*) a very great Compliment made to *Tiberius*, as follows: In a full Debate upon Publick Affairs in the Senate, one of the Assembly rose up, and with a very grave Air said, He thought it for the Honour and Dignity of the Common-wealth, that *Tiberius* should be declar'd a God, and have Divine Worship paid to him. The Emperor was surpriz'd at the Propolal, and demanded of him, to declare whether there were any Application made from him to incline him to that Overture? The Senator answer'd, with a bold and haughty Tone, *Sir, in Matters that concern the Common-wealth, I will be govern'd by no Man.* Another Gentleman mentioned something of the same Kind spoken by the late Duke of *B*——*m*, to the late Earl of *O*——*y*: *My Lord*, (says the Duke, after his Libertine Way) *you will certainly be D*——*d. How, my Lord!* says the Earl with some Warmth. *Nay*, said the Duke, *there's no Help for it, for it is positively said, Cursed is he of whom all Men speak well.* This is taking a Man by Surprize, and being welcome when you have so surpriz'd him. The Person flatter'd receives you into his Closet at once; and the sudden Change in his Heart, from the Expectation of an Ill-wisher, to find you his Friend, makes you in his full Favour in a Moment. The Spirits that were rais'd so suddenly against you, are as suddenly for you. There was another Instance given of this Kind at the Table: A Gentleman who had a very great Favour done him, and an Employment bestow'd upon him, without so much as being known to his Benefactor, waited upon the Great Man who was so generous to him, and was beginning to say, he was infinite-

ly

ly oblig'd. —— *Not at all*, says the Patron, turning from him to another, *Had I known a more deserving Man in* England *you should not have had it.*

We should certainly have had more Examples, had not a Gentleman produc'd a Book which he thought an Instance of this kind: It was a Pamphlet call'd, *The Naked Truth.* The Idea any one would have of that Work from the Title was, That there would be much Plain Dealing with People in Power, and that we should see Things in their proper Light, stripp'd of the Ornaments which are usually given to the Actions of the Great: But the Skill of this Author is such, that he has, under that rugged Appearance, approv'd himself the finest Gentleman and Courtier that ever writ. The Language is extreamly sublime, and not at all to be understood by the Vulgar: The Sentiments are such as would make no Figure in ordinary Words; but such is the Art of the Expression, and the Thoughts are elevated to so high a Degree, that I question whether the Discourse will sell much. There was an ill-natur'd Fellow present, who hates all Panegyrick mortally. *P— take him!* said he, *What the Devil means his* Naked Truth, *in speaking nothing but to the Advantage of all whom he mentions? This is just such a great Action as that of the Champions on a Coronation Day, who challenges all Mankind to dispute with him the Right of the Sovereign, surrounded with his Guards.* The Gentleman who produc'd the Treatise, desir'd him to be cautious, and said, it was writ by an excellent Soldier, which made the Company observe it more narrowly: And (as Criticks are the greatest Conjurers at finding out a known *Truth*) one said, he was sure it was writ by the Hand of his Sword-Arm. I could not perceive much Wit in that Expression; but it rais'd a Laugh, and I suppose, was meant as a Sneer upon valiant Men. The same Man pretended to see in the Style, that it was an Horse-Officer; but sure that's being too nice; for though you may know Officers of the Cavalry by the Turn of their *Feet*, I can't imagine how you should discern their *Hands* from those of other Men. But it is always thus with Pedants; they will ever be carping, if a Gentleman or

a Man of Honour puts Pen to Paper. I don't doubt, but this Author will find this Aſſertion too true, and that Obloquy is not repuls'd by the Force of Arms. I will therefore ſet this excellent Piece in a Light too glaring for weak Eyes, and, in Imitation of the Critick *Longinus*, ſhall, as well as I can, make my Obſervations in a Style like the Author's, of whom I treat; which perhaps I am as capable of as another, having an *unbounded Force of Thinking, as well as a moſt exquiſite Addreſs, extenſively and wiſely indulg'd to me by the ſupreme Powers.* My Author, I will dare to aſſert, ſhows the moſt univerſal Knowledge of any Writer, who has appear'd this Century. He is a Poet, and Merchant, which is ſeen in Two Maſter-Words, *Credit Bloſſoms.* He is a Grammarian, and a Politician; for he ſays, *The Uniting the Two Kingdoms is the Emphaſis of the Security to the Proteſtant Succeſſion.* Some would be apt to ſay he is a Conjurer; for he has found, That a Republick is not made up of any Body of Animals, but is compos'd of Men only, and not of Horſes. *Liberty and Property have choſen their Retreat within the Emulating Circle of an Human Common-wealth.* He is a Phyſician; for he ſays, *I obſerve a conſtant Equality in its Pulſe, and a juſt Quickneſs of its vigorous Circulation.* And again, *I view the Strength of our Conſtitution plainly appear in the Sanguine and Ruddy Complexion of a well contented City.* He is a Divine: For he ſays, *I cannot but bleſs my ſelf.* And indeed, this Excellent Treatiſe has had that good Effect upon me, who am far from Superſtitions, that *I*, alſo, *can't but bleſs my ſelf.*

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 18.

There has arriv'd this Day a Mail from *Lisbon*, which brings Letters from thence of the 13th Inſtant, *N. S.* with a particular Account of the late Action in *Portugal.* Theſe Adviſes ſay, That on the 7th Inſtant, the Army of *Portugal*, under the Command of the Marquis *de Frontera*, lay on one Side of the *Caya*, and the Army of the Duke of *Anjou* commanded by the Marquiſs *de Bay* on the other. The latter Commander having an Ambition to ravage the Country, in a Manner in Sight of the *Portugueſe*, made a Motion with the whole Body

of

of his Horſe toward Fort St. *Chriſtopher*, near the Town of *Badajos*. The Generals of the *Portugueſe*, diſdaining that ſuch an Inſult ſhould be offer'd to their Arms, took a Reſolution to paſs the River, and oppoſe the Deſigns of the Enemy. The Earl of *Galway* repreſented to them, that the preſent poſture of Affairs was ſuch on the Side of the Allies, that there needed no more to be done at preſent in that Country, but to carry on a Defenſive Part. But his Arguments could not avail in the Council of War. Upon which a great Detachment of Foot, and the whole of the Horſe of the King of *Portugal*'s Army, paſs'd the River, and with ſome Pieces of Cannon did good Execution on the Enemy. Upon obſerving this, the Marqueſs *de Bay* advanc'd with his Horſe, and attack'd the Right Wing of the *Portugueſe* Cavalry, who fac'd about, and fled without ſtanding the firſt Encounter. But their Foot repuls'd the ſame Body of Horſe in three ſucceſſive Charges, with great Order and Reſolution. While this was tranſacting, the *Britiſh* General commanded the Brigade of *Pearce* to keep the Enemy in Diverſion by a new Attack. This was ſo well executed, that the *Portugueſe* Infantry had time to retire in good Order, and repaſs the River. But that Brigade which reſcued 'em, was it ſelf ſurrounded by the Enemy, and Major-General *Sarkey*, Brigadier *Pearce*, together with both their Regiments, and that of the Lord *Galway*, lately rais'd, were taken Priſoners.

During the Engagement, the Earl of *Barrymore* having advanc'd too far to give ſome neceſſary Order, was hemm'd in by a Squadron of the Enemy; but found Means to gallop up to the Brigade of *Pearce*, with which he remains alſo a Priſoner. My Lord *Galway* had his Horſe ſhot under him in this Action; and the Conde *de St. Juan*, a *Portugueſe* General, was taken Priſoner. The ſame Night the Army encamp'd at *Arronches*, and on the 9th mov'd to *Elvas*, where they lay when theſe Diſpatches came away. Colonel *Stanwix*'s Regiment is alſo taken. The whole of this Affair has given the *Portugueſe* a great Idea of the Capacity and Courage of my Lord *Galway*, againſt whoſe Advice they enter'd upon this unfortunate Affair, and by whoſe Conduct they

were reſcued from it. The prodigious Conſtancy and Reſolution of that great Man is hardly to be parallell'd, who, under the Oppreſſion of a maim'd Body, and the Reflection of repeated ill Fortune, goes on with an unſpeakable Alacrity in the Service of the Common Cauſe. He has already put Things in a very good Poſture after this ill Accident, and made the neceſſary Diſpoſitions for covering the Country from any further Attempt of the Enemy, who lie ſtill in the Camp they were in before the Battle.

Letters from *Bruſſels*, dated the 25th Inſtant, adviſe, That notwithſtanding the Negotiations of a Peace ſeem ſo far advanc'd, that ſome do confidently report the Preliminaries of a Treaty to be actually agreed on; yet the Allies haſten their Preparations for opening the Campaign; and the Forces of the Empire, the *Pruſſians*, the *Danes*, the *Wartemburgers*, the *Palatines*, and *Saxon* Auxiliaries are in Motion towards the General Rendezvouz; they being already arriv'd in the Neighbourhood of *Bruſſels*. Theſe Advices add, That the Deputies of the States of *Holland* having made a general Review of the Troops in *Flanders*, ſet out for *Antwerp* on the 21ſt Inſtant from that Place. On the ſame Day, the Prince Royal of *Pruſſia* came thither *incognito*, with Deſign to make the enſuing Campaign under his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*.

This Day is Publiſh'd a Treatiſe call'd, The Difference between Scandal and Admonition. *By* Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *Eſq*; *And on the Firſt of* July *next you may expect*, A Prophecy of Things paſt; *wherein the Art of* Fortune-Telling *is laid open to the meaneſt Capacity. And on the Monday following*, Choice Sentences for the Company of Maſons and Bricklayers, to be put upon new Houſes, with a Tranſlation of all the Latin Sentences that have been built of late Years, together with a Comment upon Stone Walls. *By the ſame Hand.*

From *Thurſday May* 19. to *Saturday May* 21. N°. 18.

From my own Apartment, May 20.

IT is obſerv'd too often, that Men of Wit do ſo much employ their Thoughts upon fine Speculations, that Things

Things uſeful to Mankind are wholly neglected; and they are buſy in making Emendations upon ſome Enclitick in a *Greek* Author, while obvious Things, that every Man may have uſe for, are wholly overlook'd. It would be an happy Thing, if ſuch as have real Capacities for Publick Service, were employ'd in Works of general Uſe; but becauſe a Thing is every Body's Buſineſs, it is no Body's Buſineſs: This is for Want of publick Spirit. As for my Part, who am only a Student, and a Man of no great Intereſt, I can only remark Things, and recommend the Correction of 'em to higher Powers. There is an Offence I have a Thouſand Times lamented, but fear I ſhall never ſee remedy'd, and that is, That in a Nation where Learning is ſo frequent as in *Great Britain*, there ſhould be ſo many groſs Errors as there are in the very Directions of Things, wherein Accuracy is neceſſary for the Conduct of Life. This is notoriouſly obſerv'd by all Men of Letters when they firſt come to Town (at which Time they are uſually curious that Way) in the Inſcriptions on Sign-Poſts. I have cauſe to know this Matter as well as any Body; for I have (when I went to Merchant-Taylor's School) ſuffer'd Stripes for ſpelling after the Signs I obſerv'd in my Way; tho' at the ſame Time, I muſt confeſs, ſtaring at thoſe Inſcriptions firſt gave me an Idea and Curioſity for Medals; in which I have ſince arriv'd to ſome Knowledge. Many a Man has loſt his Way and his Dinner by this general Want of Skill in Orthography: For, conſidering that the Painters are uſually ſo very bad, that you cannot know the Animal under whoſe Sign you are to live that Day, How muſt the Stranger be miſled, if it be wrong ſpell'd, as well as ill painted? I have a Couſin now in Town, who has anſwer'd under *Batchellor* at *Queen*'s College, whoſe Name is *Humphrey Mopſtaff*: (He is a Kin to us by his Mother.) This young Man going to ſee a Relation in *Barbekin*, wander'd a whole Day by the Miſtake of one Letter; for it was written, *This is the BEER*, inſtead of *This is the BEAR*. He was ſet right at laſt, by enquiring for the Houſe, of a Fellow who could not read, and knew the Place mechanically, only by having been often drunk there. But, in the Name of Goodneſs, let

us make our Learning of Uſe to us, or not. Was not this a Shame, that a Philoſopher ſhould be thus directed by a Cobler? I'll be ſworn, if it were known how many have ſuffer'd in this Kind by falſe Spelling ſince the Union, this Matter would not long lie thus. What makes theſe Evils the more inſupportable, is, that they are ſo eaſily amended, and nothing done in it. But it is ſo far from that, that the Evil goes on in other Arts as well as Orthography. Places are confounded as well for Want of proper Diſtinctions, as Things for Want of true Characters. Had I not come by the other Day very early in the Morning, there might have been Miſchief done; for a worthy *North-Britain* was ſwearing at *Stocks-Market*, that they would not let him in at his Lodgings; but I knowing the Gentleman, and obſerving him look often at the King on Horſeback, and then double his Oaths, that he was ſure he was right, found he miſtook that for *Charing-Croſs*, by the Erection of the like Statue in each Place. I grant, private Men may diſtinguiſh their Abodes as they pleaſe; as one of my Acquaintance, who lives at *Marybone*, has put a good Sentence of his own Invention upon his Dwelling-place, to find out where he lives: He is ſo near *London*, that his Conceit is this, *The Country in Town*; or, *The Town in the Country*; for you know, if they are both in one, they are all one. Beſides that, the Ambiguity is not of great Conſequence, if you are ſafe at the Place, 'tis no Matter if you do not diſtinctly know where to ſay the Place is. But to return to the Orthography of Publick Places; I propoſe, That every Tradeſman in the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, ſhall give me Sixpence a Quarter for keeping their Signs in Repair, as to the Grammatical Part; and I will take into my Houſe a *Swiſs* Count of my Acquaintance, who can remember all their Names without Book, for Diſpatch ſake, ſetting up the Head of the ſaid Foreigner for my Sign; the Features being ſtrong, and fit for hanging high.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 20.

This Day a Mail arriv'd from *Holland*, by which there are Advices from *Paris*, That the Kingdom of *France* is in the utmoſt Miſery and Diſtraction. The Merchants

of

of *Lions* have been at Court to remonſtrate their great Sufferings by the Failure of their Publick Credit; but have receiv'd no other Satisfaction, than Promiſes of a ſudden Peace; and that their Debts will be made good by Funds out of the Revenue, which will not anſwer, but in Caſe of the Peace which is promis'd. In the mean Time, the Cries of the common People are loud for Want of Bread, the Gentry have loſt all Spirit and Zeal for their Country, and the King himſelf ſeems to languiſh under the Anxiety of the preſſing Calamities of the Nation; and retires from hearing thoſe Grievances, which he hath not Power to redreſs. Inſtead of Preparations for War, and the Defence of their Country, there is nothing to be ſeen but evident Marks of a general Deſpair. Proceſſions, Faſtings, Publick Mournings, and Humiliations, are become the ſole Employments of a People, who were lately the moſt Vain and Gay of any in the Univerſe.

The Pope has written to the *French* King on the Subject of a Peace, and his Majeſty has anſwer'd in the lowlieſt Terms, That he entirely ſubmits his Affairs to Divine Providence, and ſhall ſoon ſhow the World, that he prefers the Tranquillity of his People to the Glory of his Arms, and Extent of his Conqueſts.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 24th ſay, That his Excellency the Lord *Townſhend* deliver'd his Credentials on that Day to the States General, as Plenipotentiary from the Queen of *Great-Britain*; as did alſo Count *Zinzendorf*, who bears the ſame Character from the Emperor.

Prince *Eugene* intended to ſet out the next Day for *Bruſſels*, and his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* on the *Tueſday* following. The Marquis *de Torci* talks daily of going, but ſtill continues here. The Army of the Allies is to aſſemble on the 7th of the next Month, at *Helchin*; tho' 'tis generally believ'd, that the Preliminaries to a Treaty are fully adjuſted.

The Approach of a Peace ſtrikes a Pannick through our Armies, tho' that of a Battle could never do it, and they almoſt repent of their Bravery, that made ſuch haſt to humble themſelves and the *French* King. The Duke of *Marlborough*, tho' otherwiſe the greateſt General of the

Age, has plainly ſhown himſelf unacquainted with the Arts of Husbanding a War. He might have grown as old as the Duke of *Alva*, or Prince *Waldeck*, in the *Low-Countries*, and yet have got Reputation enough every Year for any reaſonable Man: For the Command of General in *Flanders* hath been ever look'd upon as a Provision for Life. For my Part, I can't ſee how his Grace can anſwer it to the World, for the great Eagerneſs he hath ſhown to ſend a Hundred Thouſand of the braveſt Fellows in *Europe* a begging. But the private Gentlemen of the Infantry will be able to ſhift for themſelves; a brave Man can never ſtarve in a Country ſtock'd with Hen-roosts. *There is not a Yard of Linnen*, ſays my honoured Progenitor Sir *John Falſtaff*, *in my whole Company*; *but as for that*, ſays this worthy Knight, *I am in no great Pain, we ſhall find Shirts on every Hedge*. There is another Sort of Gentlemen whom I am much more concern'd for, and that is, the ingenious Fraternity of which I have the Honour to be an unworthy Member; I mean the *News-Writers* of *Great-Britain*, whether *Poſt-Men* or *Poſt-Boys*, or by what other Name or Title ſoever dignified or diſtinguiſh'd. The Caſe of theſe Gentlemen is, I think, more hard than that of the Soldiers, conſidering that they have taken more Towns, and fought more Battles. They have been upon Parties and Skirmiſhes, when our Armies have lain ſtill; and given the General Aſſault to many a Place, when the Beſiegers were quiet in their Trenches. They have made us Maſters of ſeveral ſtrong Towns many Weeks before our Generals could do it; and compleated Victories, when our greateſt Captains have been glad to come off with a drawn Battle. Where Prince *Eugene* has ſlain his Thouſands, *Boyer* has ſlain his Ten Thouſands. This Gentleman can indeed be never enough commended for his Courage and Intrepidity during this whole War: He has laid about him with an inexpreſſible Fury, and like the offended *Marius* of Ancient *Rome*, made ſuch Havock among his Countrymen, as muſt be the Work of two or three Ages to repair. It muſt be confeſs'd, the Redoubled Mr. *Buckley* has ſhed as much Blood as the former; but I cannot forbear ſaying, (and I hope it will not look like Envy) that we regard our Brother

Brother *Buckley* as a kind of *Drawcansir*, who ſpares neither Friend or Foe, but generally kills as many of his own Side as the Enemy's. It is impoſſible for this ingenious Sort of Men to ſubſiſt after a Peace. Every one remembers the Shifts they were driven to in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, when they could not furniſh out a ſingle Paper of News, without lighting up a Comet in *Germany*, or a Fire in *Moſcow*. There ſcarce appear'd a Letter without a Paragraph on an Earthquake. Prodigies were grown ſo familiar, that they had loſt their Name, as a great Poet of that Age has it. I remember Mr. *Dyer*, who is juſtly look'd upon by all the Foxhunters in the Nation, as the greateſt Statesman our Country has produc'd, was particularly famous for dealing in Whales; inſomuch that in Five Months Time (for I had the Curioſity to examine his Letters on that Occaſion) he brought Three into the Mouth of the River *Thames*, beſides Two Porpuſſes and a Sturgeon. The judicious and wary Mr. *I. Dawks*, hath all along been the Rival of this great Writer, and got himſelf a Reputation from Plagues and Famine, by which, in thoſe Days, he deſtroy'd as great Multitudes, as he has lately done by the Sword. In every Dearth of News, *Grand Cairo* was ſure to be unpeopled.

It being therefore viſible, that our Society will be greater Sufferers by the Peace than the Soldiery it ſelf; inſomuch, that the *Daily Courant* is in Danger of being broken, my Friend *Dyer* of being reform'd, and the very beſt of the whole Band of being reduc'd to Half-Pay. Might I preſume to offer any Thing in the Behalf of my diſtreſs'd Brethren, I would humbly move, That an Appendix of proper Apartments ſhould be furniſh'd with Pen, Ink, and Paper, and other Neceſſaries of Life ſhould be added to the Hoſpital of *Chelſea*, for the Relief of ſuch decay'd News-Writers as have ſerv'd their Country in the Wars; and that for their Exerciſe, they ſhould compile the Annals of their Brother-Veterans, who have been engag'd in the ſame Service, and are ſtill oblig'd to do Duty after the ſame Manner.

I cannot be thought to ſpeak this out of an Eye to any private Intereſt; for, as my chief Scenes of Action are

Coffee-

Coffee-houſes, Play-houſes, and my own Apartment, I am in no need of Camps, Fortifications, and Fields of Battle, to ſupport me; I don't call out for Heroes and Generals to my Aſſiſtance. Tho' the Officers are broken, and the Armies diſbanded, I ſhall ſtill be ſafe as long as there are Men or Women, or Politicians, or Lovers, or Poets, or Nymphs, or Swains, or Cits, or Courtiers, in Being.

From *Saturday May* 21. to *Tueſday May* 24. N°. 19.

From my own Apartment, May 23.

THere is nothing can give a Man of any Conſideration greater Pain, than to ſee Order and Diſtinction laid aſide amongſt Men, eſpecially when the Rank (of which he himſelf is a Member) is intruded upon by ſuch as have no Pretence to that Honour. The Appellation of *Eſquire* is the moſt notoriouſly abus'd in this Kind of any Claſs amongſt Men, inſomuch that it is become almoſt the Subject of Deriſion: but I will be bold to ſay, this Behaviour towards it proceeds from the Ignorance of the People in the true Origine of it. I ſhall therefore, as briefly as poſſible, do my ſelf and all true *Eſquires* the Juſtice to look into Antiquity upon this Subject.

In the Firſt Ages of the World, before the Invention of Jointures and Settlements, when the noble Paſſion of Love had Poſſeſſion of the Hearts of Men, and the Fair Sex were not yet cultivated into the merciful Diſpoſition which they have ſhow'd in later Centuries, it was natural for great and Heroick Spirits to retire to Rivulets, Woods, and Caves, to lament their Deſtiny, and the Cruelty of the Fair Perſons who were deaf to their Lamentations. The Hero in this Diſtreſs was generally in Armour, and in a Readineſs to fight any Man he met with, eſpecially if diſtinguiſh'd by any extraordinary Qualifications, it being the Nature of Heroick Love to hate all Merit, leſt it ſhould come within the Obſervation of the Cruel One, by whom its own Perfections are neglected. A Lover of this Kind had always

ways about him a Perſon of a Second Value, and ſubordinate to him, who could hear his Afflictions, carry an Inchantment for his Wounds, hold his Helmet when he was eating (if ever he did eat) ; or in his Abſence, when he was retir'd to his Apartment in any King's Palace, tell the Prince himſelf, or perhaps his Daughter, the Birth, Parentage, and Adventures, of his valiant Maſter. This truſty Companion was ſtil'd his *Eſquire*, and was always fit for any Offices about him ; was as gentle and chaſt as a Gentleman-Uſher, quick and active as an Equerry, ſmooth and eloquent as a Maſter of the Ceremonies. A Man thus qualified was the firſt, as the Ancients affirm, who was call'd an *Eſquire* ; and none without theſe Accompliſhments ought to aſſume our Order: But, to the utter Diſgrace and Confuſion of the Heralds, every Pretender is admitted. To this Fraternity, are crept in Perſons the moſt Foreign to this courteous Inſtitution. I have taken an Inventory of all within this City, and look'd over all the Letters of the *Poſt-Office* for my better Information. There are of the *Middle-Temple*, including all in the Buttery-Books, and in the Liſts of the Houſe, 4000. In the *Inner*, 5000. In the *King's-Bench-Walks*, the whole Buildings are inhabited by Eſquires only. The adjacent Street of *Eſſex*, from *Morris's* Coffee-houſe, and the Turning towards the *Grecian*, you cannot meet one who is not an Eſquire, 'till you take Water. Every Houſe in *Norfolk* and *Arundel* Streets is govern'd alſo by a Squire or his Lady. *Soho-Square*, *Bloomsbury-Square*, and all other Places, where the Floors riſe above Nine Foot, are ſo many Univerſities, where you enter your ſelves, and become of our Order. However, if this were the worſt of the Evil, it were to be ſupported, becauſe they are generally Men of ſome Figure and Uſe ; tho' I know no Pretence that they have to an Honour which had its Riſe from Chivalry. But if you travel into the Counties of *Great-Britain*, we are ſtill more impos'd upon by Innovation. We are indeed deriv'd from the Field : But ſhall that give Title to all that ride mad after Foxes, that halloo when they ſee an Hare, or venture their Necks full ſpeed after an Hawk, immediately to commence

mence Esquires? No, our Order is Temperate, Cleanly, Sober, and Chast; but these Rural Esquires commit Immodesties upon Hay-cocks, wear Shirts half a Week, and are drunk twice a Day. These Men are also to the last Degree excessive in their Food: An Esquire of *Norfolk* eats two Pounds of Dumplin every Meal, as if obliged to it by our Order: An Esquire of *Hampshire* is as ravenous in devouring Hogs-Flesh: One of *Essex* has as little Mercy on Calves. But I must take the Liberty to protest against them, and acquaint those Persons that it is not the Quantity we eat, but the Manner of Eating, that shows a Squire. But above all, I am most offended at small Quill-men, and Transcribing Clerks, who have all come into our Order, for no Reason that I know of, but that they can easily flourish it at the End of their Name. I'll undertake, that if you read the Superscriptions to all the Offices in the Kingdom, you will not find three Letters directed to any but Esquires. I have my self a Couple of Clerks, and the Rogues make nothing of leaving Messages upon each other's Desk: One directs, *To Degory Goosequill* Esq; to which the other replies by a Note, when he goes out of the Way, *To Nehemiah Daswell* Esq; *With Respect*. In a Word, it is now, *Populus Armigerorum*, A People of Esquires. And I don't know, but by the late Act of Naturalization, Foreigners will assume that Title, as Part of the Immunity of being an *Englishman*. All these Impropriеties flow from the Negligence of the *Heralds-Office*. Those Gentlemen in Party-colour'd Habits do not so rightly, as they ought, understand themselves; tho' they are dress'd Cap-a-pe in Hieroglyphicks, they are inwardly but ignorant Men. I ask'd an Acquaintance of mine, who is a Man of Wit, but of no Fortune, and is forced to appear as Jack-pudding on the Stage to a Mountebank: Prithee *Jack*, Why is your Coat of so many Colours? He reply'd, I act a Fool, and this spotted Dress is to signify, that every Man living has a weak Place about him; for I am Knight of the Shire, and represent you all. I wish the Heralds would know as well as this Man does, in his Way, that they are to act for us in the Case of our Arms and Appellations:

We

We ſhould not then be jumbled together in ſo promiſcuous and abſurd a Manner. I deſign to take this Matter into further Conſideration, and no Man ſhall be receiv'd as an Eſquire, who cannot bring a Certificate, That he has conquer'd ſome Lady's obdurate Heart; That he can lead up a Country Dance, or carry a Meſſage between her and her Lover, with Addreſs, Secrecy, and Diligence. A Squire is properly born for the Service of the Sex, and his Credentials ſhall be ſign'd by Three Toaſts, and One Prude, before his Title ſhall be received in my Office.

Will's Coffee-houſe, May 23.

On *Saturday* laſt was preſented *The Buſie Body*, a Comedy, written (as I have heretofore remark'd) by a Woman. The Plot and Incidents of the Play are laid with that Subtilty of Spirit which is peculiar to Females of Wit, and is very ſeldom well perform'd by thoſe of the other Sex, in whom Craft in Love is an Act of Invention, and not, as with Women, the Effect of Nature and Inſtinct.

To Morrow will be acted a Play, call'd, *The Trip to the Jubilee*. This Performance is the greateſt Inſtance than we can have of the irreſiſtible Force of proper Action. The Dialogue in it ſelf has ſomething too low to bear a Criticiſm upon it: But Mr. *Wilks* enters into the Part with ſo much Skill, that the Gallantry, the Youth, and Gaiety of a young Man of a plentiful Fortune, is look'd upon with as much Indulgence on the Stage, as in real Life, without any of thoſe Intermixtures of Wit and Humour, which uſually prepoſſeſs us in Favour of ſuch Characters in other Plays.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 23.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 23d Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, Mr. *Walpole* (who is ſince arriv'd) was going with all Expedition to *Great Britain*, whither they doubted not but he carried with him the Preliminaries to a Treaty of Peace. The *French* Miniſter, Monſieur *Torſi*, has been obſerv'd in this whole Negotiation to turn his Diſcourſe upon the Calamities ſent down by Heaven upon *France*, and imputed the Neceſſities they were under to the immediate Hand of Providence, in inflicting a general Scarcity

Scarcity of Proviſion, rather than the ſuperior Genius of the Generals, or the Bravery of the Armies againſt them. It would be impious not to acknowledge the Indulgence of Heaven to us; but at the ſame Time, as we are to love our Enemies, we are glad to ſee 'em mortified enough to mix Chriſtianity with their Politicks. An Authentick Letter from Madam *Maintenon* to Monſieur *Torſi*, has been ſtol'n by a Perſon about him, who has communicated a Copy of it to ſome of the Dependants of a Miniſter of the Allies. That Epiſtle is writ in the moſt Pathetick Manner imaginable, and in a Stile which ſhows her Genius, and has ſo long engroſs'd the Heart of this great Monarch.

SIR,

I Receiv'd yours, and am ſenſible of the Addreſs and Capacity with which you have hitherto tranſacted the great Affair under your Management. You well obſerve, that our Wants here are not to be conceal'd; and that it is Vanity to uſe Artifices with the knowing Men with whom you are to deal. Let me beg you therefore, in this Repreſentation of our Circumſtances, to lay aſide Art, which ceaſes to be ſuch when it is ſeen, and make Uſe of all your Skill, to gain us what Advantages you can from the Enemy's Jealouſy of each other's Greatneſs; which is the Place where only you have Room for any Dexterity. If you have any Paſſion for your unhapty Country, or any Affection for your diſtreſs'd Maſter, come home with Peace. Oh Heav'n! Do I live to talk of Lewis the Great *as the Object of Pity? The King ſhows a great Uneaſineſs to be inform'd of all that paſſes; but at the ſame Time, is fearful of every one who appears in his Preſence, leſt he ſhould bring an Account of ſome new Calamity. I know not in what Terms to repreſent my Thoughts to you, when I ſpeak of the King, with Relation to his Bodily Health. Figure to your ſelf that Immortal Man, who ſtood in our Publick Places, repreſented with Trophies, Armour, and Terrors, on his Pedeſtal: Conſider, the* Invincible, *the* Great, *the* Good, *the* Pious, *the* Mighty, *which were the uſual Epithets we gave him, both in our Language, and Thoughts. I ſay, conſider him whom you knew the moſt Glorious and Great of Monarchs; and now think you ſee the ſame Man an unhappy* Lazar, *in the loweſt Circumſtances of Humane*

Humane Nature it ſelf, without Regard to the State from whence he is fallen. I write from his Bed-ſide: He is at preſent in a Slumber. I have many, many, Things to add; but my Tears flow too faſt, and my Sorrow is too big for Utterance.

I am, *&c.*

There is ſuch a Veneration due from all Men to the Perſons of Princes, that it were a ſort of Diſhoneſty to repreſent further the Condition which the King is in; but it is certain, That ſoon after the Receipt of theſe Advices, Monſieur *Torſi* waited upon his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* and the Lord *Townſhend*, and in that Conference gave up many Points, which he had before ſaid were ſuch, as he muſt return to *France* before he could anſwer.

From *Tueſday May* 24. to *Thurſday May* 26. N°. 20.

White's Chocolate-Houſe, May 24.

IT is not to be imagin'd how far Prepoſſeſſion will run away with People's Underſtandings, in Caſes wherein they are under preſent Uneaſineſs. The following Narration is a ſufficient Teſtimony of the Truth of this Obſervation.

I had the Honour the other Day of a Viſit from a Gentlewoman (a Stranger to me) who ſeem'd to be about Thirty. Her Complexion is Brown; but the Air of her Face has an Agreeableneſs, which ſurpaſſes the Beauties of the Faireſt Women. There appear'd in her Look and Mien a ſprightly Health; and her Eyes had too much Vivacity to become the Language of Complaint, which ſhe began to enter into. She ſeem'd ſenſible of it; and therefore, with down-caſt Looks, ſaid ſhe, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, You ſee before you the unhappieſt of Women; and therefore, as you are eſteem'd by all the World both a great Civilian, as well as Divine, I muſt deſire your Advice and Aſſiſtance, in putting me in a Method of obtaining a Divorce from a Marriage, which I know the Law will pronounce void. Madam, ſaid I, your Grievance is of ſuch a Nature, that you muſt be very ingenuous in repreſenting the Cauſes of your Complaint,

or

or I cannot give you the Satisfaction you desire. Sir, she answers, I believ'd there would be no need of half your Skill in the Art of Divination, to guess why a Woman would part from her Husband. 'Tis true, said I, but Suspicions, or Guesses at what you mean, nay Certainty of it, except you plainly speak it, are no Foundation for a formal Suit. She clap'd her Fan before her Face; My Husband, said she, is no more an Husband (here she burst into Tears) than one of the *Italian* Singers.

Madam, said I, the Affliction you complain of is to be redress'd by Law; but at the same Time, consider what Mortifications you are to go through in bringing it into open Court; how you will be able to bear the impertinent Whispers of the People present at the Tryal, the licentious Reflexions of the Pleaders, and the Interpretations that will in general be put upon your Conduct by all the World: How little, will they say, could that Lady command her Passions. Besides, consider, that curbing our Desires is the greatest Glory we can arrive at in this World, and will be most rewarded in the next. She answer'd, like a prudent Matron, Sir, if you please to remember the Office of Matrimony, the first Cause of its Institution, is that of having Posterity: Therefore, as to the curbing Desires, I am willing to undergo any Abstinence from Food as you please to enjoin me; but I cannot, with any Quiet of Mind, live in the Neglect of a necessary Duty, and an express Commandment, *Increase and Multiply*. Observing she was Learned, and knew so well the Duties of Life, I turn'd my Arguments rather to dehort her from this Publick Procedure by Examples, than Precepts. Do but consider, Madam, what Crowds of Beauteous Women live in Nunneries, secluded for ever from the Sight and Conversation of Men, with all the Alacrity of Spirit imaginable; they spend their Time in Heavenly Raptures, in constant and frequent Devotions, and at proper Hours in agreeable Conversations. Sir, said she hastily, Tell not me of Papists, or any of their Idolatries. Well then, Madam, consider how many fine Ladies live innocently in the Eye of the World, and this gay Town, in the Midst of Temptation: There's the witty Mrs. *W*—, is a Virgin of 44, Mrs.

T— s

T——*s* is 39, Mrs. *L*——*s* 33; yet you ſee, they laugh and are gay, at the Park, at the Play-houſe, at Balls, and at Viſits; and ſo much at Eaſe, that all this ſeems hardly a Self-denial. Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſaid ſhe, with ſome Emotion, you are an excellent Caſuiſt; but the laſt Word deſtroy'd your whole Argument; if it is not Self-denial, it is no Virtue. I preſented you with an Half Guinea, in Hopes not only to have my Conſcience eas'd, but my Fortune told. Yet — Well Madam, ſaid I, Pray of what Age is your Husband? He is, reply'd my injur'd Client, Fifty, and I have been his Wife Fifteen Years. How happen'd it you never communicated your Diſtreſs in all this Time to your Friends and Relations? She anſwer'd, He has been thus but a Fortnight. I am the moſt ſerious Man in the World to look at, and yet could not forbear laughing out. Why, Madam, in caſe of Infirmity, which proceeds only from Age, the Law gives no Remedy. Sir, ſaid ſhe, I find you have no more Learning than Dr. *Caſe*; and I am told of a Young Man, not Five and twenty, juſt come from *Oxford*, to whom I will communicate this whole Matter, and doubt not but he will appear to have ſeven times more uſeful and Satisfactory Knowledge than you and all your boaſted Family. Thus I have entirely loſt my Client: But if this tedious Narrative preſerves *Paſtorella* from the intended Marriage with one Twenty Years her *Senior* — To ſave a Fine Lady, I am contented to have my Learning decry'd, and my *Predictions* bound up with *Poor Robin's Almanacks*.

Will's Coffee-houſe, May 25.

This Evening was acted, *The Recruiting Officer*, in which, Mr. *Eſtcourt*'s proper Senſe and Obſervation is what ſupports the Play. There is not in my humble Opinion, the Humour hit in *Serjeant Kite*: but it is admirably ſupply'd by his Action. If I have Skill to judge, that Man is an excellent Actor; but the Crowd of the Audience are fitter for Repreſentations at *May-Fair*, than a *Theatre-Royal*; Yet that Fair is now broke, as well as the *Theatre* is breaking: But it is allow'd ſtill to Sell Animals there. Therefore, if any Lady or Gentleman have Occaſion for a Tame Elephant, let them enquire of Mr. *Pinkethman*, who

who has one to diſpoſe of at a reaſonable Rate. The Downfal of *May-Fair* has quite ſunk the Price of this noble Animal, as well as of many other Curioſities of Nature. A Tyger will ſell almoſt as cheap as an Ox; and I am credibly inform'd, a Man may purchaſe a Cat with Three Legs, for very near the Value of one with Four. I hear likewiſe, That there is a great Deſolation among the Gentlemen and Ladies who were the Ornaments of the Town, and uſed to ſhine in Plumes and Diadems; the Heroes being moſt of them preſs'd, and the Queens beating Hemp. Mrs. *Sarabrand*, ſo famous for her ingenious Puppet-Show, has ſet up a Shop in the *Exchange*, where ſhe ſells her little Troop under the Term of Jointed Babies. I could not but be ſollicitous to know of her, how ſhe had diſpoſed of that Rake-hell *Punch*, whoſe lewd Life and Converſation had given ſo much Scandal, and did not a little contribute to the Ruin of the Fair. She told me with a Sigh, That deſpairing of ever reclaiming him, ſhe would not offer to place him in a Civil Family, but got him in a Poſt upon a Stall in *Wapping*, where he may be ſeen from Sun-riſing to Sun-ſetting, with a Glaſs in one Hand, and a Pipe in the other, as Centry to a Brandy-Shop. The great Revolutions of this Nature, bring to my Mind the Diſtreſſes of the unfortunate *Camilla*, who has had the ill Luck to break before her Voice, and to diſappear at a Time when her Beauty was in the Heighth of its Bloom. This Lady enter'd ſo throughly into the great Characters ſhe acted, that when ſhe had finiſh'd her Part, ſhe could not think of retrenching her Equipage, and would appear in her own Lodgings with the ſame Magnificence that ſhe did upon the Stage. This Greatneſs of Soul has reduc'd that unhappy Princeſs to an involuntary Retirement, where ſhe now paſſes her Time among the Woods and Foreſts, thinking on the Crowns and Scepters ſhe has loſt, and often humming over in her Solitude,

I was born of Royal Race,
Yet muſt wander in Diſgrace, &c.

But for Fear of being over-heard, and her Quality known, ſhe uſually ſings it in *Italian*.

Naqui

Naqui al Regno, naqui al Trono
E pur ſono
Iventurata Paſtorella ———

Since I have touch'd upon this Subject, I ſhall communicate to my Reader Part of a Letter I have receiv'd from an Ingenious Friend at *Amſterdam*, where there is a very noble Theatre; tho' the Manner of furniſhing it with Actors is ſomething peculiar to that Place, and gives us Occaſion to admire both the Politeneſs and Frugality of the People.

MY Friends have kept me here a Week longer than ordinary to ſee one of their Plays, which was perform'd laſt Night with great Applauſe. Their Actors are all of them Tradeſmen, who, after their Day's Work is over, earn about a Gilder a Night by perſonating Kings and Generals. The Heroe of the Tragedy I ſaw was a Journeyman-Taylor, and his Firſt Miniſter of State, a Coffee-Man. The Empreſs made me think of Parthenope *in the* Rehearſal; *for her Mother keeps an Alehouſe in the Suburbs of* Amſterdam. *When the Tragedy was over, they entertain'd us with a ſhort Farce, in which the Cobler did his Part to a Miracle; but upon Enquiry, I found he had really been working at his own Trade, and repreſenting on the Stage what he acted every Day in his Shop. The Profits of the Theatre maintain an Hoſpital: For as here they do not think the Profeſſion of an Actor the only Trade that a Man ought to exerciſe, ſo they will not allow any Body to grow rich on a Profeſſion that ſo little conduces to the good of the Common-wealth. If I am not miſtaken, your Play-houſes in* England *have done the ſame Thing; for, unleſs I am miſinform'd, the Hoſpital at* Dulledge *was erected and endowed by Mr.* Allen, *a Player: And it is alſo ſaid, A famous She Tragedian has ſettled her Eſtate, after her Death, for the Maintenance of decay'd Wits, who are to be taken in as ſoon as they grow dull, at whatever Time of their Life that ſhall happen.*

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 25.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 31ſt Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That the Articles Preliminary to a general Peace were ſettled, communicated to the States-General, and all the Foreign Miniſters reſiding there, and tranſmitted to their reſpective Maſters on the 28th. Monſieur *Torci* immediately

diately return'd to the Court of *France*, from whence he is expected again on the 4th of the next Month, with those Articles ratified by that Court. The *Hague* is agreed upon for the Place of Treaty, and the 15th of the next Month, the Day on which it is to Commence. The Terms on which this Negotiation is founded, are not yet declared by publick Authority; but what is most generally receiv'd, is as follows:

Her Majesty's Right and Title, and the Protestant Succession to those Dominions, is forthwith to be acknowledg'd. King *Charles* is also to be own'd the Lawful Sovereign of *Spain*; and the *French* King shall not only recal his Troops out of that Kingdom, and deliver up to the Allies the Towns of *Roses*, *Fonterabia*, and *Pampelona*; but in case the Duke of *Anjou* shall not retire out of the *Spanish* Dominions, he shall be oblig'd to assist the Allies to force him from thence. A Cessation of Arms is agreed upon for two Months from the first Day of Treaty. The Port and Fortifications of *Dunkirk* are to be demolish'd within 4 Months; but the Town it self left in the Hands of the *French*. The Pretender is to be oblig'd to leave *France*. All *Newfoundland* is to be restored to the *English*. As to the other Parts of *America*, the *French* are to restore whatever they may have taken from the *English*, as the *English* in like Manner to give up what they may have taken from the *French* before the Commencement of the Treaty. The Trade between *Great Britain* and *France* shall be settled upon the same Foundation as in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second.

The *Dutch* are to have for their Barriers, *Newport*, *Berg*, *St. Vinox*, *Furnes*, *Ipres*, *Lille*, *Tournay*, *Douay*, *Valenciennes*, *Conde*, *Maubeuge*, *Mons*, *Charleroy*, *Namur*, and *Luxemburg*; all which Places shall be deliver'd up to the Allies before the end of *June*. The Trade between *Holland* and *France* shall be on the same Foot as in 1664. The Cities of *Strasburg*, *Brisac*, and *Alsatia*, shall be restored to the Emperor and Empire; and the King of *France*, pursuant to the Treaty of *Westphalia* in 1648, shall only retain the Protection of Ten Imperial Cities, *viz. Colmar*, *Schlestat*, *Haguenau*, *Munster*, *Turkeim*, *Keisemberg*, *Obrenheim*, *Rosheim*, *Weissemburg*, and *Landau*. *Huninguen*, *Fort Louis*,

Louis, *Fort Khiel*, and *New Briſac*, ſhall be demoliſhed, and all the Fortifications from *Baſil* to *Philipsburg*. The King of *Pruſſia* ſhall remain in the peaceable Poſſeſſion of *Neufchatel*. The Affair of *Orange*, as alſo the Pretenſions of his *Pruſſian* Majeſty in the *French Comte*, ſhall be determined at this general Negotiation of *Peace*. The Duke of *Savoy* ſhall have a Reſtitution made of all that has been taken from him by the *French*, and remain Maſter of *Exilles*, *Chamont*, *Feneſtrelles*, and the Valley of *Pragelas*. It is ſaid, That Monſieur *Torcy*, when he ſign'd this Inſtrument, broke into this Exclamation; *Would* Colbert *have ſign'd ſuch a Treaty for* France? On which a Miniſter preſent was pleas'd to ſay, Colbert *himſelf would have been proud to have ſav'd* France *in theſe Circumſtances on ſuch Terms.*

From *Thurſday May* 26. to *Saturday May* 28. N°. 21.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 26.

A Gentleman has writ to me out of the Country, a very civil Letter, and ſaid Things which I ſuppreſs with great Violence to my Vanity. There are many Terms in my Narratives which he complains want explaining, and has therefore deſir'd, that for the Benefit of my Country Readers, I would let him know what I mean by a *Gentleman*, a *Pretty Fellow*, a *Toaſt*, a *Coquet*, a *Critick*, a *Wit*, and all other Appellations in the gayer World, who are in preſent Poſſeſſion of theſe ſeveral Characters; together with an Account of thoſe who unfortunately pretend to 'em. I ſhall begin with him we uſually call a *Gentleman*, or Man of Converſation. It is generally thought, that Warmth of Imagination, quick Reliſh of Pleaſure, and a Manner of becoming it, are the moſt eſſential Qualities for forming this Sort of Man. But any one that is much in Company will obſerve, That the Height of good Breeding is ſhown rather in never giving Offence, than in doing obliging Things. Thus, he that never ſhocks you, tho' he is ſeldom entertaining, is more likely to keep your Favour, than he who often entertains, and ſometimes

diſpleaſes

diſpleaſes you. The moſt neceſſary Talent therefore in a Man of Converſation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a Fine Gentleman, is a good Judgment. He that has this in Perfection, is Maſter of his Companion, without letting him ſee it, and has the ſame Advantage over Men of any other Qualifications whatſoever, as one that can ſee would have over a Blind Man of Ten times his Strength. This is what makes *Sophronius* the Darling of all who converſe with him, and the moſt Powerful with his Acquaintance of any Man in Town. By the Light of this Faculty, he acts with great Eaſe and Freedom among the Men of Pleaſure, and acquits himſelf with Skill and Diſpatch among the Men of Buſineſs. This he performs with ſo much Succeſs, that, with as much Diſcretion in Life as any Man ever had, he neither is, nor appears, Cunning. But as he does a good Office, if he ever does it, with Readineſs and Alacrity; ſo he denies what he does not care to engage in, in a Manner that convinces you, that you ought not to have ask'd it. His Judgment is ſo good and unerring, and that accompanied with ſo chearful a Spirit, that his Converſation is a continual Feaſt, at which he helps ſome, and is help'd by others, in ſuch a Manner, that the Equality of Society is perfectly kept up, and every Man obliges as much as he is obliged: For it is the greateſt and juſteſt Skill in a Man of Superior Underſtanding, to know how to be on a Level with his Companions. This ſweet Diſpoſition runs through all the Actions of *Sophronius*, and makes his Company deſir'd by Women, without being envy'd by Men. *Sophronius* would be as juſt as he is if there were no Law; and would be as diſcreet as he is, if there were no ſuch Thing as Calumny. In imitation of this agreeable Being, is made that Animal we call a *Pretty Fellow*, who being juſt able to find out, That what makes *Sophronius* acceptable, is a Natural Behaviour; in order to the ſame Reputation, makes his own an Artificial one. *Jack Dimple* is his perfect Mimick, which makes him of Conſe the moſt unlike him of all Men living. *Sophronius* juſt now paſs'd into the Inner-Room directly forward: *Jack* comes as faſt after as he can for the Right and Left Looking-glaſs,

glaſs, in which he had but juſt approv'd himſelf by a Nod at each Glaſs, and march'd on. He will meditate within for Half an Hour, 'till he thinks he is not careleſs enough in his Air, and come back to the Mirrour to recollect his Forgetfulneſs.

Will's Coffee-houſe, May 27.

This Night was acted the Comedy called *The Fox*; but I wonder the Modern Writers do not uſe their Intereſt in the Houſe to ſuppreſs ſuch Repreſentations. A Man that has been at this, will hardly like any other Play during the Seaſon: Therefore I humbly move, That the Writings, as well as Dreſſes, of the laſt Age, ſhould give way to the preſent Faſhion. We are come into a good Method enough (if we were not interrupted in our Mirth by ſuch an Apparition as a Play of *Johnſon*'s) to be entertain'd at more Eaſe, both to the Spectator and the Writer, than in the Days of Old. It is no Difficulty to get Hats, and Swords, and Wigs, and Shoes, and every Thing elſe, from the Shops in Town, and make a Man ſhow himſelf by his Habit, without more ado, to be a Counſellor, a Fop, a Courtier, or a Citizen, without being oblig'd to make thoſe Characters talk in different Dialects to be diſtinguiſh'd from each other. This is certainly the ſureſt and beſt Way of Writing: But ſuch a Play as this makes a Man for a Month after over-run with Criticiſm, and enquire, What every Man on the Stage ſaid? What had ſuch a one to do to meddle with ſuch a Thing? How came t'other, who was bred after ſuch a Manner, to ſpeak ſo like a Man converſant among a different People? Theſe Queſtions rob us of all our Pleaſure; for at this Rate, no one Sentence in a Play ſhould be ſpoken by any one Character, which could poſſibly enter into the Head of any other Man repreſented in it; but every Sentiment ſhould be peculiar to him only who utters it. Laborious *Ben*'s Works will bear this Sort of Inquiſition; but if the preſent Writers were thus examin'd, and the Offences againſt this Rule cut out, few Plays would be long enough for the whole Evening's Entertainment. But I don't know how they did in thoſe old Times: This ſame *Ben Johnſon* has made every one's Paſſion in this Play be towards Money, and yet not one

of them expreſſes that Deſire, or goes about obtaining it, in any Way but what is peculiar to him only: One ſacrifices his Wife, another his Profeſſion, another his Poſterity from the ſame Motive; but their Characters are kept ſo skilfully a part, that it ſeems prodigious, their Diſcourſes ſhould riſe from the Invention of the ſame Author. But the Poets are a Neſt of Hornets, and I'll drive theſe thoughts no farther, but muſt mention ſome hard Treatment I am like to meet with from my Brother Writers. I am credibly inform'd, that the Author of a Play call'd *Love in a Hollow Tree*, has made ſome Remarks upon my late Diſcourſe on the *Naked Truth*. I cannot blame any Gentleman for writing againſt any Error; it is for the Good of the learned World. But I would have the Thing fairly between us Two, and not under the Protection of Patrons: But my Intelligence is, that he has dedicated his Treatiſe to the Honourable Mr. *Ed——d H——rd*.

From my own Apartment, May 27.

To Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *Eſq*;

York, May 16, 1709.

SIR,

BEing convinc'd, as the whole World is, how infallible your Predictions are, and having the Honour to be your near Relation, of the Staffian *Family, I was under great Concern at one of your Predictions relating to your ſelf, wherein you foretold your own Death to happen on the* 17*th Inſtant, unleſs it were prevented by the Aſſiſtance of well-diſpos'd People: I have therefore prevail'd on my own Modeſty to ſend you a Piece of News, which may ſerve inſtead of* Godfard's Drops, *to keep you alive for Two Days, till Nature be able to recover it ſelf, or till you meet with ſome better Help from other Hands. Therefore, without further Ceremony, I will go on to relate a ſingular Adventure juſt happen'd in the Place where I am writing, wherein it may be highly uſeful for the Publick to be inform'd.*

Three young Ladies of our Town were on Saturday *laſt Indicted for* Witchcraft. *The Witneſſes againſt the Firſt depos'd upon Oath before Juſtice* Bindover, *That ſhe kept Spi-*

rits

vits lock'd up in Veſſels, which ſometimes appear'd in Flames of blue Fire; That ſhe us'd Magical Herbs, with ſome of which ſhe drew in Hundreds of Men daily to her, who went out from her Preſence all enfiam'd, their Mouths parch'd, and a hot Steam iſſuing from them, attended with a grievous Stench; That many of the ſaid Men were by the Force of that Herb metamorphos'd into Swine, and lay wallowing in the Kennels for Twenty-four Hours, before they could reaſſume their Shapes or their Senſes. It was prov'd againſt the Second, That ſhe cut off by Night the Limbs from dead Bodies that were hang'd, and was ſeen to dig Holes in the Ground, to mutter ſome conjuring Words, and bury Pieces of the Fleſh, after the uſual Manner of Witches. The Third was accus'd for a notorious Piece of Sorcery, long practis'd by Hags, of molding up Pieces of Dough into the Shapes of Men, Women and Children; then heating them at a gentle Fire, which had a Sympathetick Power to torment the Bowels of thoſe in the Neighbourhood.

This was the Sum of what was objected againſt the Three Ladies, who indeed had nothing to ſay in their own Defence, but downright denying the Facts, which is like to avail very little, when they come upon their Tryals.

But the Parſon of our Pariſh, a ſtrange refractory Man, will believe nothing of all this; ſo that the whole Town cries out, Shame! That one of his Coat ſhould be ſuch an Atheiſt! And deſign to complain of him to the Biſhop. He goes about very oddly to ſolve the Matter. He ſuppoſes, That the Firſt of theſe Ladies keeping a Brandy and Tobacco Shop, the Fellows went out Smoaking, and got drunk towards Evening, and made themſelves Beaſts. He ſays, The Second is a Butcher's Daughter, and ſometimes brings a Quarter of Mutton from the Slaughter-houſe over Night againſt a Market-Day, and once buried a Bit of Beaf in the Ground, as a known Receipt to cure Warts on her Hands. The Parſon affirms, That the Third ſells Ginger-bread, which, to pleaſe the Children, ſhe is forc'd to ſtamp with Images before 'tis bak'd, and if it burns their Guts, 'tis becauſe they eat too much, or do not drink after it.

Theſe are the Anſwers he gives to ſolve this wonderful Phenomenon; upon which I ſhall not animadvert, but leave it among Philoſophers: And ſo wiſhing you all Succeſs in your

Undertakings for the Amendment of the World, I remain, Dear Couſin,

Your moſt Affectionate Kinſman,
and Humble Servant,
Ephraim Bedſtaff.

P. S. Thoſe who were condemn'd to Death among the *Athenians*, were oblig'd to take a Doſe of Poiſon, which made them dye upwards, ſeizing firſt upon their Feet, making them cold and inſenſible, and ſo aſcending gradually till it reach'd the Vital Parts. I believe your Death, which you foretold ſhould happen on the 17th Inſtant, will fall out the ſame Way, and has begun ſome time, and makes Progreſs daily. The lower Part of you, that is the *Advertiſements*, is dead; and theſe have riſen for theſe Ten Days laſt paſt, ſo that they now take up almoſt a whole Paragraph. Pray, Sir, do your Endeavour to drive this Diſtemper as much as poſſible to the extream Parts, and keep it there, as wiſe Folks do the Gout; for if it once gets into your Stomach, it will ſoon fly up into your Head, and you are a dead Man,

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 27.

We hear from *Leghorn*, That Sir *Edward Whitaker*, with 5 Men of War, 4 Tranſports, and 2 Fireſhips was arriv'd at that Port, and Admiral *Bing* was ſuddenly expected. Their Squadrons being join'd, they deſign to ſail directly for *Final*, to tranſport the Reinforcements lodg'd in thoſe Parts to *Barcelona*.

They write from *Milan*, That Count *Thaun* arriv'd there on the 16th Inſtant, *N. S.* and proceeded on his Journey to *Turin* on the 21ſt, in order to concert ſuch Meaſures with his Royal Highneſs, as ſhall appear neceſſary for the Operations of the enſuing Campaign.

The General Diet of the Cantons of *Swiſſerland* being aſſembled at *Baden* on the 14th Inſtant, 'tis ſuppos'd that the Popiſh Cantons, conſidering the preſent Situation of Affairs, will be inclin'd to compoſe the Differences relating to the Affair of *Tockenburg*. Advices from *Dauphine* ſay, That the Troops of the Duke of *Savoy* began already to appear in thoſe Valleys, whereof he made himſelf Maſter the laſt Year; and that the Duke of

of *Berwick* apply'd himſelf with all imaginable Diligence to ſecure the Paſſes of the Mountains, by ordering intrenchments to be made towards *Briancon*, *Tournean*, and the Valley of *Queiras*. That General has alſo been at *Marſeilles* and *Thoulon*, to haſten the Tranſportation of the Corn and Proviſions deſign'd for his Army.

Letters from *Vienna*, bearing Date *May* 23. *N. S.* import, That the Cardinal of *Saxe-Zeits*, and the Prince of *Lichtenſtein* are preparing to ſet out for *Preſburg*, to aſſiſt at the Diet of the States of *Hungary*, which is to be aſſembled at that Place on the 25th of this Month. General *Heiſter* will ſhortly appear at the Head of his Army at *Tirnſchin*, which Place is appointed for the general Rendezvouz of the Imperial Forces in *Hungary*; from whence he will advance to lay Siege to *Newhauſel*: In the mean Time, Reinforcements, with a great Train of Artillery, are marching the ſame Way. The King of *Denmark* arriv'd on the 10th Inſtant at *Inſpruck*, and on the 26th at *Dreſden*, under a Triple Diſcharge of the Artillery of that Place; but his Majeſty refus'd the Ceremonies of a Publick Entry.

Our Letters from the *Upper-Rhine* ſay, That the Imperial Army began to form it ſelf at *Erlingen*; where the reſpective Deputies of the Elector Palatine, the Prince of *Baden Durlach*, the Biſhoprick of *Spires*, *&c.* were aſſembled, and had taken the neceſſary Meaſures for the Proviſion of Forage, the Security of the Country againſt the Incurſions of the Enemy, and laying a Bridge over the *Rhine*. Several Veſſels laden with Corn are daily paſſing before *Francfort* for the *Lower-Rhine*.

Letters from *Poland* inform us, That a Detachment of *Muſcovite* Cavalry, under the Command of General *Infland*, had joined the Confederate Army; and the Infantry, commanded by General *Goltz*, was expected to come up within few Days. Theſe Succours will amount to 20000 Men.

Our laſt Advices from the *Hague*, dated *June* the 4th ſay, That they expected a Courier from the *French* Court with the Ratification of the Preliminaries that Night or the Day following. His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* will ſet out for *Bruſſels* on *Wedneſday* or *Thurſday* next, if

the Diſpatches which are expected from *Paris* don't alter his Reſolutions. Letters from *Majorca* confirm the Honourable Capitulation of the Caſtle of *Alicant*, and alſo the Death of the Governour Major-General *Richards*, Colonel *Maury*, and Major *Vignolles*, who were all bury'd in the Ruins of that Place, by the ſpringing of their great Mine, which did, it ſeems, more execution than was reported. Monſieur *Torcy* paſs'd through *Mons* in his Return, and had there a long Conference with the Elector of *Bavaria*; after which that Prince ſpoke publickly of the Treatment he had had from *France* with the utmoſt Indignation.

Any Perſon that ſhall come publickly abroad in a fantaſtical Habit, contrary to the preſent Mode and Faſhion, except Don Diego Diſmallo, or any other out of Poverty, ſhall have his Name and Dreſs inſerted in our next.

N. B. *Mr.* How'd'call *is deſired to leave off thoſe* Buttons.

From *Saturday May* 28. to *Tueſday May* 31. N°. 22.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 28.

I Came hither this Evening to ſee Faſhions, and who ſhould I firſt encounter but my Friend *Cynthio* the Lover, (encompaſs'd by a Crowd of young Fellows) dictating on that Paſſion with the gayeſt Air imaginable. Well, ſays he, As to what I know of the Matter, there is nothing but Ogling with Skill carries a Woman; but indeed it is not every Fool that is capable of this Art: You will find Twenty can ſpeak eloquently, Fifty can fight manfully, and a Thouſand that can dreſs genteely, at a Miſtreſs, where there is one that can gaze skilfully. This requires an exquiſite Judgment, to take the Language of her Eyes to yours exactly, and not let yours talk too faſt for hers; as at a Play between the Acts, when Beau *Frisk* ſtands upon a Bench full in *Lindamira*'s Face, and her dear Eyes are ſearching round to avoid that ſtaring open Fool; ſhe meets the watchful Glance of her true Lover, and ſees his Heart attentive to her Charms, and waiting for a ſecond Twinkle of her Eye for its next Motion. Here the good Company ſneer'd;

ſneer'd; but he goes on. Nor is this Attendance a Slavery, when a Man meets Encouragement, and her Eye comes often his Way: For, after an Evening ſo ſpent, and the Repetition of four or five ſignificant Looks at him, the happy Man goes Home to his Lodging, full of Ten Thouſand pleaſing Images: His Brain is dilated, and gives him all the Ideas and Proſpects which it ever let in to its Seat of Pleaſure. Thus a kind Look from *Lindamira* revives in his Imagination all the Beauteous Launs, Green Fields, Woods, Foreſts, Rivers and Solitudes, which he had ever before ſeen in Picture, Deſcription, or Real Life: And all this with this Addition, that he now ſees 'em with the Eyes of an happy Lover, as before only with thoſe of a common Man. You laugh, Gentlemen: But conſider your ſelves, (you common People that were never in Love) and compare your ſelves in good Humour, with your ſelves out of Humour, and you will then acknowledge, that all External Objects affect you according to the Diſpoſition you are in to receive their Impreſſions, and not as thoſe Objects are in their own Nature. How much more ſhall all that paſſes within his View and Obſervation, touch with Delight a Man who is prepoſſeſs'd with ſucceſsful Love, which is an Aſſemblage of ſoft Affections, gay Deſires and hopeful Reſolutions? Poor *Cynthio* went on at this Rate to the Crowd about him, without any Purpoſe in his Talk, but to vent an Heart overflowing with Senſe of Succeſs. I wonder'd what could exalt him from the Diſtreſs in which he had long appear'd, to ſo much Alacrity. But my Familiar has given me the State of his Affairs. It ſeems then, that lately coming out of the Play, his Miſtreſs, who knows he is in her Livery, (as the Manner of inſolent Beauties is) reſolv'd to keep him ſtill ſo, and gave him ſo much Wages, as to complain of the Crowd ſhe was to paſs through. He had his Wits and Reſolutions enough about him to take her Hand, and ſay, He would attend her to her Coach. All the Way thither, my good young Man ſtammer'd at every Word, and ſtumbled at every Step. His Miſtreſs, wonderfully pleas'd with her Triumph, put him to a Thouſand Queſtions, to make a Man of his natural

Wit ſpeak with Heſitation, and let drop her Fan, to ſee him recover it aukwardly. Couſin, This is the whole Foundation of *Cynthio*'s Recovery to the ſprightly Air he appears with at preſent. I grew mighty curious to know ſomething more of that Lady's Affairs, as being amaz'd how ſhe could dally with an Offer of one of his Merit and Fortune. I ſent *Pacolet* to her Lodgings; he immediately brought me back the following Letter to her Friend and Confident *Penelope* in the Country, wherein ſhe has open'd her Heart and all its Folds.

Dear Amanda,

THE Town grows ſo empty, that you muſt expect my Letter ſo too, except you will allow me to talk of my ſelf inſtead of others: You cannot imagine what Pain it is, after a whole Day ſpent in Publick, to want your Company, and the Eaſe which Friendſhip allows in being vain to each other, and ſpeaking all our Minds. An Account of the Slaughter which theſe unhappy Eyes have made within Ten Days laſt paſt, would make me appear too great a Tyrant to be allow'd in a Chriſtian Country. I ſhall therefore confine my ſelf to my principal Conqueſts, which are the Hearts of Beaux Friſk, *and* Jack Freeland, *beſides* Cynthio, *who, you know wore my Fetters before you went out of Town. Shall I tell you my Weakneſs? I begin to love* Friſk: *It is the beſt humour'd impertinent Thing in the World: He is always too in waiting, and will certainly carry me off one Time or other.* Freeland's *Father and mine have been upon Treaty without conſulting me; and* Cynthio *has been eternally watching my Eyes, without approaching me, my Friends, my Maid, or any one about me: He hopes to get me, I believe, as they ſay, the Rattle-Snake does the Squirrel; ſtares at me till I drop into his Mouth.* Freeland *demands me for a Joynture which he thinks deſerves me;* Cynthio *thinks nothing high enough to be my Value:* Freeland *therefore will take it for no Obligation to have me; and* Cynthio's *Idea of me is what will vaniſh by knowing me better. Familiarity will equally turn the Veneration of the one, and the Indifference of the other, into Contempt. I will ſtick therefore to my old Maxim, to have that Sort of Man, who can have no greater Views than what are in my Power to give him Poſſeſſion of. The utmoſt of my Dear* Friſk's *Ambition is, to be thought a Man of Faſhion;*

and

and therefore has been ſo much in Mode as to reſolve upon me, becauſe the whole Town likes me. Thus I chooſe rather a Man who likes me, becauſe others do, than one who approves me on his own Judgment. He that judges for himſelf in Love, will often change his Opinion; but he that follows the Senſe of others muſt be conſtant, as long as a Woman can make Advances. The Viſits I make, the Entertainments I give, and the Addreſſes I receive, will be all Arguments for me, with a Man of Friſk's *ſecond-hand Genius; but would be ſo many Bars to my Happineſs with any other Man. However, ſince* Friſk *can wait, I ſhall enjoy a Summer or two longer, and remain a ſingle Woman, in the ſublime Pleaſure of being follow'd and admir'd; which nothing can equal, except that of being belov'd by you.* I am, &c.

Will's *Coffee-houſe, May* 30.

My chief Buſineſs here this Evening was to ſpeak to my Friends in Behalf of honeſt *Cave Underhill*, who has been a Comick for three Generations: My Grandfather admir'd him extreamly when he was a Boy. There is certainly Nature excellently repreſented in his Manner of Action; in which he ever avoided that general Fault in Players, of doing too much. It muſt be confeſs'd, he has not the Merit of ſome ingenious Perſons now on the Stage, of adding to his Authors; for the Actors were ſo dull in the laſt Age, that many of them have gone out of the World, without having ever ſpoke one Word of their own in the Theatre. Poor *Cave* is ſo mortified, that he quibbles, and tells you, he pretends only to act a Part fit for a Man who has one Foot in the Grave, *viz.* a *Grave-digger*. All Admirers of true Comedy, it is hop'd, will have the Gratitude to be preſent on the laſt Day of his acting, who, if he does not happen to pleaſe them, will have it even then to ſay, that it is his firſt Offence.

But there is a Gentleman here, who ſays he has it from good Hands, that there is actually a Subſcription made by many Perſons of Wit and Quality, for the Encouragement of new Comedies. This Deſign will very much contribute to the Improvement and Diverſion of the Town: But as every Man is moſt concern'd for himſelf, I, who am of a *Saturnine* and Melancholy Com-

plexion, cannot but murmur, that there is not an equal invitation to write Tragedies, having by me, in my Book of Common Places, enough to enable me to finish a very sad one by the Fifth of next Month. I have the Farewel of a General, with the Truncheon in his Hand, dying for Love, in Six Lines. I have the Principles of a Politician, who does all the Mischief in the Play, together with his Declaration on the Vanity of Ambition in his last Moments, express'd in a Page and an half. I have all my Oaths ready, and my Similies want nothing but Application. I won't pretend to give you an Account of the Plot, it being the same Design upon which all Tragedies have been writ for several Years last past; and from the Beginning of the First Scene, the Frequenters of the House, know as well as the Author, when the Battle is to be fought, the Lady to yield, and the Heroe proceed to his Wedding and Coronation. Besides these Advantages which I have in Readiness, I have an eminent Tragedian very much my Friend, who shall come in, and go through the whole Five Acts, without troubling me for one Sentence, whether he is to kill or be kill'd, love or be lov'd, win Battles or lose them, or what other Tragical Performance I shall please to assign him.

From my own Apartment, May 30.

I have this Day receiv'd a Letter subscrib'd *Fidelia*, which gives me an Account of an Inchantment under which a young Lady suffers, and desires my Help to exorcise her from the Power of the Sorcerer. Her Lover is a Rake of Sixty; the Lady a virtuous Woman of Twenty-five: Her Relations are to the last Degree afflicted, and amaz'd at this irregular Passion: Their Sorrow I know not how to remove, but can their Astonishment, for there is no Spirit in Woman half so prevalent as that of Contradiction, which is the sole Cause of her Perseverance. Let the whole Family go dress'd in a Body, and call the Bride to Morrow Morning to her Nuptials, and I'll undertake, the Inconstant will forget her Lover in the Midst of all his Actes. But if this Expedient does not succeed, I must be so just to the young Lady's distinguishing Sense, as to applaud her Choice. A fine young

young Woman, at last, is but what is due from Fate to an honest Fellow, who has suffer'd so unmercifully by the Sex; and I think we cannot enough celebrate her Heroick Virtue, who (like the Patriot that end d a Pestilence by plunging himself into a Gulph) gives her self up to gorge that Dragon, which has devour'd so many Virgins before her.

A Letter, directed to Isaac Bickerstaff, *Esq; Astrologer, and Physician in Ordinary to her Majesty's Subjects of* Great Britain, *with Respect, is come to Hand.*

From *Tuesday May* 31. to *Thursday June* 2. N°. 23.

White's Chocolate-house, May 31.

THE Generality of Mankind are so very fond of this World, and of staying in it, that a Man cannot have Eminent Skill in any one Art, but they will, in Spite of his Teeth, make him a Physician also; that being the Science the Worldlings have most need of. I pretended, when I first set up, to Astrology only; but I am told, I have deep Skill also in Medecine. I am apply'd to now by a Gentleman for my Advice in Behalf of his Wife, who, upon the least Matrimonial Difficulty, is excessively troubled with Fits, and can bear no manner of Passion without falling into immediate Convulsions. I must confess, it is a Case I have known before, and remember the Party was recover'd by certain Words pronounc'd in the midst of the Fit by the Learned Doctor who perform'd the Cure. These Ails have usually their Beginning from the Affections of the Mind: Therefore you must have Patience to let me give you the Cause of the Distemper, and proceed in the Cure as follows:

A fine Town Lady was Married to a Gentleman of antient Descent in one of the Counties of *Great Britain*, who had good Humour to a Weakness, and was that Sort of Person, of whom it is usually said, He is no Man's Enemy but his own: One who had too much Tenderness of Soul to have any Authority with his Wife, and she too little Sense to give him Authority for that Reason. His kind Wife observ'd this Temper in him, and made

made proper Uſe of it. But knowing it was below a Gentlewoman to wrangle, ſhe reſolv'd upon an Expedient to ſave Decorum, and wear her Dear to her Point at the ſame Time. She therefore took upon her to govern him, by falling into Fits whenever ſhe was repuls'd in a Requeſt, or contradicted in a Diſcourſe. It was a Fiſh-Day, when, in the midſt of her Husband's good Humour at Table, ſhe bethought her ſelf to try her Project. She made Signs that ſhe had ſwallowed a Bone. The Man grew pale as Aſhes, and ran to her Aſſiſtance, calling for Drink. No, My Dear, ſaid ſhe, recovering, It is down; don't be frighten'd. This Accident betray'd his Softneſs enough. The next Day ſhe complain'd, a Lady's Chariot, whoſe Husband had not half his Income, had a Crane-neck, and hung with twice the Air that hers did. He anſwer'd, Madam, You know my Income; you know, I have loſt Two Coach Horſes this Spring.— Down ſhe fell. — Hartſhorn! *Betty*, *Suſan*, *Alice*, Throw Water in her Face. With much Care and Pains ſhe was at laſt brought to her ſelf, and the Vehicle in which ſhe viſited was amended in the niceſt Manner, to prevent Relapſes; but they frequently happen'd during that Husband's whole Life, which he had the good Fortune to end in few Years after. The Diſconſolate ſoon pitch'd upon a very agreeable Succeſſor, whom ſhe very prudently deſign'd to govern by the ſame Method. This Man knew her little Arts, and reſolv'd to break through all Tenderneſs, and be abſolute Maſter, as ſoon as Occaſion offer'd. One Day it happen'd, that a Diſcourſe aroſe about Furniture: He was glad of the Occaſion, and fell into an Invective againſt *China*, proteſting, he would never let Five Pounds more of his Money be laid out that Way as long as he breath'd. She immediately fainted: He ſtarts up as amaz'd, and calls for Help: The Maids ran to the Cloſet: He chafes her Face, bends her forwards, and beats the Palms of her Hands: Her Convulſions increaſe, and down ſhe tumbles on the Floor, where ſhe lies quite dead, in Spight of what all the whole Family, from the Nurſery to the Kitchin, could do for her Relief.

While every Servant was thus helping or lamenting their

their Miſtreſs, he, fixing his Cheek to hers, ſeem'd to be following her in a Trance of Sorrow; but ſecretly whiſpers her, *My Dear, This will never do: What is within my Power and Fortune, you may always command, but none of your Artifices: You are quite in other Hands than thoſe you paſs'd theſe pretty Paſſions upon.* This made her almoſt in the Condition ſhe pretended; her Convulſions now come thicker, nor was ſhe to be held down. The kind Man doubles his Care, helps the Servants to throw Water in her Face by full Quarts; and when the ſinking Part of the Fit came again; *Well, my Dear,* (ſaid he) *I applaud your Action; but I muſt take my Leave of you till you are more ſincere with me. Farewell for ever: You ſhall always know where to hear of me, and want for nothing.* With that, he order'd the Maids to keep plying her with Hartſhorn, while he went for a Phyſician: He was ſcarce at the Stair head when ſhe followed; and pulling him into a Cloſet, gave him Thanks for her Cure; which was ſo abſolute, that ſhe gave me this Relation her ſelf, to be communicated for the Benefit of all the voluntary Invalids of her Sex.

From my own Apartment, May 31.

The Publick is not ſo little my Concern, tho' I am but a Student, as that I ſhould not intereſt my ſelf in the preſent great Things in Agitation. I am ſtill of Opinion, the *French* King will ſign the Preliminaries: With that View I have ſent him by my Familiar the following Epiſtle, and admoniſh'd him, on Pain of what I ſhall ſay of him to future Generations, to act with Sincerity on this Occaſion.

London, May 31.

Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq*; *of* Great Britain, *to* Lewis *the Fourteenth of* France.

THE ſurpriſing News which arriv'd this Day, of your Majeſty's having refuſed to ſign the Treaty your Miniſters have in a Manner ſued for, is what gives Ground to this Application to your Majeſty, from one whoſe Name, perhaps is too obſcure to have ever reach'd your Territories; but one, who with all the *European* World, is affected with your Determinations. Therefore, as it is mine and the common Cauſe of Mankind, I pre-

ſume to expoſtulate with you on this Occaſion. It will, I doubt not, appear to the Vulgar extravagant, that the Actions of a mighty Prince ſhould be ballanc'd by the Cenſure of a private Man, whoſe Approbation or Diſlike are equally contemptible in their Eyes, when they regard the Thrones of Sovereigns. But your Majeſty has ſhown, through the whole Courſe of your Reign, too great a Value for Liberal Arts to be inſenſible, that true Fame lies only in the Hands of Learned Men, by whom it is to be tranſmitted to Futurity, with Marks of Honour or Reproach to the End of Time. The Date of Human Life is too ſhort to recompence the Cares which attend the moſt private Condition: Therefore it is, that our Souls are made as it were too big for it, and extend themſelves in the Proſpect of a longer Exiſtence, in a good Fame and Memory of worthy Actions after our Deceaſe. The whole Race of Men have this Paſſion in ſome Degree implanted in their Boſoms, which is the ſtrongeſt and nobleſt Incitation to honeſt Attempts: But the baſe Uſe of the Arts of Peace, Eloquence, Poetry, and all the Parts of Learning, have been poſſeſs'd by Souls ſo unworthy thoſe Faculties, that the Names and Appellations of Things have been confounded by the Labours and Writings of proſtituted Men, who have ſtamp'd a Reputation upon ſuch Actions, as are in themſelves the Objects of Contempt and Diſgrace. This is that which has miſled your Majeſty in the Conduct of your Reign, and made that Life, which might have been the moſt imitable, the moſt to be avoided. To this it is, that the great and excellent Qualities of which your Majeſty is Maſter, are loſt in their Application; and your Majeſty has been carrying on for many Years the moſt cruel Tyranny, with all the noble Methods which are uſed to ſupport a juſt Reign. Thus it is, that it avails nothing that you are a Bountiful Maſter; that you are ſo Generous as to reward even the unſucceſsful with Honour and Riches; that no laudable Action paſſes unrewarded in your Kingdoms; that you have ſearch'd all Nations for obſcure Merit. In a Word, that you are in your private Character endow'd with every Princely Quality, when all this is ſubjected to unjuſt and ill taught Ambition,

bition, which to the Injury of the World, is gilded by thoſe Endowments. However, if your Majeſty will condeſcend to look into your own Soul, and conſider all its Faculties and Weakneſſes with Impartiality; if you will but be convinc'd, that Life is ſupported in you by the ordinary Methods of Food, Reſt, and Sleep, you would think it impoſſible that you could ever be ſo much impos'd on, as to have been wrought into a Belief, that ſo many Thouſands of the ſame Make with your ſelf, were form'd by Providence for no other End, but by the Hazard of their very Being to extend the Conqueſts and Glory of an Individual of their own Species. A very little Reflection will convince your Majeſty, that ſuch cannot be the Intent of the Creator; and if not, What Horrour muſt it give your Majeſty to think of the vaſt Devaſtations your Ambition has made among your Fellow-Creatures? While the Warmth of Youth, the Flattery of Crowds, and a continual Series of Succeſs and Triumph, indulg'd your Majeſty in this Illuſion of Mind; it was leſs to be wonder'd at, that you proceeded in this miſtaken Purſuit of Grandeur; but when Age, Diſappointments, Publick Calamities, Perſonal Diſtempers, and the Reverſe of all that makes Men forget their true Being, are fallen upon you: Heavens! Is it poſſible you can live without Remorſe? Can the wretched Man be a Tyrant? Can Grief ſtudy Torments? Can Sorrow be Cruel?

Your Majeſty will obſerve, I do not bring againſt you a railing Accuſation; but as you are a ſtrict Profeſſor of Religion, I beſeech your Majeſty to ſtop the Effuſion of Blood, by receiving the Opportunity which preſents it ſelf, for the Preſervation of your diſtreſs'd People. Be no longer infatuated to hope for Renown from Murder and Violence: But conſider, that the Great Day will come, in which this World and all its Glory ſhall change in a Moment: When Nature ſhall ſicken, and the Earth and Sea give up the Bodies committed to them, to appear before the laſt Tribunal. Will it then, O King! be an Anſwer for the Lives of Millions who have fallen by the Sword? *They periſh'd for my Glory.* That Day will come on, and one like it is immediately approaching:

Injur'd

Injur'd Nations advance towards thy Habitation: Vengeance has began its March, which is to be directed only by the Penitence of the Oppreſſor. Awake, O Monarch, from thy Lethargy! Diſdain the Abuſes thou haſt receiv'd: Pull down the Statue which calls thee Immortal: Be truly Great: Tear thy Purple; and Put on Sackcloth.

I am,

Thy Generous Enemy,

Iſaac Bickerſtaff.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 1.

Advices from *Bruſſels* of the 6th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, His Highneſs Prince *Eugene* has receiv'd a Letter from Monſieur *Torcy*, wherein that Miniſter, after many Expreſſions of great Reſpect, acquaints him, That his Maſter had abſolutely refuſed to ſign the Preliminaries to the Treaty which he had, in his Majeſties Behalf, conſented to at the *Hague*. Upon the Receipt of this Intelligence, the Face of Things at that Place were immediately alter'd, and the neceſſary Orders were tranſmitted to the Troops (which lay moſt remote from thence) to move towards the Place of Rendezvous with all Expedition. The Enemy ſeem alſo to prepare for the Field, and have at preſent drawn together Twenty five Thouſand Men in the Plains of *Lens*. Mareſchal *Villars* is at the Head of thoſe Troops; and has given the Generals under his Command, all poſſible Aſſurances, that he will turn the Fate of the War to the Advantage of his Maſter.

They write from the *Hague* of the 7th, That Monſ. *Rouille* had receiv'd Orders from the Court of *France*, to ſignify to the States General and the Miniſters of the High Allies, That the King could not conſent to the Preliminaries of a Treaty of Peace, as it was offer'd to him by Monſieur *Torcy*. It is ſaid, the great Difficulty is the Buſineſs of *Spain*, on which Particular his Miniſters ſeem'd only to ſay, during the Treaty, that it was not ſo immediately under their Maſter's Direction, as that he could anſwer for its being relinquiſh'd by the Duke of *Anjou*: But now he poſitively anſwers, That he cannot comply with what his Miniſter has promis'd in his Behalf, ev'n in ſuch Points as are wholly in himſelf

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to act in or not. This has had no other Effect, than to give the Alliance freſh Arguments for being diffident of Engagements made by *France*. The Penſioner has made a Report of all which this Miniſter has declar'd, and all Things turn towards a vigorous War. The Duke of *Marlborough* deſign'd to leave the *Hague* within Two Days, in order to put himſelf at the Head of the Army, which is to aſſemble on the 17th Inſtant between the *Scheld* and the *Lis*. A Fleet of Eighty Sail, laden with Corn from the *Baltic* is arriv'd in the *Texel*. The States have ſent Circular Letters to all the Provinces, to notify this Change of Affairs, and animate their Subjects to new Reſolutions in the Defence of their Country.

From *Thurſday June* 2. to *Saturday June* 4. N°. 24.

White's Chocolate-houſe, June 2.

IN my Paper of the 28th of the laſt Month, I mention'd ſeveral Characters which want Explanation to the Generality of Readers: Among others, I ſpoke of a Pretty Fellow; but I have receiv'd a kind Admonition in a Letter, to take Care that I do not omit to ſhow alſo what is meant by a *very* Pretty Fellow, which is to be allow'd as a Character by it ſelf, and a Perſon exalted above the other by a peculiar Sprightlineſs; as one who, by a diſtinguiſhing Vigour, outſtrips his Companions, and has thereby deſerved and obtained a particular Appellation, or Nick-name of Familiarity. Some have this Diſtinction from the Fair Sex, who are ſo generous as to take into their Protection thoſe who are laugh'd at by the Men, and place 'em for that Reaſon in Degrees of Favour. The chief of this Sort is Colonel *Brunett*, who is a Man of Faſhion, becauſe he will be ſo; and practiſes a very janty Way of Behaviour, becauſe he is too careleſs to know when he offends, and too ſanguine to be mortified if he did know it. Thus the Colonel has met with a Town ready to receive him, and can't poſſibly ſee why he ſhould not make uſe of their Favour, and ſet himſelf in the Firſt Degree of Converſation. Therefore he is very ſucceſsfully

fully loud among the Wits, familiar among the Ladies, and diſſolute among the Rakes. Thus he is admitted in one Place becauſe he is ſo in another; and every Man treats *Brunett* well, not out of his particular Affection for him, but in Reſpect to the Opinion of others. It is to me a ſolid Pleaſure to ſee the World thus miſtaken on the good-natur'd Side; for 'tis Ten to One but the Colonel mounts into a General Officer, marries a fine Lady, and is Maſter of a good Eſtate, before they come to explain upon him. What gives moſt Delight to me in this Obſervation is, that all this ariſes from pure Nature, and the Colonel can account for his Succeſs no more than thoſe by whom he ſucceeds. For theſe Cauſes and Conſiderations, I pronounce him a true Woman's Man, and in the firſt Degree, *A very Pretty Fellow*. The next to a Man of this univerſal Genius, is one who is peculiarly form'd for the Service of the Ladies, and his Merit chiefly is to be of no Conſequence. I am indeed a little in Doubt, Whether he ought not rather to be called a *very Happy*, than a very Pretty Fellow? For he is admitted at all Hours: All he ſays or does, which would offend in another, are paſs'd over in him; and all Actions and Speeches which pleaſe, doubly pleaſe if they come from him: No one wonders or takes Notice when he's wrong; but all adore him when he's in the Right. — By the Way it is fit to remark, That there are People of better Senſe than theſe, who endeavour at this Character; but they are out of Nature, and tho' with ſome Induſtry, they get the Characters of Fools, they cannot arrive to be *very*, ſeldom to be meerly *Pretty Fellows*. But where Nature has form'd a Perſon for this Station amongſt Men, he is gifted with a peculiar Genius for Succeſs, and his very Errors and Abſurdities contribute to it; this Felicity attending him to his Life's End. For it being in a Manner neceſſary that he ſhould be of no Conſequence, he is as well in Old Age as Youth; and I know a Man, whoſe Son has been ſome Years a Pretty Fellow, who is himſelf at this Hour a *very* Prettty Fellow. One muſt move tenderly in this Place, for we are now in the Ladies Lodgings, and ſpeaking of ſuch as are ſupported by their Influence and Favour; againſt which

which there is not, neither ought there to be, any Diſpute or Obſervation. But when we come into more free Air, one may talk a little more at large. Give me Leave then to mention Three, whom I do not doubt but we ſhall ſee make conſiderable Figures; and theſe are ſuch as, for their *Bacchanalian* Performances, muſt be admitted into this Order. They are three Brothers lately landed from *Holland*; As yet, indeed, they have not made their publick Entry, but lodge and converſe at *Wapping*. They have meeted already on the Water-ſide particular Titles: The Firſt is called *Hogſhead*; the Second *Culverin*; and the Third *Muſquet*. This Fraternity is preparing for our End of the Town by their Ability in the Exerciſes of *Bacchus*, and meaſure their Time and Merit by Liquid Weight, and Power of Drinking. *Hogſhead* is a prettier Fellow than *Culverin* by Two Quarts, and *Culverin* than *Muſquet* by a full Pint. It is to be feared, *Hogſhead* is ſo often too full, and *Culverin* overloaded, that *Muſquet* will be the only laſting very pretty Fellow of the Three. A Third Sort of this Denomination are ſuch, as, by very daring Adventures in Love, have purchaſ'd to themſelves Renown and new Names; as, *Jo. Carry*, for his exceſſive Strength and Vigour; *Tom. Drybones*, for his generous Loſs of Youth and Health; and *Cancrums* for his meritorious Rottenneſs. Theſe great and leading Spirits are propos'd to all ſuch of our *Britiſh* Youth as would arrive at Perfection in theſe different Kinds; and if their Parts and Accompliſhments were well imitated, it is not doubted, but that our Nation would ſoon excell all others in Wit and Arts, as they already do in Arms.

N. B. The Gentleman who ſtole *Betty Pepin* may own it, for he is allow'd to be a very Pretty Fellow.

We muſt proceed to the Explanation of the Terms in our Writings.

To know what a Toaſt is in the Country, gives as much Perplexity as ſhe her ſelf does in Town: And indeed, the Learned differ very much upon the Original of this Word, and the Acceptation of it among the Moderns. However, it is by all agreed to have a joyous and chearful Import. A Toaſt in a cold Morning, brighten'd by Nutmeg, and ſweeten'd with Sugar, has

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for many Ages been given to our ruſtick Diſpenſers of Juſtice, before they enter'd upon Cauſes, and has been of great and politick Uſe to take off the Severity of their Sentences; but has indeed been remarkable for one ill Effect, That it inclines thoſe who uſe it immoderately to ſpeak *Latin*, to the Admiration rather than Information of an Audience. This Application of a Toaſt makes it very obvious, that the Word may, without Metaphor, be underſtood as an apt Name for a Thing which raiſes us in the moſt ſovereign Degree. But many of the Wits of the laſt Age will aſſert, That the Word, in its preſent Senſe, was known among them in their Youth, and had its Riſe from an Accident which happened at the Town of *Bath* in the Reign of *Charles* the Second. It happen'd, that on a Publick Day, a celebrated Beauty of thoſe Times was in the *Croſs-Bath*, and one of the Crowd of her Admirers took a Glaſs of the Water in which the Fair One ſtood, and drank her Health to the Company. There was in the Place a Gay Fellow half fuddled, who offer'd to jump in, and ſwore, Tho' he lik'd not the Liquor, he would have the Toaſt. Tho' he was oppos'd in his Reſolution, this Whim gave Foundation to the preſent Honour which is done to the Lady we mention in our Liquors, who has ever ſince been call'd a *Toaſt*. Tho' this Inſtitution had ſo trivial a Beginning, it is now elevated into a formal Order; and that happy Virgin who is receiv'd and drank to at their Meetings, has no more to do in this Life, but to judge and accept of the firſt good Offer. The Manner of her Inauguration is much like that of the Choice of a Doge in *Venice*. It is perform'd by Balloting; and when ſhe is ſo choſen, ſhe reigns indiſputably for that enſuing Year; but muſt be choſen a-new to prolong her Empire a Moment beyond it. When ſhe is regularly choſen, her Name is written with a Diamond on a Drinking-glaſs. The Hieroglyphick of the Diamond is to ſhow her, that her Value is imaginary; and that of the Glaſs to acquaint her, that her Condition is frail, and depends on the Hand which holds her. This wiſe Deſign admoniſhes her, neither to over-rate or depreciate her Charms; as well conſidering and applying, that it is perfectly according

according to the Humour and Taſte of the Company, whether the Toaſt is eaten or left as an Offal.

The Foremoſt of the whole Rank of Toaſts, and the moſt undiſputed in their preſent Empire, are Mrs. *Gatty* and Mrs. *Frontlet* : The Firſt, an Agreeable ; the Second, an Awful Beauty. Theſe Ladies are perfect Friends ; out of a Knowledge, that their Perfections are too different to ſtand in Competition. He that likes *Gatty* can have no Reliſh for ſo ſolemn a Creature as *Frontlet* ; and an Admirer of *Frontlet* will call *Gatty* a Maypole Girl. *Gatty* for ever ſmiles upon you ; and *Frontlet* diſdains to ſee you ſmile. *Gatty*'s Love is a ſhining quick Flame ; *Frontlet*'s a ſlow waſting Fire. *Gatty* likes the Man that diverts her ; *Frontlet* him who adores her. *Gatty* always improves the Soil in which ſhe travels ; *Frontlet* lays waſte the Country. *Gatty* does not only ſmile, but laughs at her Lover ; *Frontlet* does not only look ſerious, but frowns at 'em. All the Men of Wit, and Coxcombs, their Followers, are profeſs'd Servants of *Gatty* : The Politicians and Pretenders give ſolemn Worſhip to *Frontlet*. Their Reign will be beſt judg'd of by its Duration. *Frontlet* will never be choſen more ; and *Gatty* is a Toaſt for Life.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 3.

Letters from *Hamburgh* of the 7th Inſtant, *N. S.* inform us, That no Art or Coſt is omitted to make the Stay of his *Daniſh* Majeſty at *Dreſden* agreeable ; but there are various Speculations upon the Interview between King *Auguſtus* and that Prince, many putting Politick Conſtructions upon his *Daniſh* Majeſty's Arrival, at a Time when his Troops are marching out of *Hungary*, with Orders to paſs through *Saxony*, where it is given out, that they are to be recruited. It is ſaid alſo, That ſeveral *Poliſh* Senators have invited King *Auguſtus* to return into *Poland*. His Majeſty of *Sweden* according to the ſame Advices, has paſs'd the *Nieper* without any oppoſition from the *Muſcovites*, and advances with all poſſible Expedition towards *Volhinia*, where he propoſes to join King *Staniſlaus* and General *Creſſau*. The *Muſcovite* Detachment, conſiſting of 14000 Men, commanded by General *Goltz*, was not advanc'd farther than *Kijow*, and

and could not come up to the Enemy within Twenty Days.

We hear from *Bern* of the 1ſt inſtant, *N. S.* That there is not a Province in *France*, from whence the Court is not apprehenſive of receiving Accounts of Publick Emotions, occaſion'd by the Want of Corn. The General Diet of the 13 Cantons is aſſembled at *Baden*; but have not yet enter'd upon Buſineſs, ſo that the Affair of *Tockenburg* is yet at a Stand.

Letters from the *Hague*, dated the 11th Inſtant, *N. S.* adviſe, That Monſieur *Rouille* having acquainted the Miniſters of the Allies, that his Maſter had refus'd to ratify the Preliminaries of a Treaty adjuſted with Monſieur *Torcy*, ſet out for *Paris* on Sunday Morning. The ſame Day the Foreign Miniſters met a Committee of the States General, where Monſieur *van Heſſen* open'd the Buſineſs upon which they were aſſembled, and in a very warm Diſcourſe laid before them the Conduct of *France* in the late Negotiations, repreſenting the abject Manner in which *France* had laid open her own Diſtreſſes, which reduc'd her to a compliance with the Demands of all the Allies, and the mean Manner in receding from thoſe Points to which her Miniſter had conſented. The reſpective Miniſters of each Potentate of the Alliance ſeverally expreſs'd their Reſentment of the faithleſs Behaviour of the *French*, and gave each other mutual Aſſurances of the Conſtancy and Reſolution of their Principals, to proceed with the utmoſt Vigour againſt the Common Enemy. His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* ſet out from the *Hague* on the 9th in the Afternoon, and lay that Night at *Rotterdam*, from whence at Four the next Morning he proceeded towards *Antwerp*, with Deſign to reach *Ghent* on this Day. All the Troops in the *Low-Countries* are in Motion towards the General Rendezvouz between the *Scheld* and the *Lis*, and the whole Army will be form'd on the 12th Inſtant; and 'tis ſaid, that on the 14th they will advance towards the Enemy's Country. In the mean Time, the Mareſchal *de Villars* has aſſembled the *French* Army between *Lens*, *la Baſſee*, and *Douay*.

Yeſterday

Yesterday Morning Sir *John Norris* with the Squadron under his Command, sail'd from the *Downes* for *Holland*.

From my own Apartment, June 3.

I have the Honour of the following Letter from a Gentleman whom I receive into my Family, and order the Heralds at Arms to enroll him accordingly.

Mr. Bickerstaff,

THO' you have excluded me the Honour of your Family, yet I have ventur'd to correspond with the same great Persons as your self, and have wrote this Post to the King of France ; *tho' I'm in a Manner unknown in his Country, and have not been seen there these many Months.*

To LEWIS le Grand.

Tho' in your Country I'm unknown,
Yet, Sir, I must advise you ;
Of late so poor and mean you'r grown,
That all the World despise you.
Here Vermin eat your Majesty,
There meagre Subjects stand unfed ;
What surer Signs of Poverty,
Than many Lice, and little Bread ;
Then, Sir, the present Minute choose,
Our Armies are advanced,
Those Terms you at the *Hague* refuse,
At *Paris* won't be granted.
Consider this, and *Dunkirk* raze,
And *Anna*'s Title own ;
Send one Pretender out to graze,
And call the other Home.

Your Humble Servant,
Bread, the Staff of Life.

From *Saturday June* 4. to *Tuesday June* 7. N°. 25.

White's *Chocolate-house, June* 6.

A Letter from a young Lady, written in the most passionate Terms, (wherein she laments the Misfortune of a Gentleman, her Lover, who was lately wounded in a Duel) has turn'd my Thoughts to that Subject, and enclin'd me to examine into the Causes which precipitate

tate Men into ſo fatal a Folly; a Folly fatal generally to the beſt Men, and nobleſt Spirits amongſt us, the Groſs of Mankind being never liable to ſuch Reſentments. Therefore as it has been propos'd to treat of Subjects of Gallantry in the Article from hence, and no one Point in Nature is more proper to be conſider'd by the Company who frequent this Place, than that of Duels, it is worth our Conſideration to examine into this Chimarical Groundleſs Humour, and to lay every other Thought aſide, till we have ſtrip'd it of all its falſe Pretences to Credit and Reputation amongſt Men. But I muſt confeſs, when I conſider what I am going about, and run over in my Imagination all the endleſs Crowd of Men of Honour who will be offended at ſuch a Diſcourſe; I am undertaking, methinks, a Work worthy an invulnerable Heroe in Romance, rather than a private Gentleman with a ſingle Rapier: But as I am pretty well acquainted by great Opportunities with the Nature of Man, and know of a Truth, that all Men fight *againſt their Will*, the Danger vaniſhes, and Reſolution riſes upon this Subject. For this Reaſon I ſhall talk very freely on a Cuſtom which all Men wiſh exploded, tho' no Man has Courage enough to reſiſt it. But there is one unintelligible Word which I fear will extremely perplex my Diſſertation; and I confeſs to you I find very hard to explain, which is, the Term *Satisfaction*. An honeſt Country Gentleman had the Misfortune to fall into Company with Two or Three modern Men of Honour, where he happen'd to be very ill treated; and one of the Company being conſcious of his Offence, ſends a Note to him in the Morning, and tells him, He was ready to give him Satisfaction. This is fine Doing (ſays the plain Fellow:) Laſt Night he ſent me away curſedly out of Humour, and this Morning he fancies it would be a Satisfaction to be run through the Body. As the Matter at preſent ſtands, it is not to do handſome Actions, denominates a Man of Honour; it is enough if he dares to defend ill ones. Thus you often ſee a common Sharper in Competition with a Gentleman of the firſt Rank; tho' all Mankind is convinc'd, that a Fighting Gameſter is only a Pick-pocket with the Courage of an Highway-Man. One cannot

cannot with any Patience reflect on the unaccountable Jumble of Persons and Things in this Town and Nation, which occasions very frequently, that a brave Man falls by a Hand below that of the common Hangman, and yet his Executioner escapes the Clutches of the Hangman for doing it. I shall therefore hereafter consider, how the bravest Men in other Ages and Nations have behav'd themselves upon such Incidents as we decide by Combat; and show, from their Practice, that this Resentment neither has its Foundation from true Reason, or solid Fame; but is an Impotture, made up of Cowardice, Falshood, and Want of Understanding. For this Work, a good History of Quarrels would be very edifying to the Publick, and I apply my self to the Town for Particulars and Circumstances within their Knowledge, which may serve to embellish the Dissertation with proper Cuts. Most of the Quarrels I have ever known, have proceeded from some valiant Coxcomb's persisting in the Wrong, to defend some prevailing Folly, and preserve himself from the Ingenuity of owning a Mistake.

By this Means it is call'd, *Giving a Man satisfaction*, to urge your Offence against him with your Sword; which puts me in Mind of *Peter*'s Order to the Keeper, in The Tale of a Tub: *If you neglect to do all this, damn you and all your Generation for ever; and so we bid you heartily farewel.* If the Contradiction in the very Terms of one of our Challenges were as well explain'd, and turn'd into plain *English*, would it not run after this Manner?

Sir,

YOur extraordinary Behaviour last Night, and the Liberty you were pleas'd to take with me, makes me this Morning give you this, to tell you, because you are an ill-bred Puppy, I will meet you in Hide-*Park an Hour hence; and because you want both Breeding and Humanity, I desire you would come with a Pistol in your Hand, on Horseback, and endeavour to shoot me through the Head, to teach you more Manners. If you fail of doing me this Pleasure, I shall say, You are a Rascal on every Post in Town: And so, Sir, if you will not injure me more, I shall never forgive what you*

have done already. Pray Sir, do not fail of getting every Thing ready, and you will infinitely oblige,

Sir,

Your moſt Obedient
Humble Servant, &c.

From my own Apartment, June 6.

Among the many Employments I am neceſſarily put upon by my Friends, that of giving Advice is the moſt unwelcome to me; and indeed, I am forc'd to uſe a little Art in the Matter; for ſome People will ask Council of you, when they have already acted what they tell you is ſtill under Deliberation. I loſt a very good Friend t'other Day, who came to know, how I lik'd his Deſign to Marry ſuch a Lady. I anſwer'd, By no Means; and I muſt be poſitive againſt it, for very ſolid Reaſons, which are not proper to communicate. Not proper to communicate! (ſaid he with a grave Air) I will know the Bottom of this. I ſaw him mov'd, and knew from thence he was already determin'd; therefore evaded it by ſaying, To tell you the Truth, Dear *Frank*, Of all Women living, I would have her my ſelf. *Iſaac*, ſaid he, Thou art too late, for we have been both one theſe two Months. I learn'd this Caution by a Gentleman's conſulting me formerly about his Son. He rail'd at his damn'd Extravagance, and told me, in a very little Time, he would beggar him by the exorbitant Bills which came from *Oxford* every Quarter. Make the Rogue bite upon the Bridle, ſaid I, pay none of his Bills, it will but encourage him to further Treſpaſſes. He look'd plaguy ſowr at me. His Son ſoon after ſent up a Paper of Verſes, forſooth, in Print, on the laſt Publick Occaſion; upon which, he is convinc'd the Boy has Parts, and a Lad of Spirit is not to be too much cramp'd in his Maintenance, leſt he take ill Courſes. Neither Father or Son can ever ſince endure the Sight of me. Theſe Sort of People ask Opinions, only out of the Fulneſs of their Heart on the Subject of their Perplexity, and not from a Deſire of Information. There is nothing ſo eaſie as to find out which Opinion the Perſon in Doubt has a Mind to; therefore the ſure Way is to tell him, that is counſel'd to be choſen. Then you are to be very clear and poſitive; leave

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no Handle for Scruple. Bless me! Sir, there's no Room for a Question. This rivets you into his Heart; for you at once applaud his Wisdom, and gratify his Inclination. However, I had too much Bowels to be insincere to a Man who came yesterday to know of me, with which of two eminent Men in the City he should place his Son: Their Names are *Paulo* and *Acano*. This gave me much Debate with my self, because not only the Fortune of the Youth, but his Virtue also, depended upon this Choice. The Men are equally wealthy; but they differ in the Use and Application of their Riches, which you immediately see upon entring their Doors.

The Habitation of *Paulo* has at once the Air of a Nobleman and a Merchant. You see the Servants act with Affection to their Master, and Satisfaction in themselves: The Master meets you with an open Countenance, full of Benevolence and Integrity: Your Business is dispatch'd with that Confidence and Welcome which always accompanies honest Minds: His Table is the Image of Plenty and Generosity, supported by Justice and Frugality. After we had din'd here, our Affair was to visit *Acano*: Out comes an awkward Fellow with a careful Countenance; Sir, Would you speak with my Master? May I crave your Name? After the first Preambles, he leads us into a noble Solitude, a great House that seem'd uninhabited; but from the end of the spacious Hall moves towards us *Acano*, with a suspicious Aspect, as if he believ'd us Thieves; and as for my Part, I approach'd him as if I knew him a Cut-purse. We fell into Discourse of his noble Dwelling, and the great Estate all the World knew he had to enjoy in it: And I, to plague him, fell a commending *Paulo*'s Way of living. *Paulo*, answer'd *Acano*, is a very good Man; but we who have smaller Estates, must cut our Coat according to our Cloth. Nay, says I, Every Man knows his own Circumstance best; you are in the Right, if you han't wherewithal. He look'd very sowr; for it is, you must know, the utmost Vanity of a mean spirited rich Man to be contradicted, when he calls himself poor. But I was resolv'd to vex him by consenting to all he said; the main Design of which was, that he would have us

find out, he was one of the wealthieſt Men in *London*, and liv'd like a Beggar. We left him, and took a Turn on the Change. My Friend was raviſh'd with *Avaro*: This (ſaid he) is certainly a ſure Man. I contradicted him with much Warmth, and ſumm'd up their different Characters as well as I could. This *Paulo* (ſaid I) grows wealthy by being a common Good; *Avaro*, by being a general Evil: *Paulo* has the Art, *Avaro* the Craft of Trade. When *Paulo* gains, all Men he deals with are the better: Whenever *Avaro* profits, another certainly loſes. In a Word, *Paulo* is a Citizen, and *Avaro* a Cit. I convinc'd my Friend, and carried the young Gentleman the next Day to *Paulo*, where he will learn the Way both to gain, and enjoy a good Fortune. And tho' I cannot ſay I have, by keeping him from *Avaro*, ſav'd him from the Gallows, I have prevented his deſerving it every Day he lives: But he will with *Paulo* be an honeſt Man, without being ſo for Fear of the Law; as with *Avaro*, he would have been a Villain within the Protection of it.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 6.

We hear from *Vienna* of the 1ſt Inſtant, That Baron *Imoff*, who attended her Catholick Majeſty with the Character of Envoy from the Duke of *Wolfenbuttel*, was return'd thither. That Miniſter brought an Account, that Major General *Stanhope*, with the Troops which embark'd at *Naples*, was return'd to *Barcelona*. We hear from *Berlin*, by Advices of the 8th Inſtant, That his *Pruſſian* Majeſty had received an Account from his Miniſter at *Dreſden*, that the King of *Denmark* deſir'd to meet his Majeſty at *Magdeburg*. The King of *Pruſſia* has ſent Anſwer, That his preſent Indiſpoſition will not admit of ſo great a Journey; but has ſent the King a very preſſing Invitation to *Berlin* or *Potſdam*. Theſe Advices ſay, that the Miniſter of the King of *Sweden* has produc'd a Letter from his Maſter to the King of *Poland*, dated from *Batitzau* the 30th of *March*, *O. S.* wherein he acquaints him, that he has been ſucceſsful againſt the *Muſcovites* in all the Occaſions which have happen'd ſince his March into their Country. Great Numbers have revolted to the *Swedes* ſince General *Mazeppa* went over

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to that Side; and as many as have done so, have taken solemn Oaths to adhere to the Interests of the King of *Sweden*.

Advices from the *Hague* of the 14th Instant. *N. S.* say, That all Things tended to a vigorous and active Campaign; the Allies having strong Resentments against the late Behaviour of the Court of *France*, and the *French* using all possible Endeavours to animate their Men to defend their Country against a victorious and exasperated Enemy. Monsieur *Rouille* has pass'd through *Brussels* without visiting either the Duke of *Marlborough* or Prince *Eugene*, who were both there at that Time. The States have met, and publickly declar'd their Satisfaction in the Conduct of their Deputies during the whole Treaty. Letters from *France* say, That that Court is resolv'd to put all to the Issue of the ensuing Campaign. In the mean Time, they have order'd the Preliminary Treaty to be publish'd, with Observations upon each Article, in order to quiet the Minds of the People, and perswade 'em, that it has not been in the Power of the King to procure a Peace, but to the Diminution of his Majesty's Glory, and the Hazard of his Dominions. His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* arrived at *Ghent* on *Wednesday* last, where, at an Assembly of all the General Officers, it was thought proper, by Reason of the great Rains which have lately fallen, to defer forming a Camp, or bringing the Troops together; but as soon as the Weather would permit, to march upon the Enemy with all Expedition.

Mr. Bickerstaff *has receiv'd a Letter dated* June 6. *with the just Exceptions against the Practice of Persons therein mention'd to the Name of* Pretty Fellows, *which shall be taken Notice of accordingly*: *As likewise the Letter from* Anthony Longtail *of* Canterbury, *concerning the Death of* Thomas a-Becket.

From *Tuesday June* 7. to *Thursday June* 9. N°. 26.

From my own Apartment, June 8.

I Have read the following Letter with Delight and Approbation, and I hereby order Mr. *Kidney* at St. *James's*,

and Sir *Thomas* at *White's*, (who are my Clerks, for enrolling all Men in their distant Classes, before they presume to drink Tea or Chocolate in those Places) to take Care, that the Persons within the Descriptions in the Letter be admitted, and excluded according to my Friend's Remonstrance.

To *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq; at Mr. *Morphew's* near *Stationers-Hall*.

SIR, June 6. 1709.

YOUR *Paper of* Saturday *has rais'd up in me a noble Emulation, to be recorded in the foremost Rank of Worthies therein mention'd; and if any Regard be had to Merit or Industry, I may hope to succeed in the Promotion; for I have omitted no Toil or Expence to be a Proficient; and if my Friends do not flatter me, they assure me, I have not lost my Time since I came to Town. To enumerate but a few Particulars; There's hardly a Coachman I meet with, but desires to be excus'd taking me, because he has had me before. I have compounded Two or Three Rapes; and let out to Hire as many Bastards to Beggars. I never saw above the First Act of a Play: And as to my Courage it is well known, I have more than once had sufficient Witnesses of my drawing my Sword both in Tavern and Playhouse. Dr.* Wall *is my particular Friend; and if it were any Service to the Publick to compose the Differences between* Martin *and* Stintilaer *the Rad-drillers, I don't know a Person of more Experience than my self; In that I may say with the Poet;*

Quæ Regio in Vitâ nostri non plena Laboris?

I omit other lesser Particulars, the necessary Consequences of greater Actions. But my Reason for troubling you at this present is, to put a Stop, if it may be, to an insinuating, invading Set of People, who sticking to the Letter *of your Treatise, and not to the Spirit of it, do assume the Name of* Pretty Fellows; *nay, and even get new Names, as you very well hint. Some of them I have heard calling to one another as I have sat at* White's *and St.* James's, *by the Names of* Betty, Nelly, *and so forth. You see them accost each other with effeminate Airs: They have their Signs and Tokens like Free-Masons: They rail at Women-kind; receive Visits on their Beds in Gowns, and do a Thousand other unintelligible*

Practices

Prettinesses that I cannot tell what to make of. I therefore heartily desire you would exclude all this Sort of Animals.

There is another Matter I am foreseeing an ill Consequence from, and which may be timely prevented by Prudence; which is, that for the last Fortnight, there have been prodigious Shoals of Volunteers gone over to bully the French, *upon hearing the Peace was just signing; and this is so true, that I can assure you, all Ingrossing Work about the* Temple *is risen above 3 s. in the Pound for want of Hands. Now as 'tis possible, some little Alteration of Affairs may have broken their Measures, and that they will post back again, I am under the last Apprehension, that these will, at their Return, all set up for* Pretty Fellows, *and thereby confound all Merit and Service, and impose on us some new Alteration in our Nightcap-Wigs and Pockets, unless you can provide a particular Class for them. I cannot apply my self better than to you, and I'm sure I speak the Mind of a very great Number as deserving as my self.*

The Pretensions of this Correspondent are worthy a particular Distinction: He cannot indeed be admitted as a *Pretty*, but is, what we more justly call a *Smart Fellow*. Never to pay at the Playhouse is an Act of Frugality: That lets you into his Character. And his Expedient in sending his Children a begging before they can go, are Characteristical Instances that he belongs to this Class. I never saw the Gentleman; but I know by his Letter, he ties his Cane at his Button; and by some Lines of it he should wear red heel'd Shoes; which are essential Parts of the Habit belonging to the Order of *Smart Fellows*.

My Familiar is return'd with the following Letter from the *French* King.

Versailles, June 1[illegible]. 1709.

Lewis the Fourteenth to *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq;

SIR,

I *Have your Epistle, and must take the Liberty to say, That there has been a Time, when there were Generous Spirits in* Great Britain, *who would not have suffer'd my Name to be treated with the Familiarity you think fit to use. I thought Liberal Men would not be such Time-servers, as to fall upon a Man because his Friends are not in Power. But*

having ſome Concern for what you may tranſmit to Poſterity concerning me, I am willing to keep Terms with you, and make a Requeſt to you, which is, That you would give my Service to the Nineteenth Century, if ever you or yours reach to 'em, and tell 'em, That I have ſettled all Matters between them and me by Monſieur Boileau. *I ſhould be glad to ſee you here.*

It is very odd this Prince ſhould offer to invite me into his Dominions, or believe I ſhould accept the Invitation. No, no, I remember too well how he ſerved an ingenious Gentleman, a Friend of mine, whom he lock'd up in the *Baſtile*, for no Reaſon in the World, but becauſe he was a Wit, and fear'd he might mention him with Juſtice in ſome of his Writings. His Way is, that all Men of Senſe are prefer'd, baniſh'd, or impriſon'd. He has indeed a Sort of Juſtice in him, like that of the Gameſters; if a Stander by ſees one at Play cheat, he has a Right to come in for Shares, for knowing the Myſteries of the Game. This is a very wiſe and juſt Maxim; and if I have not left at Mr. *Morjhew's*, directed to me, Bank-Bills for 200*l.* on or before this Day Sevennight, I ſhall tell how *Tom Caſh* got his Eſtate. I expect Three Hundred Pounds of Mr. *Bilett*, for concealing all the Money he has lent to himſelf, and his Landed Friend bound with him, at Thirty *per Cent*, at his Scrivener's. Abſolute Princes make People pay what they pleaſe in Deference to their Power: I do not know why I ſhould not do the ſame, out of Fear or Reſpect to my Knowledge. I always preſerve Decorums and Civilities to the Fair Sex; therefore if a certain Lady, who left her Coach at the *New-Exchange* Door in the *Strand*, and whip'd down *Durham-Yard* into a Boat with a young Gentleman for *Fox-hall*; I ſay, if ſhe will ſend me Word, that I may give the Fan which ſhe drop'd, and I found, to my Siſter *Jenny*, there ſhall be no more ſaid of it. I expect Huſh-Money to be regularly ſent for every Folly or Vice any one commits in this whole Town; and hope, I may pretend to deſerve it better than a Chamber-Maid, or Valet de Chambre: They only whiſper it to the little Set of their Companions; but I can tell it to all Men living,

living, or who are to live. Therefore I desire all my Readers to pay their Fines, or mend their Lives.

White's Chocolate-house, June 8.

My Familiar being come from *France*, with an Answer to my Letter to *Lewis* of that Kingdom, instead of going on in a Discourse of what he had seen in that Court, he put on the immediate Concern of a Guardian, and fell to enquiring into my Thoughts and Adventures, since his Journey. As short as his Stay had been, I confess'd I had had many Occasions for his Assistance in my Conduct; but communicated to him my Thoughts of putting all my Force against the horrid and senseless Custom of Duels. If it were possible, said he, to laugh at Things in themselves so deeply Tragical as the impertinent Profusion of Humane Life. I think I could divert you with a Figure I saw just after my Death, when the Philosopher threw me, as I told you some Days ago, into the Pail of Water. You are to know, That when Men leave the Body, there are Receptacles for 'em as soon as they depart, according to the Manner in which they liv'd and died. At the very Instant that I was kill'd, there came away with me a Spirit which had lost its Body in a Duel. We were both examin'd. Me, the whole Assembly look'd at with Kindness and Pity, but at the same Time with an Air of Welcome, and Consolation: They pronounc'd me very happy, who had dy'd in Innocence; and told me, a quite different Place was allotted to me, than that which was appointed for my Companion; there being a great distance from the Mansions of Fools and Innocents: Tho' at the same Time, said one of the Ghosts, there is a great Affinity between an Idiot who has been so for long Life, and a Child who departs before Maturity. But this Gentleman, who has arriv'd with you is a Fool of his own making, is ignorant out of Choice, and will fair accordingly. The Assembly began to flock about, and one said to him, Sir, I observ'd you came into the Gate of Persons murder'd, and I desire to know, What brought you to your untimely End? He said, He had been a Second *Socrates*, who may be said to have been murder'd by the Common-wealth of *Athens*, stood by, and began to draw near him, in order, after his

Manner, to lead him into a Senſe of his Error by Conceſſions in his own Diſcourſe. Sir, ſaid that Divine and Amicable Spirit, What was the Quarrel? He anſwer'd, We ſhall know very ſuddenly, when the Principal in the Buſineſs comes, for he was deſperately wounded before I fell. Sir, ſaid the Sage, Had you an Eſtate? Yes, Sir, the new Ghoſt anſwer'd, I have left it in a very good Condition; I made my Will the Night before this Occaſion. Did you read it before you ſign'd. Yes ſure, Sir, ſaid the new Comer. *Socrates* replies, Could a Man that would not give his Eſtate without reading the Inſtrument, diſpoſe of his Life without asking a Queſtion? That illuſtrious Shade turn'd from him, and a Crowd of impertinent Goblins, who had been Droles and Paraſites in their Life-time, and were knock'd on the Head for their Sawcineſs, came about my Fellow Traveller, and made themſelves very merry with Queſtions about the Words *Carte* and *Tierce*, and other Terms of Fencers. But his Thoughts began to ſettle into Reflection upon the Adventure which had rob'd him of his late Being; and with a wretched Sigh, ſaid he, How terrible are Conviction and Guilt when they come too late for Penitence; *Epictet* was going on in this Strain, when he recover'd from it, and told me, it was too ſoon to give my Diſcourſe on this Subject ſo ſerious a Turn; you have chiefly to do with that Part of Mankind which muſt be led into Reflection by Degrees, and you muſt treat this Cuſtom with Humour and Raillery to get an Audience, before you come to pronounce Sentence upon it. There is Foundation enough for raiſing ſuch Entertainments from the Practice on this Occaſion. Don't you know, that often a Man is call'd out of Bed to follow implicitly a Coxcomb (with whom he would not keep Company on any other Occaſion) to Ruin and Death: Then a good Liſt of ſuch as are qualified by the Laws of theſe uncourteous Men of Chivalry to enter into Combat, which are often Perſons of Honour without common Honeſty. Theſe, I ſay, rang'd and drawn up in their proper Order, would give an Averſion to doing any Thing in common with ſuch as Men laugh at and contemn. But to go through this Work, you muſt not let your Thoughts

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vary, or make Excurſions from your Theme: Conſider at the ſame Time, that the Matter has been often treated by the ableſt and greateſt Writers; yet that muſt not diſencourage you; for the propereſt Perſon to handle it, is one who has rov'd into mix'd Converſations, and muſt have Opportunities (which I ſhall give you) of ſeeing theſe Sort of Men in their Pleaſures and Gratifications; among which, they pretend to reckon Fighting. It was pleaſantly enough ſaid of a Bully in *France*, when Duels firſt began to be puniſh'd: The King has taken away Gaming, and Stage-playing, and now Fighting too: How does he expect Gentlemen ſhall divert themſelves?

Whereas ſeveral Gentlemen have deſir'd this Paper, with a blank Leaf to write Buſineſs on, and for the Convenience of the Poſt; This is to give Notice, that this Day, and for the future, it may be had of Mr. Morphew *near* Stationers-Hall.

From *Thurſday June* 9. to *Saturday June* 11. N°. 27.

White's Chocolate-houſe, June 9.

Pacolet being gone a ſtrolling among the Men of the Sword, in order to find out the ſecret Cauſes of the frequent Diſputes we meet with, and furniſh me with Materials for my Treatiſe on Duelling; I have Room left to go on in my Information to my Country Readers, whereby they may underſtand the bright People whoſe Memoirs I have taken upon me to write. But in my Diſcourſe of the 28th of the laſt Month, I omitted to mention the moſt agreeable of all bad Characters; and that is, a Rake. A Rake is a Man always to be pitied; and if he lives is one Day certainly reclaim'd; for his Faults proceed not from Choice or Inclination, but from ſtrong Paſſions and Appetites, which are in Youth too violent for the Curb of Reaſon, good Senſe, good Manners, and good Nature: All which he muſt have by Nature and Education, before he can be allow'd to be, or have been, of this Order. He is a poor unweildy Wretch, that commits Faults out of the Redundance of his good Qualities. His Pity and Compaſſion makes him ſometimes

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a Bubble to all his Fellows, let 'em be never so much below him in Underſtanding. His Deſires run away with him through the Strength and Force of a lively Imagination, which hurries him away to unlawful Pleaſures, before Reaſon has Power to come to his Reſcue. Thus, with all the good Intentions in the World to Amendment, this Creature ſins on againſt Heaven, himſelf, his Friends, and his Country, who all call for a better Uſe of his Talents. There is not a Being under the Sun ſo miſerable as this: He goes on in a Purſuit he himſelf diſapproves, and has no Enjoyment but what is follow'd by Remorſe; no Relief from Remorſe, but repeating his Crime. It's poſſible I may talk of this Perſon with too much Indulgence; but I muſt repeat it, that I think this a Character which is the moſt the Object of Pity of any in the World. The Man in the Pangs of the Stone, Gout, or any acute Diſtemper, is not in ſo deplorable a Condition in the Eye of right Senſe, as he that errs and repents, and repents and errs on. The Fellow with broken Limbs juſtly deſerves your Alms for his impotent Condition; but he that can't uſe his own Reaſon, is in a much worſe State; for you ſee him in miſerable Circumſtances, with his Remedy at the ſame Time in his own Poſſeſſion, if he would or could uſe it. This is the Cauſe, that this of all ill Characters has the beſt Quarter in the World; for when he is himſelf, and unruffled with Intemperance, you ſee his natural Faculties exert themſelves, and attract an Eye of Favour towards his Infirmities. But if we look round us here, how many dull Rogues are there, that would fain be what this poor Man hates himſelf for? All the Noiſe towards Six in the Evening is cauſed by his Mimicks and Imitators. How ought Men of Senſe to be careful of their Actions, if it were meerly from the Indignation of ſeeing themſelves ill drawn by ſuch little Pretenders? Not to ſay, he that leads, is guilty of all the Actions of his Followers: And a Rake has Imitators whom you would never expect ſhould prove ſo. Second-hand Vice ſure of all is the moſt nauſeous: There is hardly a Folly more abſurd, or which ſeems leſs to be accounted for, (tho' 'tis what we ſee every Day) than, that grave and honeſt Natures

give

give into this Way, and at the ſame Time have good Senſe, if they thought fit to uſe it: But the Fatality (under which moſt Men labour) of deſiring to be what they are not, makes 'em go out of a Method in which they might be receiv'd with Applauſe, and in which they would excel; into one, wherein they will all their Life have the Air of Strangers to what they aim at. For this Reaſon, I have not lamented the Metamorphoſis of any one I know ſo much as of *Nobilis*, who was born with Sweetneſs of Temper, juſt Apprehenſion, and every Thing elſe that might make him a Man fit for his Order. But inſtead of the Purſuit of ſober Studies, and Applications, in which he would certainly be capable of making a conſiderable Figure in the nobleſt Aſſembly of Men in the World: I ſay, in Spight of that good Nature, which is his proper Bent, he will ſay ill-natur'd Things aloud, put ſuch as he was, and ſtill ſhould be, out of Countenance, and drown all the natural Good in him, to receive an artificial ill Character, in which he will never ſucceed: For *Nobilis* is no Rake. He may guzzle as much Wine as he pleaſes, talk Bawdy if he thinks fit; but he may as well drink Water-gruel, and go twice a Day to Church, for it will never do. I pronounce again, *Nobilis* is no Rake. To be of that Order, he muſt be Vicious againſt his Will, and not ſo by Study or Application. All Pretty Fellows are alſo excluded to a Man, as well as all Inamaratoes, or Perſons of the Epicene Gender, who gaze at one another in the Preſence of Ladies. This Claſs, of which I am giving you an Account, is pretended to alſo by the Men of ſtrong Abilities in Drinking; tho' they are ſuch whom the Liquor, not the Converſation, keeps together. But Blockheads may roar, fight, and ſtab, and be never the nearer; their Labour is alſo loſt; they want Senſe: they are no Rakes.

As a Rake among Men is the Man who lives in the conſtant Abuſe of his Reaſon, ſo a Coquet among Women is one who lives in continual Miſapplication of her Beauty. The chief of all whom I have the Honour to be acquainted with, is pretty Mrs. *Toſt*: She is ever in Practice of ſomething which diſfigures her, and takes from her Charms; tho' all ſhe does tends to a contrary Effect.

Effect. She has naturally a very agreeable Voice and Utterance, which she has chang'd for the prittiest Lisp imaginable. She sees, what she has a Mind to see, at half a Mile Distance; but poring with her Eyes half shut at every one she passes by, she believes much more becoming. The *Cupid* on her Fan and she have their Eyes full on each other, all the Time in which they are not both in Motion. Whenever her Eye is turn'd from that dear Object, you may have a Glance and your Bow, if she is in Humour, return'd as civilly as you make it; but that must not be in the Presence of a Man of greater Quality: For Mrs. *Toss* is so thoroughly well bred, that the chief Person present has all her Regards. And she, who giggles at Divine Service, and laughs at her very Mother, can compose her self at the Approach of a Man of a good Estate.

Will's Coffee-house, June 9.

A fine Lady shew'd a Gentleman of this Company, for an eternal Answer to all his Addresses, a Paper of Verses, with which she is so captivated, that she profess'd, the Author should be the happy Man in Spight of all other Pretenders. It is ordinary for Love to make Men Poetical, and it had that Effect on this enamour'd Man: But he was resolv'd to try his Vein upon some of her Confidents or Retinue, before he ventur'd upon so high a Theme as her self. To do otherwise than so, would be like making an Heroick Poem a Man's first Attempt. Among the Favourites to the Fair One, he found her Parrot not to be in the last Degree: He saw *Poll* had her Ear, when his Sighs were neglected. To write against him, had been a fruitless Labour; therefore he resolv'd to flatter him into his Interests, in the following Manner:

To a Lady on her Parrot.

When Nymphs were coy, and Love could not prevail,
The God's disguis'd were seldom known to fail.
Leda *was chast, but yet a Feather'd* Jove,
Surpriz'd the Fair, and taught her how to love.
There's no Celestial but his Heav'n would quit,
For any Form which might to thee admit.

See

See how the wanton Bird, at every Glance,
Swells his glad Plumes, and feels an amorous Trance.
The Queen of Beauty has forſook the Dove,
Henceforth the Parrot be the Bird of Love.

It is indeed a very juſt Propoſition, to give that Honour rather to the Parrot than the other Volatile. The Parrot repreſents us in the State of making Love: The Dove in the Poſſeſſion of what we love. But inſtead of turning the Dove off, I fancy it would be better if the Chaiſe of *Venus* had hereafter a Parrot added: as we ſee ſometimes a Third Horſe to a Coach. This might intimate, That to be a Parrot, is the only way to ſucceed; and to be a Dove, to preſerve your Conquells. If the Swain would go on ſucceſsfully, he muſt imitate the Bird he writes upon. For he who would be loved by Women, muſt never be ſilent before the Favour, or open his Lips after it.

From my own Apartment, June 10.

I have ſo many Meſſages from young Gentlemen who expect Preferment and Diſtinction, that I am wholly at a Loſs in what Manner to acquit my ſelf. The Writer of the following Letter tells me in a Poſtſcript, he cannot go out of Town till I have taken ſome Notice of him, and is very urgent to be ſome Body in Town before he leaves it, and returns to his Commons at the Univerſity. But take it from himſelf.

To *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq; Monitor General of *Great-Britain*.

SIR, Shire-Lane, June 8.

I HAVE been above 6 Months from the Univerſity, of Age theſe 3 Months, and ſo long in Town. I was recommended to one Charles Bubbleboy *near the* Temple, *who has ſupplied me with all the Furniture he ſays a Gentleman ought to have. I deſir'd a Certificate thereof from him, which he ſaid would take ſome time to conſider of; and when I went yeſterday Morning for it, he tells me, upon due Conſideration, I ſtill want ſome few odd Things more, to the Value of Threeſcore or Fourſcore Pounds, to make me compleat. I have beſpoke them; and the Favour I beg of you is, to know, when I am equip'd, in what Part or Claſs of Men in this Town you will*

will place me. Pray ſend me Word what I am, and you ſhall find me,

Sir,
Your moſt humble Servant,
Jeffry Nicknack.

I am very willing to encourage young Beginners; but am extreamly in the Dark how to introduce this Gentleman. I cannot ſee either his Perſon or Habit in this Letter; but I'll call at *Charles*'s, and know the Shape of his Snuff-Box, by which I can ſettle his Character. Though indeed, to know his full Capacity, I ought to be inform'd, whether he takes *Spaniſh* or *Muſty*.

St. James's *Coffee-houſe, June* 10.

Letters from the *Low-Countries* of the 17th Inſtant ſay, That the Duke of *Marlborough* and the Prince of *Savoy* intended to leave *Ghent* on that Day, and join the Army, which lies between *Pont d' Eſpiere* and *Courtray*, their head Quarters being at *Helchin*. The ſame Day the *Palatine* Foot was expected at *Bruſſels*. Lieutenant General *Dompre*, with a Body of Eight Thouſand Men, is poſted at *Aloſt*, in order to cover *Ghent* and *Bruſſels*. The Marſhal *de Villars* was ſtill on the Plains of *Lens*; and it is ſaid, the Duke of *Vendoſme* is appointed to command in Conjunction with that General. Advices from *Paris* ſay, Monſieur *Voiſin* is made Secretary of State, upon Monſieur *Chamillard*'s Reſignation of that Employment. The Want of Money in that Kingdom is ſo great, that the Court has thought fit to command all the Plate of private Families to be brought into the Mint. They write from the *Hague* of the 18th, That the States of *Holland* continue their Seſſion; and that they have approv'd the Reſolution of the States General, to publiſh a ſecond Edict to prohibit the Sale of Corn to the Enemy's Country. Many eminent Perſons in that Aſſembly have declar'd, that they are of Opinion, that all Commerce whatſoever with the Enemy ſhould be wholly forbidden: That Point is under preſent Deliberation; but it is fear'd, it will meet with powerful Oppoſition.

From

From *Saturday June* 11. to *Tuesday June* 14. N°. 28.

White's Chocolate-house, June 13.

I HAD ſuſpended the Buſineſs of Duelling to a diſtant Time, but that I am call'd upon to declare my ſelf on a Point propos'd in the following Letter.

SIR, June 9. at Night.

I deſire the Favour of you to decide this Queſtion, Whether calling a Gentleman a Smart Fellow *is an Affront or not? A Youth entring a certain Coffee-houſe, with his Cane tyed at his Button, wearing red-heel'd Shoes, I thought of your Deſcription, and could not forbear telling a Friend of mine next to me, There enters a Smart Fellow. The Gentleman hearing it, had immediately a Mind to pick a Quarrel with me, and deſired Satisfaction: At which I was more puzled than at the other, remembring what Mention your Familiar makes of thoſe that had loſt their Lives on ſuch Occaſions. The Thing is refer'd to your Judgment, and I expect you to be my Second, ſince you have been the Cauſe of our Quarrel. I am,*

SIR,

Your Friend, and humble Servant.

I abſolutely pronounce, that there is no Occaſion of Offence given in this Expreſſion; for a *Smart Fellow* is always an Appellation of Praiſe, and is a Man of double Capacity. The true Caſt or Mould in which you may be ſure to know him is, when his Livelihood or Education is in the Civil Liſt, and you ſee him expreſs a Vivacity or Mettle above the Way he is in by a little Jerk in his Motion, ſhort Trip in his Steps, well-fancied Lining of his Coat, or any other Indications which may be given in a vigorous Dreſs. Now, What poſſible Inſinuation can there be, that 'tis a Cauſe of Quarrel for a Man to ſay, he allows a Gentleman really to be, what he, his Taylor, his Hoſier, and his Milliner, have conſpired to make him? I confeſs, if this Perſon who appeals to me had ſaid, He was not a *Smart Fellow*, there had been Cauſe for Reſentment; but if he ſtands to it that he is one, he leaves no manner of Ground for a Miſunderſtanding. But indeed it is a moſt lamentable Thing, that there ſhould be a Diſpute rais'd upon a Man's

saying

ſaying another is, what he plainly takes Pains to be thought. But this Point cannot be ſo well adjuſted, as by enquiring what are the Sentiments of wiſe Nations and Communities of the Uſe of the Sword, and from thence conclude, Whether it is honourable to draw it ſo frequently or not? An illuſtrious Common-wealth of *Italy* has preſerv'd it ſelf for many Ages, without letting one of their Subjects handle that deſtructive Inſtrument, always leaving that Work to ſuch of Mankind as underſtand the Uſe of a whole Skin ſo little, as to make a Profeſſion of expoſing it to Cuts and Scars. But what need we run to ſuch Foreign Inſtances: Our own Ancient and Well-govern'd Cities are conſpicuous Examples to all Mankind in their Regulation of Military Atchievements. The chief Citizens, like the noble *Italians*, hire Mercenaries to carry Arms in their ſtead; and you ſhall have a Fellow of a deſperate Fortune, for the Gain of One Half Crown, go through all the Dangers of *Tuttle-Field* or the *Artillery Ground*, clap his Right Jaw within two Inches of the Touch-hole of a Muſquet, fire it off, and Huzza, with as little Concern as he tears a Pullet. Thus you ſee, to what Scorn of Danger theſe Mercenaries arrive, out of a meer Love of ſordid Gain: But methinks it ſhould take off the ſtrong Prepoſſeſſion Men have in Favour of bold Actions, when they ſee upon what low Motives Men aſpire to them. Do but obſerve the common Practice in the Government of thoſe Heroick Bodies, our Militia and Lieutenancies, the moſt Ancient Corps of Soldiers perhaps in the Univerſe. I queſtion, Whether there is one Inſtance of an Animoſity between any two of theſe Illuſtrious Sons of *Mars* ſince their Inſtitution which was decided by Combat? I remember indeed to have read in the Chronicle, of an Accident which had like to have occaſioned Bloodſhed in the very Field before all the General Officers, tho' moſt of them were Juſtices of the Peace: Captain *Crabtree* of *Birchin-Lane*, *Haberdaſher*, had drawn a Bill upon Major-General *Maggot*, *Cheeſemonger* in *Thames-Street*. *Crabtree* draws this upon Mr. *William Maggot* and *Company*. A Country Lad receiv'd this Bill, and not underſtanding the Word *Company*, uſed in drawing Bills on Men in Partnerſhip, carried

ried it to Mr. *Jeffrey Stitch* in *Crooked-Lane*, (Lieutenant of the Major-General's Company) whom he had the Day before ſeen march by their Door in all the Pomp of his Commiſſion. The Lieutenant accepts it, for the Honour of the Company, ſince it had come to him. But Repayment being ask'd from the Major-General, he abſolutely refuſes. Upon this, the Lieutenant thinks of nothing leſs than to bring this to a Rupture, and takes for his Second *Tobias Armſtrong* of the *Counter*, and ſends him with a Challenge in a Scrip of Parchment, wherein was written, *Stitch contra Maggot*, and all the Fury vaniſh'd in a Moment. The Major-General gives Satisfaction to the Second, and all was well. Hence it is, that the bold Spirits of our City are kept in ſuch Subjection to the Civil Power. Otherwiſe, where would our Liberties ſoon be? If Wealth and Valour were ſuffer'd to exert themſelves with their utmoſt Force: If ſuch Officers as are employ'd in the terrible Bands abovementioned, were to draw Bills as well as Swords. Theſe dangerous Captains, who could victual an Army as well as lead it, would be too powerful for the State. But the Point of Honour juſtly gives way to that of Gain; and by long and wiſe Regulation, the richeſt is the braveſt Man. I have known a Captain riſe to a Colonel in two Days by the fall of Stocks; and a Major, my good Friend, near the *Monument*, aſcended to that Honour by the Fall of the Price of Spirits, and the riſing of right *Nantz*. By this true Senſe of Honour, that Body of Warriors are ever in good Order and Diſcipline, with their Colours and Coats all whole: As in other Battallions (where their Principles of Action are leſs ſolid) you ſee the Men of Service look like Spectres, with long Sides, and lank Cheeks. In this Army, you may meaſure a Man's Services by his Waſt, and the moſt prominent Belly is certainly the Man who has been moſt upon Action. Beſides all this, there is another excellent Remark to be made in the Diſcipline of theſe Troops. It being of abſolute Neceſſity that the People of *England* ſhould ſee what they have for their Money, and be Eye-Witneſſes of the Advantage they gain by it, all Battles which are fought abroad are repreſented here. But

ſince

ſince one Side muſt be beaten, and the other conquer, which might create Diſputes, the eldeſt Company is always to make the other run, and the younger retreats, according as to the laſt News and beſt Intelligence. I have my ſelf ſeen Prince *Eugene* make *Catinat* fly from the Back-ſide of *Grays-Inn-Lane*, to *Hockley in the Hole*, and not give over the Purſuit, 'till oblig'd to leave the *Bear-Garden* on the Right, to avoid being born down by Fencers, Wild-Bulls, and Monſters, too terrible for the Encounter of any Heroes, but ſuch whoſe Lives are their Livelihood.

We have here ſeen, that wiſe Nations do not admit of Fighting, ev'n in the Defence of their Country, as a laudable Action; and they live within the Walls of our own City in great Honour and Reputation without it. It would be very neceſſary to underſtand, by what Force of the Climate, Food, Education, or Employment, one Man's Senſe is brought to differ ſo eſſentially from that of another; that one is ridiculous and contemptible for forbearing a Thing which makes for his Safety; and another, applauded for conſulting his Ruin and Deſtruction.

It will therefore be neceſſary for us, to ſhow our Travelling, to examine this Subject fully, and tell you how it comes to paſs, That a Man of Honour in *Spain*, tho' you offend him never ſo gallantly, ſtabs you baſely; in *England*, tho' you offend never ſo baſely, challenges fairly: The former kills you out of Revenge; the latter out of good Breeding. But to probe the Heart of Man in this Particular to its utmoſt Thoughts and Receſſes, I muſt wait for the Return of *Packet*, who is now attending a Gentleman lately in a Duel, and ſometimes viſits him, by whoſe Hand he received his Wounds.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 13.

Letters from *Vienna* of the 8th Inſtant ſay, there has been a Journal of the Marches and Actions of the King of *Sweden*, from the Beginning of *January* to the 11th of *April*, *N. S.* communicated by the *Swediſh* Miniſters to that Court. Theſe Advices inform, That his *Swediſh* Majeſty enter'd the Territories of *Muſcovy* in *February* laſt with the main Body of his Army, in order to oblige the

the Enemy to a general Engagement; but that the *Muſcovites* declining a Battle, and an univerſal Thaw having rendred the Rivers unpaſſable, the King return'd into *Ukrania*. There are mention'd ſeveral Re-encounters between conſiderable Detachments of the *Swediſh* and *Ruſſian* Armies. Marſhal *Heiſter* intended to take his Leave of the Court on the Day after the Date of theſe Letters, and put himſelf at the Head of the Army in *Hungary*. The Malecontents had attempted to ſend in a Supply of Proviſions into *Newheuſel*; but their Deſign was diſappointed by the *Germans*.

Advices from *Berlin* of the 15th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That his *Daniſh* Majeſty having received an Invitation from the King of *Pruſſia* to an Interview, deſign'd to come to *Potſdam* within few Days; and, That King *Auguſtus* reſolv'd to accompany him thither. To avoid all Difficulties in Ceremony, the three Kings, and all the Company, who ſhall have the Honour to ſit with them at Table, are to draw Lots, and take Precedence accordingly.

They write from *Hamburgh* of the 18th Inſtant, *N. S.* That ſome particular Letters from *Dantzick* ſpeak of a late Action between the *Swedes* and *Muſcovites* near *Jaroſlaw*; but that Engagement being mentioned from no other Place, there is not much Credit given to this Intelligence.

We hear from *Bruſſels*, by Letters dated the 20th, That on the 14th in the Evening, the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* arriv'd at *Courtray*, with a Deſign to proceed the Day following to *Liſle*, in the Neighbourhood of which City the Confederate Army was to arrive the ſame Day. Advices from *Paris* inform us, That the Marſhal *de Bezons* is appointed to command in *Dauphine*; and that the Duke of *Berwick* is ſet out for *Spain*, with a Deſign to follow the Fortunes of the Duke of *Anjou*, in caſe the *French* King ſhould comply with the late Demands of the Allies.

The Court of *France* has ſent a Circular Letter to all the Governours of the Provinces, to recommend to their Conſideration his Majeſty's late Conduct in the Affair of Peace. It is thought fit in that Epiſtle, to condeſcend

to

to a certain Appeal to the People, Whether it is consistent with the Dignity of the Crown, or the *French* Name, to submit to the Preliminaries demanded by the Confederates? That Letter dwells upon the Unreasonableness of the Allies in requiring, that his Majesty should assist in dethroning his Grandson, and treats this Particular in Language more suitable to it, as it is a Topick of Oratory, than a real Circumstance, on which the Interests of Nations, and Reasons of State, which affect all *Europe*, are concern'd.

The Close of this Memorial seems to prepare the People to expect all Events, attributing the Confidence of the Enemy to the Goodness of their Troops; but acknowledging that his sole Dependence is upon the Intervention of Providence.

From *Tuesday June* 14. to *Thursday June* 16. N°. 29.

White's Chocolate-House, June 14.

HAving a very solid Respect for Humane Nature, however it is distorted from its natural Make, by Affectation, Humour, Custom, Misfortune, or Vice, I do apply my self to my Friends to help me in raising Arguments for preserving it in all its Individuals, as long as it is permitted. To one of my Letters on this Subject, I have receiv'd the following Answer:

SIR,

IN Answer to your Question, Why Men of Sense, Virtue, and Experience, are seen still to comply with that ridiculous Custom of Duelling? I must desire you to reflect, that Custom has dis'd up in Ruffs the wisest Heads of our Ancestors, and put the best of the present Age into huge Falbala Perewigs. Men of Sense would not impose such Incumbrances on themselves; but be glad they might show their Faces decently in Publick upon easier Terms. If then such Men appear reasonably Slaves to the Fashion, in what regards the Figure of their Persons, we ought not to wonder, that they are at least so in what seems to touch their Reputations. Besides, you can't be ignorant, that Dress and Chivalry have been always encouraged by the Ladies, as the Two principal Branches of

of Gallantry. 'Tis to avoid being ſneer'd at for his Singularity, and from a Deſire to appear more agreeable to his Miſtreſs, that a wiſe, experienc'd, and polite Man, complies with the Dreſs commonly receiv'd, and is prevail'd upon to violate his Reaſon and Principles, in hazarding his Life and Eſtate by a Tilt, as well as ſuffering his Pleaſures to be conſtrain'd and ſow'd by the conſtant Apprehenſion of a Quarrel: This is the more ſurprizing, becauſe Men of the moſt delicate Senſe and Principles have naturally in other Caſes a particular Repugnance in accommodating themſelves to the Maxims of the World: But one may eaſily diſtinguiſh the Man that is affected with Beauetry, and the Reputation of a Tilt, from him who complies with both meerly as they are impos'd upon him by Cuſtom; for in the former you'll remark an Air of Vanity and Triumph; whereas when the latter appears in a long Duellier full of Powder, or has decided a Quarrel by the Sword, you may perceive in his Face, that he appeals to Cuſtom for an Excuſe. I think it may not be improper to enquire into the Genealogy of this Chimerical Monſter, call'd a Duel, which I take to be an illegitimate Species of the ancient Knight-Errantry. By the Laws of this Order, your Heroick Perſon, or Man of Gallantry, was indiſpenſably oblig'd to ſtarve in Armour a certain Number of Years in the Chaſe of Monſters, encounter them at the Peril of his Life, and ſuffer great Hardſhips, in order to gain the Affection of the Fair Lady, and qualifie himſelf for aſſuming the Belle Air, that is, of a Pretty Fellow, or Man of Humour, according to the Faſhion: But ſince the Fulliſhing Don Quixot, and Extinction of the Race of Dragons, which Suetonius ſays happen'd in that of Wantley, the gallant and heroick Spirits of theſe latter Times have been under the Neceſſity of creating new Chimerical Monſters to entertain themſelves with, by way of ſingle Combat, as the only Proofs they are able to give their own Sex, and the Ladies, that they are in all Points Men of nice Honour. But to do Juſtice to the ancient and real Monſters, I muſt obſerve, that they never moleſted thoſe who were not of a Humour to hunt for them in the Woods and Deſarts; whereas on the contrary, our modern Monſters are ſo familiarly admitted and entertain'd in all the Courts and Cities of Europe, (except France) that one can ſcarce be in the moſt humaniz'd Society without riſquing one's Life; the People of

the

the beſt Sort, and the Fine Gentlemen of the Age, being ſo fond of 'em, that they ſeldom appear in any Publick Place without one. I have ſome further Conſiderations upon this Subject, which as you encourage me, ſhall be communicated to you by, Sir, a Couſin; but once remov'd from the beſt Family of the Staffs, *namely,* SIR,

Your humble Servant, Kinſman and Friend,

Tim. Switch.

It is certain, Mr. *Switch* has hit upon the true Source of this Evil; and that it proceeds only from the Force of Cuſtom that we contradict our ſelves in half the Particulars and Occurrences of Life. But ſuch a Tyranny in Love, which the Fair impoſe upon us, is a little too ſevere, that we muſt demonſtrate our Affection for 'em by no certain Proof but Hatred to one another, or come at them (only as one does to an Eſtate) by Survivorſhip. This Way of Application to gain a Lady's Heart, is taking her as we do Towns and Caſtles, by diſtreſſing the Place, and letting none come near 'em without our Paſs. Were ſuch a Lover once to write the Truth of his Heart, and let her know his whole Thoughts, he would appear indeed to have a Paſſion for her; but it would hardly be call'd Love. The Billet-Deux would run to this Purpoſe:

Madam,

'I Have ſo tender a Regard for you and your Intereſts, 'that I'll knock any Man in the Head whom I ob'ſerve to be of my Mind, and like you. Mr. *Truman* the 'other Day look'd at you in ſo languiſhing a Manner, 'that I am reſolv'd to run him through to Morrow Morn'ing: This, I think, he deſerves for his Guilt in admir'ing you; than which I cannot have a greater Reaſon 'for murdering him, except it be that you alſo approve 'him. Whoever ſays he dies for you, I will make his 'Words good, for I will kill him. I am, *Madam,*

Your moſt Obedient, Moſt Humble Servant.

From my own Apartment, June 14.

I am juſt come hither at Ten at Night, and have ever ſince Six been in the moſt celebrated, tho' moſt nauſeous Company in Town: The two Leaders of the Society were a Critick and a Wit. Theſe two Gentlemen are

great

great Opponents upon all Occaſions, not diſcerning that they are the neareſt each other in Temper and Talents of any two Claſſes of Men in the World; for to profeſs Judgment, and to profeſs Wit, both ariſe from the ſame Failure, which is Want of Judgment. The Poverty of the Critick this Way proceeds from the Abuſe of his Faculty; that of the Wit from the Neglect of it. It's a particular Obſervation I have always made, That of all Mortals, a Critick is the ſilliest; for by inuring himſelf to examine all Things, whether they are of Conſequence or not, he never looks upon any Thing but with a Deſign of paſſing Sentence upon it; by which Means, he is never a Companion, but always a Cenſor. This makes him earneſt upon Trifles, and diſpute on the moſt indifferent Occaſions with Vehemence. If he offers to ſpeak or write, that Talent which ſhould approve the Work of the other Faculties, prevents their Operation. He comes upon Action in Armour; but without Weapons: He ſtands in Safety; but can gain no Glory. The Wit on the other Hand has been hurried ſo long away by Imagination only, that Judgment ſeems not to have ever been one of his natural Faculties. This Gentleman takes himſelf to be as much obliged to be merry, as the other to be grave. A thorough Critick is a Sort of Puritan in the polite World. As an Enthuſiaſt in Religion ſtumbles at the ordinary Occurrences of Life, if he cannot quote Scripture Examples on the Occaſion; ſo the Critick is never ſafe in his Speech or Writing, without he has among the celebrated Writers an Authority for the Truth of his Sentence. You will believe we had a very good Time with theſe Brethren, who were ſo far out of the Dreſs of their native Country, and ſo loſt to its Dialect, that they were as much Strangers to themſelves, as to their Relation to each other. They took up the whole Diſcourſe; ſometimes the Critick grew paſſionate, and when reprimanded by the Wit for any Trip or Heſitation in his Voice, he would anſwer, Mr. *Dryden* makes ſuch a Character on ſuch an Occaſion, break off in the ſame Manner; ſo that the Stop was according to Nature, and a Man in a Paſſion ſhould do. The Wit, who is as far gone in Letters as himſelf, ſeems

to be at a Loſs to anſwer ſuch an Apology; and concludes only, that tho' his Anger is juſtly vented, it wants Fire in the Utterance. If Wit is to be meaſur'd by the Circumſtances of Time and Place, there is no Man has generally ſo little of that Talent, as he who is a Wit by Profeſſion. What he ſays, inſtead of ariſing from the Occaſion, has an Occaſion invented to bring it in. Thus he is new for no other Reaſon, but that he talks like no Body elſe; but has taken up a Method of his own, without Commerce of Dialogue with other People. The lively *Jaſper Dactyle* is one of this Character. He ſeems to have made a Vow to be Witty to his Life's End. When you meet him, What do you think, ſays he, I have been entertaining my ſelf with? Then out comes a premeditated Turn; to which 'tis to no Purpoſe to anſwer; for he goes on in the ſame Strain of Thought he deſign'd without your ſpeaking. Therefore I have a general Anſwer to all he can ſay; as *Sure there never was any Creature had ſo much Fire!* *Spondee*, who is a Critick, is ſeldom out of this fine Man's Company. They have no Manner of Affection for each other, but keep together, like *Novell* and *Oldfox* in the *Plain-dealer*, becauſe they ſhow each other. I know ſeveral of Senſe who can be diverted with this Couple; but I ſee no Curioſity in the Thing, except it be, that *Spondee* is dull, and ſeems dull; but *Dactyle* is heavy with a briſk Face. It muſt be own'd alſo, that *Dactyle* has almoſt Vigour enough to be a Coxcomb; But *Spondee*, by the Lowneſs of his Conſtitution is only a Blockhead.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 15.

We have no Particulars of Moment ſince our laſt, except it be, that the Copy of the following Original Letter came by the Way of *Oſtend*. It is ſaid to have been found in the Cloſet of Monſieur *Chamillard*, the late Secretary of State of *France*, ſince his Diſgrace. It was ſign'd by two Brothers of the famous *Cavalier*, who led the *Cevennois*, and had a Perſonal Interview with the King, as well as a Capitulation to lay down his Arms, and leave the Dominions of *France*. There any many other Names to it; among them, the Chief of the Family of the Marquiſs *Guiſcard*. It is not yet known, whether

whether Monſieur *Chamillard* had any real Deſign to favour the Proteſtant Intereſt, or only thought to place himſelf at the Head of that People, to make himſelf conſiderable enough to oppoſe his Enemies at Court, and reinſtate himſelf in Power there.

SIR,

'WE have read your Majeſty's Letter to the Governours of your Provinces, with Inſtructions 'what Sentiments to inſinuate into the Minds of your 'People: But as you have always acted upon the Maxim, That we were made for you, and not you for us, 'we muſt take Leave to aſſure your Majeſty, that we are 'exactly of the contrary Opinion, and muſt deſire you 'to ſend for your Grandſon Home, and acquaint him, 'that you now know by Experience, Abſolute Power 'is only a Vertigo in the Brain of Princes, which for a 'Time may quicken their Motion, and double in their 'diſeas'd Sight the Inſtances of Power about 'em; but 'muſt end in their Fall and Deſtruction. Your Memorial ſpeaks a good Father of your Family, but a very ill one of your People. Your Majeſty is reduc'd to hear 'Truth when you are oblig'd to ſpeak it: There is no 'governing any but Savages by any Methods but their 'own Content, which you ſeem to acknowledge, in appealing to us for our Opinion of your Conduct in treating of Peace. Had your People been always of your 'Council, a King of *France* had never been reduc'd ſo 'low, as to acknowledge his Arms were fall'n into Contempt. But ſince it is thus, we muſt ask, How is any 'Man of *France*, but they of the Houſe of *Bourbon*, the better that *Philip* is King of *Spain*? We have outgrown that Folly of placing our Happineſs in your 'Majeſty's being call'd, *The Great*: Therefore as you and 'we are all alike Bankrupts, and undone, let us not deceive our ſelves, but compound with our Adverſaries, 'and not talk like their Equals. Your Majeſty muſt 'forgive us that we cannot with you Succeſs, or lend 'you Help; for if you loſe one Battle more, we may 'have Hopes to have an Hand in the Peace you make; 'and doubt not but your Majeſty's Faith in Treaties 'will require the Ratification of the States of your King-

' doms. So we bid you heartily farewel, till we have ' the Honour to meet you aſſembled in Parliament. This ' happy Expectation makes us willing to wait the Event ' of another Campagne, from whence we hope to be rai- ' ſed from the Miſery of Slaves, to the Privileges of ' Subjects. We are,

Your Majeſty's
Truly Faithful and
Loyal Subjects, &c.

From *Thurſday June* 16. to *Saturday June* 18. N°. 30.

From my own Apartment, June 16.

THE Vigilance, the Anxiety, the Tenderneſs, which I have for the good People of *England*, I am perſwaded will in Time be much commended; but I doubt whether they will ever be rewarded. However, I muſt go on chearfully in my Work of Reformation: That being my great Deſign, I am ſtudious to prevent my Labours increaſing upon me; therefore am particularly obſerving of the Temper and Inclinations of Childhood and Youth, that we may not give Vice and Folly Supplies from the growing Generation. It is hardly to be imagin'd how uſeful this Study is, and what great Evils or Benefits ariſe from putting us in our tender Years to what we are fit or unfit: Therefore on *Tueſday* laſt (with a Deſign to ſound their Inclinations) I took Three Lads who are under my Guardianſhip a rambling in an Hackney-Coach, to ſhow 'em the Town, as the Lions, the Tombs, *Bedlam*, and the other Places which are Entertainments to raw Minds, becauſe they ſtrike forcibly on the Fancy. The Boys are Brothers, one of Sixteen, the other of Fourteen, the other of Twelve. The firſt was his Father's Darling, the ſecond his Mother's, and the third is mine, who am their Uncle. Mr. *William* is a Lad of true Genius; but being at the upper End of a great School, and having all the Lads below him, his Arrogance is inſupportable. If I begin to ſhow a little of my *Latin*, he immediately interrupts: Uncle, under Favour, that which you ſay is not underſtood in that Manner. Brother, ſays my Boy *Jack*,

Jack, You do not ſhow your Manners much in contradicting my Uncle *Iſaac*. You queer Cur, ſays Mr. *William*, Do you think my Uncle takes any Notice of ſuch a dull Rogue as you are? Mr. *William* goes on; He is the moſt ſtupid of all my Mother's Children: He knows nothing of his Book: When he ſhould mind that, he is hiding or hoarding his Taws and Marbles, or laying up Farthings. His Way of thinking is, Four and twenty Farthings make Sixpence, and Two Sixpences a Shilling, Two Shillings and Sixpence Half a Crown, and Two Half Crowns Five Shillings. So within theſe Two Months, the cloſe Hunks has ſcrap'd up Twenty Shillings, and we'll make him ſpend it all before he comes Home. *Jack* immediately claps his Hands into both Pockets, and turns as pale as Aſhes. There is nothing touches a Parent (and ſuch I am to *Jack*) ſo nearly as a provident Temper. This Lad has in him the true Temper for a good Husband, a kind Father, and an honeſt Executor. All the great People you ſee make conſiderable Figures on the Change, in Court; and ſometimes in Senates, are ſuch as in Reality have no greater Faculty than what may be call'd Human Inſtinct, which is a natural Tendency to their own Preſervation, and that of their Friends, without being capable of ſtriking out of the Road for Adventures. There's Sir *William Scrip* was of this Sort of Capacity from his Childhood: He has bought the Country round him, and makes a Bargain better than Sir *Harry Wildfire* with all his Wit and Humour. Sir *Harry* never wants Money but he comes to *Scrip*'s, laughs at him half an Hour, and then gives Bond for t'other Thouſand. The cloſe Men are incapable of placing Merit any where but in their Pence, and therefore gain it; while others, who have larger Capacities, are diverted from the Purſuit by Enjoyments, which can be ſupported only by that Caſh which they deſpiſe; and therefore are in the End, Slaves to their Inferiors both in Fortune and Underſtanding. I once heard a Man of excellent Senſe obſerve, That more Affairs in the World fail'd by being in the Hands of Men of too large Capacities for their Buſineſs, than by being in the Conduct of ſuch as wanted Abilities to execute 'em. *Jack* therefore being of a plod-

ding Make, ſhall be a Citizen; and I deſign him to be the Refuge of the Family in their Diſtreſs, as well as their Jeſt in Proſperity. His Brother *Will* ſhall go to *Oxford* with all Speed, where, if he does not arrive at being a Man of Senſe, he will ſoon be inform'd wherein he is a Coxcomb. There is in that Place ſuch a true Spirit of Raillery and Humour, that if they can't make you a wiſe Man, they will certainly let you know you are a Fool, which is all my Couſin wants to ceaſe to be ſo. Thus having taken theſe Two out of the Way, I have Leiſure to look at my Third Lad. I obſerve in the young Rogue a natural Subtilty of Mind, which diſcovers it ſelf rather in forbearing to declare his Thoughts on any Occaſion, than in any viſible Way of exerting himſelf in Diſcourſe. For which Reaſon I will place him where, if he commits no Faults, he may go further than thoſe in other Stations tho' they excel in Virtues. The Boy is well faſhioned, and will eaſily fall into a graceful Manner; wherefore, I have a Deſign to make him a Page to a great Lady of my Acquaintance; by which Means he will be well skill'd in the common Modes of Life, and make a greater Progreſs in the World by that Knowledge, than with the greateſt Qualities without it. A good Mien in a Court will carry a Man greater Lengths than a good Underſtanding in any other Place. We ſee a World of Pains taken, and the beſt Years of Life ſpent, in collecting a Set of Thoughts in a College for the Conduct of Life; and after all, the Man ſo qualified, ſhall heſitate in his Speech to a good Suit of Clothes, and want common Senſe before an agreeable Woman. Hence it is, that Wiſdom, Valour, Juſtice, and Learning, can't keep a Man in Countenance that is poſſeſs'd with theſe Excellencies, if he wants that leſs Art of Life and Behaviour, call'd Good Breeding. A Man endow'd with great Perfections without this, is like one who has his Pockets full of Gold, but wants Change for his ordinary Occaſions. *Will. Courtly* is a living Inſtance of this Truth, and has had the ſame Education which I am giving my Nephew. He never ſpoke a Thing but what was ſaid before, and yet can converſe with the wittieſt Men without being ridiculous. Among the Learned, he does not

appear

appear ignorant; nor with the Wiſe, indiſcreet. Living in Converſation from his Infancy, makes him no where at a Loſs; and a long Familiarity with the Perſons of Men, is in a Manner of the ſame Service to him as if he knew their Arts. As Ceremony is the Invention of Wiſe Men to keep Fools at a Diſtance, ſo good Breeding is an Expedient to make Fools and wiſe Men equals.

Will's Coffee-houſe, June 17.

The Suſpenſion of the Play-houſe has made me have nothing to ſend you from hence; but calling here this Evening, I found the Party I uſually ſit with, upon the Buſineſs of Writing, and examining what was the handſomeſt Style in which to addreſs Women, and write Letters of Gallantry. Many were the Opinions which were immediately declar'd on this Subject: Some were for a certain Softneſs; ſome for I know not what Delicacy; others for ſomething inexpreſſibly Tender: When it came to me, I ſaid there was no Rule in the World to be made for writing Letters, but that of being as near what you ſpeak Face to Face as you can; which is ſo great a Truth, that I am of Opinion, Writing has loſt more Miſtreſſes than any one Miſtake in the whole Legend of Love. For when you write to a Lady for whom you have a ſolid and honourable Love, the great Idea you have of her, join'd to a quick Senſe of her Abſence, fills your Mind with a Sort of Tenderneſs, that gives your Language too much the Air of Complaint, which is ſeldom ſucceſsful. For a Man may flatter himſelf as he pleaſes, but he will find, that the Women have more Underſtanding in their own Affairs than we have, and Women of Spirit are not to be won by Mourners. Therefore he that can keep handſomely within Rules, and ſupport the Carriage of a Companion to his Miſtreſs, is much more likely to prevail, than he who lets her ſee, the whole Reliſh of his Life depends upon her. If poſſible therefore divert your Miſtreſs, rather than ſigh to her; the pleaſant Man ſhe will deſire for her own Sake; but the languiſhing Lover has nothing to hope from but her Pity. To ſhow the Difference, I produc'd two Letters a Lady gave me, which had been writ to her by two Gentlemen who pretended to her, but were both kill'd the next Day at the Battle

of *Almanza*. One of 'em was a mercurial gay humour'd Man; the other a Man of a ſerious, but a great and gallant Spirit. Poor *Jack Careleſs*! This is his Letter: You ſee how it is folded: The Air of it is ſo negligent, one might have read half of it by peeping into it, without breaking it open. He had no Exactneſs.

Madam,

IT is a very pleaſant Circumſtance I am in, that while I ſhould be thinking of the good Company we are to meet within a Day or two, where we ſhall go to Loggerheads, my Thoughts are running upon a Fair Enemy in England. *I was in Hopes I had left you there; but you follow the Camp, tho' I have endeavour'd to make ſome of our Leaguer Ladies drive you out of the Field. All my Comfort is, you are more troubleſome to my Colonel than my ſelf: I permit you to viſit me only now and then; but he downright keeps you. I laugh at his Honour as far as his Gravity will allow me. But I know him to be a Man of too much Merit to ſucceed with a Woman. Therefore defend your Heart as well as you can, I ſhall come Home this Winter irreſiſtibly dreſs'd, and with quite a new Foreign Air. And ſo I had like to ſay, I reſt, but alaſs! I remain,*

Madam,

Your moſt Obedient,

Moſt Humble Servant,

John Careleſs.

Now for Colonel *Conſtant*'s Epiſtle; you ſee it is folded and directed with the utmoſt Care.

Madam,

I Do my ſelf the Honour to write to you this Evening, becauſe I believe to Morrow will be a Day of Battle, and ſomething forebodes in my Breaſt that I ſhall fall in it. If it proves ſo, I hope you will hear, I have done nothing below a Man who had the Love of his Country, quicken'd by a Paſſion for a Woman of Honour. If there be any Thing noble in going to a certain Death: If there be any Merit, that I met it with Pleaſure by promiſing my ſelf a Place in your Eſteem: If your Applauſe, when I am no more, is preferable to the moſt glorious Life without you: I ſay, Madam, If any of theſe Conſiderations can have Weight with you, you will give me a kind Place in your Memory, which I prefer to the Glory of Cæſar. I hope, this will be read, as it is writ, with Tears.

The

The belov'd Lady is a Woman of a ſenſible Mind; but ſhe has confeſs'd to me, that after all her true and ſolid Value for *Conſtant*, ſhe had much more Concern for the Loſs of *Careleſs*. Thoſe great and ſerious Spirits have ſomething equal to the Adverſities they meet with, and conſequently leſſen the Objects of Pity. Great Accidents ſeem not cut out ſo much for Men of familiar Characters, which makes 'em more eaſily pitied, and ſooner after belov'd. Add to this, that the Sort of Love which generally ſucceeds, is a Stranger to Awe and Diſtance. I ask'd *Romana*, Whether of the Two ſhe ſhould have choſen had they ſurviv'd? She ſaid, She knew ſhe ought to have taken *Conſtant*; but believ'd, ſhe ſhould have choſen *Careleſs*.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 17.

Letters from *Lisbon* of the 9th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That the Enemies Army, having block'd up *Olivenca*, was poſted on the *Guadiana*. The *Portugueſe* are very apprehenſive that the Garriſon of that Place, tho' it conſiſts of five of the beſt Regiments of their Army, will be oblig'd to ſurrender, if not timely reliev'd, they not being ſupply'd with Proviſions for more than Six Weeks. Hereupon their Generals held a Council of War on the 4th Inſtant, wherein it was concluded to advance towards *Badajos*. With this Deſign the Army decamp'd on the Fifth from *Jerumena*, and march'd to *Campon*. 'Tis hop'd, that if the Enemy follow their Motions, they may have Opportunity to put a ſufficient Quantity of Proviſion and Ammunition into *Olivenca*.

Mr. Bickerſtaff *gives Notice to all Perſons that dreſs themſelves as they pleaſe, without Regard to Decorum, as with blue and red Stockings in Mourning, tuck'd Cravats, and Nightcap-Wigs, before People of the Firſt Quality, That he has yet receiv'd no Fine for indulging 'em in that Liberty, and that he expects their Compliance with this Demand, or that they go Home immediately and ſhift themſelves. This is farther to acquaint the Town, That the Report that the Hoſiers, Toymen, and Milliners, have expounded with Mr.* Bickerſtaff *for tolerating ſuch Enormities, is utterly falſe and ſcandalous.*

From *Saturday June* 18. to *Tuesday June* 21. N°. 31.

Grecian Coffee-house, June 18.

IN my Diſſertation againſt the Cuſtom of ſingle Combat, it has been objected, that there is not Learning, or much Reading, ſhown therein, which is the very Life and Soul of all Treatiſes; for which Reaſon, being always eaſy to receive admonitions, and reform my Errors, I thought fit to conſult this learned Board on the Subject. Upon propoſing ſome Doubts, and deſiring their Aſſiſtance, a very hopeful young Gentleman, my Relation, who is to be call'd to the Bar within a Year and an half at fartheſt, told me, that he had, ever ſince I firſt mentioned Duelling, turn'd his Head that Way; and that he was principally moved thereto, by Reaſon that he thought to follow the Circuits in the North of *England* and South of *Scotland*, and to reſide moſtly at his own Eſtate at *Lanbadernawr* in *Cardiganſhire*. The Northern *Britains* and Southern *Scots* are a warm People, and the *Welſh* a *Nation of Gentlemen*; ſo that it behov'd him to underſtand well the Science of Quarrelling. The young Gentleman proceeded admirably well, and gave the Board an Account, that he had read *Fitzherbert*'s *Grand Abridgment*, and other Books, and had found, that Duelling is a very ancient Part of the Law: For when a Man is ſued, be it for his Life or his Land, the Perſon that joins the Iſſue, whether Plaintiff or Defendant, may put the Tryal upon the Duel. Further he argued, under Favour of the Court, that when the Iſſue is join'd by the Duel in Treaſon or other Capital Crimes, the Parties accus'd and Accuſer muſt fight in their own proper Perſons: But if the Diſpute be for Lands, you may hire a Champion at *Hockley in the Hole*, or any where elſe. This Part of the Law we had from the *Saxons*; and they had it, as alſo the Tryal by *Ordeal*, from the *Laplanders*. It is indeed agreed, ſaid he, the Southern and Eaſtern Nations never knew any Thing of it; for tho' the ancient *Romans* would ſcold, and call Names filthily, yet there is not an Example of a Challenge that ever paſs'd amongſt them. His quoting the Eaſtern Nations, put another Gentleman

Gentleman in Mind of an Account he had from a Boatſwain of an *Eaſt-India* Man; which was, that a *Chineſe* had trick'd and bubbled him, and that when he came to demand Satisfaction, the next Morning, and like a true Tar of Honour call'd him Son of a Whore, Liar, Dog, and other rough Appellatives, uſed by Perſons converſant with Winds and Waves; the *Chineſe*, with great Tranquility, deſir'd him not to come abroad faſting, nor put himſelf in a Heat, for it would prejudice his Health. Thus the Fail knows nothing of this Gallantry. There ſat at the Left of the Table a Perſon of a venerable Aſpect, who aſſerted, that half the Impoſitions which are put upon theſe Ages, have been tranſmitted by Writers who have given too great Pomp and Magnificence to the Exploits of the ancient *Bear-Garden*, and made their Gladiators, by fabulous Tradition, greater than *Gyman* and others of *Great-Britain*. He inform'd the Company, that he had ſearch'd Authorities for what he ſaid, and that a learned Antiquary, *Humphrey Scarecrow* Eſq; of *Hockley in the Hole*, Recorder to the *Bear-Garden*, was then writing a Diſcourſe on the Subject. It appears by the beſt Accounts, ſays this Gentleman, that the high Names which are us'd among us with ſo great Veneration, were no other than Stage-fighters, and Worthies of the ancient *Bear-Garden*. The renowned *Hercules* always carried a Quarter-ſtaff, and was from thence call'd *Claviger*. A learned Chronologiſt is about proving what Wood this Staff was made of, whether Oak, Aſh, or Crab-Tree. The firſt Tryal of Skill he ever perform'd, was with one *Cacus*, a Dear-Stealer; the next was with *Typhomus*, a Giant of 40 Foot 4 Inches. Indeed it was unhappily recorded, that meeting at laſt with a Sailor's Wife, ſhe made his Staff of Proweſs ſerve her own Uſe, and dwindle away to a Diſtaff: She clapt him on an old Tar-Jacket of her Husband's; ſo that this great Hero droop'd like a ſcabbed Sheep. Him his Cotemporary *Theſeus* ſucceeded in the *Bear-Garden*, which Honour he held for many Years: This grand Duelliſt went to Hell, and was the only one of that Sort that ever came back again. As for *Achilles* and *Hector*, as the Ballads of thoſe Times mention, they were pretty Smart Fellows; they

fought

fought at Sword and Buckler; but the former had much the better of it; his Mother, who was an Oyster-Woman, having got a Black-Smith of *Lemnos* to make her Son's Weapons. There's a Pair of trusty *Trojans* in a Song of *Virgil's*, that were famous for handling their Gauntlets, *Dares*, and *Entellus*; and indeed it does appear, they fought no Sham Prize. What Arms the Great *Alexander* us'd is uncertain: however, the Historian mentions, when he attack'd *Thalestris*, it was only at single Rapier; but the Weapon soon fail'd; for it was always observ'd, that the *Amazons* had a Sort of Enchantment about 'em, which made the Blade of the Weapon, tho' of never so good Metal, at every home Push, lose its Edge and grow feeble. The *Roman Bear-Garden* was abundantly more magnificent than any Thing *Greece* could boast of; it flourish'd most under those Delights of Mankind, *Nero* and *Domitian*: At one Time it's recorded, 400 Senators entred the Lists, and thought it an Honour to be cudgel'd and quarterstaff'd. I observe, the *Lanistæ* were the People chiefly employ'd, which makes me imagine our *Bear-Garden* copied much after this, the Butchers being the greatest Men in it. Thus far the Glory and Honour of the *Bear-Garden* stood secure, till Fate, that irresistable Ruler of sublunary Things, in that universal Ruin of Arts and polite Learning, by those savage People the *Goths* and *Vandals*, destroy'd and level'd it to the Ground. Thus fell the Grandeur and Bravery of the *Roman* State, till at last the Warlike Genius (but accompanied with more Courtesie) reviv'd in the Christian World under those puissant Champions, St. *George*, St. *Dennis*, and other dignified Heroes: One kill'd his Dragon, another his Lion, and were all afterwards canoniz'd for it, having red Letters before them to illustrate their Martial Temper. The *Spanish* Nation, it must be own'd, were devoted to Gallantry and Chivalry above the rest of the World. What a Figure does that great Name, Don *Quixot*, make in History? How shines this glorious Star in the *Iberian* World? O renown'd Knight! O Mirror of Knighthood!

Thy brandish'd Blade and all the World defies,
And kills as sure as del Tobosa's Eyes.

I am forced to break off abruptly, being ſent for in Haſt, with my Rule, to meaſure the Degree of an Affront, before the two Gentlemen (who are now in their Breeches and Pumps ready to engage behind *Montague*-Houſe) have made a Paſs.

From my own Apartment, June 18.

It is an unreaſonable Objection I find againſt my Labours, that my Stock is not all my own, and therefore the kind Reception I have met with is not ſo deſerv'd as it ought to be. But I hope, tho' it be never ſo true, that I am oblig'd to my Friends for laying their Caſh in my Hands, ſince I give it them again when they pleaſe, and leave 'em at their Liberty to call it Home, it will not haunt me with my gentle Readers. Ask all the Merchants who act upon Conſignments, Where is the Neceſſity (if they anſwer readily what their Correſpondents draw) of their being wealthy themſelves? Ask the greateſt Bankers, if all the Men they deal with were to draw at once, what would be the Conſequence? But indeed a Country Friend has writ me a Letter which gives me great Mortification; wherein I find I am ſo far from expecting a Supply from thence, that ſome have not heard of me, and the reſt do not underſtand me. His Epiſtle is as follows:

Dear Couſin,

'I thought when I left the Town to have rais'd your 'Fame here, and help'd you to ſupport it by Intelligence 'from hence; but alas! they had never heard of the '*Tatler* 'till I brought down a Set. I lent 'em from 'Houſe to Houſe; but they ask'd me, what they meant. 'I began to enlighten 'em, by telling who and who 'were ſuppos'd to be intended by the Characters drawn. 'I ſaid for Inſtance, *Chloe* and *Clariſſa* are two eminent 'Toaſts. A Gentleman (who keeps his Greyhound and 'Gun, and one would think might know better) told 'me, he ſuppos'd they were Papiſhes, for their Names 'were not *Engliſh*: Then, ſaid he, Why do you call 'five People Toaſts? I anſwer'd, That was a new Name 'found out by the Wits, to make a Lady have the ſame 'Effect as Burridge in the Glaſs when a Man is drinking. But ſays I, Sir, I perceive this is to you all bam-

'boozling;

' boozling; why you look as if you were *Don-Diego'd* to ' the Tune of a Thouſand Pounds. All this good Lan- ' guage was loſt upon him: He only ſtar'd, tho' he is as ' good a Scholar as any Layman in the Town, except the ' Barber. Thus, Couſin, you muſt be content with *Lon- ' don* for the Center of your Wealth and Fame; we have ' no Reliſh for you. Wit muſt deſcribe its proper Cir- ' cumference, and not go beyond it, leſt (like little Boys ' when they ſtraggle out of their own Pariſh) it may ' wander to Places where it is not known, and be loſt. ' Since it is ſo, you muſt excuſe me that I am forc'd at ' a Viſit to ſit ſilent, and only lay up what excellent ' Things paſs at ſuch Converſations.

This Evening I was with a Couple of young Ladies, one of 'em has the Character of the prettieſt Company, yet really I thought her but ſilly; the other, who talk'd a great deal leſs, I obſerv'd to have Underſtanding. The Lady who is reckon'd ſuch a Companion among her Acquaintance, has only, with a very briſk Air, a Knack of ſaying the commoneſt Things: The other, with a ſly ſerious one, ſays home Things enough. The firſt, Miſtreſs *Giddy* is very quick; but the ſecond, Mrs. *Slim* fell into *Giddy*'s own Style, and was as good Company as ſhe. *Giddy* happens to drop her Glove; *Slim* reaches it to her; Madam (ſays *Giddy*) I hope you'll have a better Office. Upon which *Slim* immediately repartees, and ſits in her Lap, and cries, Are you not ſorry for my Heavineſs? This ſly Wench pleas'd me to ſee how ſhe hit her Height of Underſtanding ſo well. We ſat down to Supper. ſays *Giddy* mighty prettily, Two Hands in a Diſh and one in a Purſe: Says *Slim*, Ay, Madam, the More the Merrier; but the Fewer the better Chear. I quickly took the Hint, and was as witty and talkative as they. Says I,

He that will not when he may,
When he will he ſhall have nay;

And ſo help'd my ſelf. *Giddy* turns about, What have you found your Tongue? Yes (ſays I) 'tis Manners to ſpeak when I am ſpoken to; but your greateſt Talkers are little Doers, and the ſtill Sow eats up all the Broth. Ha! Ha! ſays *Giddy*, One would think he had nothing

in

in him, and do you hear how he talks when he pleaſes. I grew immediately roguiſh and pleaſant to a Degree in the ſame Strain. *Slim*, who knew how good Company we had been, cries, You'll certainly print this bright Converſation. I have ſo; and you ſee how ſmall an Appearance the prettieſt Things ſaid in Company make when in Print.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 20.

A Mail from *Lisbon* has brought Advices of *June* 12. from the King of *Portugal's* Army encamp'd at *Torre Allegada*, which inform us, That the General of the Army call'd a Court Martial on the 4th at the Camp of *Germonha*, where it was reſolv'd to march with a Deſign to attempt the Succour of *Olivenza*. Accordingly the Army mov'd on the 5th, and march'd towards *Badajos*. Upon their Approach, the Marquis *de Bay* detach'd ſo great a Party from the Blockade of *Olivenza*, that the Marqueſs *das Minas*, at the Head of a large Detachment, cover'd a great Convoy of Proviſions towards *Olivenza*, which threw in their Stores, and march'd back to the main Army, without Moleſtation from the *Spaniards*. They add, That each Army muſt neceſſarily march into Quarters within Twenty Days.

Whoſoever can diſcover a Surgeon's Apprentice, who fell upon Mr. Bickerſtaff's *Meſſenger, or (as the Printers call him)* Devil, *going to the Preſs, and tore out of his Hand Part of his Eſſay againſt Duels, in the Fragments of which were the Words* You lie, *and* Man of Honour, *taken up at the* Temple-Gate; *and the Words*, Perhaps,—May be not,—By your Leave, Sir,— *and other Terms of Provocation, taken up at the Door of* Young Man's *Coffee-houſe; ſhall receive Satisfaction from Mr.* Morphew, *beſides a Set of Arguments to be ſpoken to any Man in a Paſſion, which, if the ſaid enraged Man liſtens to, will prevent Quarrelling.*

Mr. Bickerſtaff *does hereby give Notice, That he has taken the Two famous Univerſities of this Land under his immediate Care, and does hereby promiſe all Tutors and Pupils, That he will hear what can be ſaid of each Side between them, and to correct them impartially, by placing them in Orders and Claſſes in the learned World according to their Merit.*

Mr. Bickerſtaff *has receiv'd the Advices from* Clay-Hill, *which,*

which, with all Intelligence from honeſt Mr. Sturdy *and others, ſhall have their Place in our future Story.*

Whereas ſeveral Gentlemen have deſir'd this Paper, with a Blank Leaf to write Buſineſs on, and for the Convenience of the Poſt; This is to give Notice, that this Day, and for the future, it may be had of Mr. Morphew *near* Stationers-Hall.

From *Tueſday June* 21. to *Thurſday June* 23. N°. 32.

White's Chocolate-houſe, June 22.

AN Anſwer to the following Letter being abſolutely neceſſary to be diſpatch'd with all Expedition, I muſt treſpaſs upon all that come with Horary Queſtions into my Antichamber, to give the Gentleman my Opinion.

To *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, Eſq;

SIR, June 18. 1709.

"I Know not whether you ought to pity or laugh at me; for I am fall'n deſperately in Love with a pro-
" feſs'd *Platonne*, the moſt unaccountable Creature of
" her Sex. To hear her talk Seraphicks, and run over
" *Norris*, and *Moor*, and *Milton*, and the whole Set of
" Intellectual Triflers, torments me heartily; for to a
" Lover who underſtands Metaphors, all this pretty
" Prattle of Idea's gives very fine Views of Pleaſure,
" which only the dear Declaimer prevents, by under-
" ſtanding them literally. Why ſhould ſhe wiſh to be a
" Cherubim, when 'tis Fleſh and Blood that makes her
" adorable? If I ſpeak to her, that's a high Breach of
" the Idea of Intuition: If I offer at her Hand or Lip,
" ſhe ſhrinks from the Touch like a ſenſative Plant, and
" would contract her ſelf into meer Spirit. She calls
" her Chariot, Vehicle; her furbelow'd Scarf, Pinnions:
" Her blue Mant and Petticoat is her Azure Dreſs; and
" her Footman goes by the Name of *Oberon*. 'Tis my
" Misfortune to be Six foot and a half high, Two full
" Spans between the Shoulders, Thirteen Inches dia-
" meter in the Calves; and before I was in Love, I had
" a noble Stomach, and uſually went to Bed ſober with

" Two

" Two Bottles. I am not quite Six and twenty, and my
" Noſe is mark'd truly Aquiline. For theſe Reaſons,
" I am in a very particular Manner her Averſion. What
" ſhall I do? Impudence it ſelf can't reclaim her. If I write
" miſerable, ſhe reckons me among the Children of Per-
" dition, and diſcards me her Region: If I aſſume the
" Groſs and Subſtantial, ſhe plays the real Ghoſt with
" me, and vaniſhes in a Moment. I had Hopes in the
" Hypocriſy of the Sex; but Perſeverance makes it as
" bad as a fix'd Averſion. I deſire your Opinion, Whe-
" ther I may not lawfully play the Inquiſition upon her,
" make Uſe of a little Force, and put her to the Rack
" and the Torture, only to convince her, ſhe has really
" fine Limbs, without ſpoiling or diſtorting them. I
" expect your Directions, e're I proceed to dwindle and
" fall away with Deſpair; which at preſent I don't
" think adviſable, becauſe, if ſhe ſhould recant, ſhe may
" then hate me perhaps in the other Extreme for my Te-
" nuity. I am (with Impatience)

Your moſt humble Servant,

Charles Sturdy.

My Patient has put his Caſe with very much Warmth, and repreſented it in ſo lively a Manner, that I ſee both his Torment and Tormenter with great Perſpicuity. This Order of *Platonick* Ladies, are to be dealt with in a peculiar Manner from all the reſt of the Sex. Flattery is the general Way, and the Way in this Caſe; but it is not to be done groſly. Every Man that has Wit, and Humour, and Raillery, can make a good Flatterer for Woman in general; but a *Platonne* is not to be touch'd with Panegyrick: She will tell you, it is a Senſuality in the Soul to be delighted that Way. You are not therefore to commend, but ſilently conſent to all ſhe does and ſays. You are to conſider in her the Scorn of you is not Humour, but Opinion. There were ſome Years ſince a Set of theſe Ladies who were of Quality, and gave out, that Virginity was to be their State of Life during this mortal Condition, and therefore reſolv'd to join their Fortunes, and erect a Nunnery. The Place of Reſidence was pitch'd upon; and a pretty Situation, full of natural Falls and Riſings of Waters, with ſhady Coverts, and flowry Arbors,

Arbors, was approv'd by Seven of the Founders. There were as many of our Sex who took the Liberty to viſit thoſe Manſions of intended Severity; among others, a famous *Rake* of that Time, who had the grave Way to an Excellence. He came in firſt; but upon ſeeing a Servant coming towards him, with a Deſign to tell him, this was no Place for him or his Companions; up goes my grave Impudence to the Maid: Young Woman, ſaid he, if any of the Ladies are in the Way on this Side of the Houſe, pray carry us on the other Side towards the Gardens: We are, you muſt know, Gentlemen that are Travelling *England*; after which we ſhall go into Foreign Parts, where ſome of us have already been. Here he bows in the moſt humble Manner, and kiſs'd the Girl, who knew not how to behave to ſuch a Sort of Carriage. He goes on; Now you muſt know we have an Ambition to have it to ſay, that we have a Proteſtant Nunnery in *England*: But pray Mrs. *Betty*—— Sir, ſhe reply'd, my Name is *Suſan*, at your Service. Then I heartily beg your Pardon— No Offence in the leaſt, for I have a Couſin-German whoſe Name is *Betty*. Indeed, ſaid he, I proteſt to you that was more than I knew, I ſpoke at Random: But ſince it happens that I was near in the Right, give me leave to preſent this Gentleman to the Favour of a civil Salute. His Friend advances, and ſo on, till that they had all ſaluted her. By this Means, the poor Girl was in the middle of the Crowd of theſe Fellows, at a Loſs what to do, without Courage to paſs through 'em; and the *Platonicks*, at ſeveral Peep-holes, pale, trembling, and fretting. *Rake* perceiv'd they were obſerv'd, and therefore took care to keep *Suky* in Chat with Queſtions concerning their Way of Life; when appear'd at laſt *Madonella*, a Lady who had writ a fine Book concerning the Recluſe Life, and was the Projectrix of the Foundation. She approaches into the Hall; and *Rake*, knowing the Dignity of his own Mien and Aſpect, goes Deputy from his Company. She begins, Sir, I am obliged to follow the Servant, who was ſent out to know, What Affair could make Strangers preſs upon a Solitude which we, who are to inhabit this Place, have devoted to Heaven and our own Thoughts? Madam, replies *Rake*,

Rake, (with an Air of great Diſtance, mix'd with a certain Indifference, by which he could diſſemble Diſſimulation) your great Intention has made more Noiſe in the World than you deſign it ſhould; and we Travellers, who have ſeen many foreign Inſtitutions of this Kind, have a Curioſity to ſee, in its firſt Rudiments, this Seat of Primitive Piety; for ſuch it muſt be call'd by future Ages, to the eternal Honour of the Founders. I have read *Madonella*'s excellent and ſeraphick Diſcourſe on this Subject. The Lady immediately anſwers, If what I have ſaid could have contributed to raiſe any Thoughts in you that may make for the Advancement of intellectual and divine Converſation, I ſhould think my ſelf extremely happy. He immediately fell back with the profoundeſt Veneration; then advancing, Are you then that admir'd Lady? If I may approach Lips which have utter'd Things ſo ſacred— He ſalutes her. His Friends follow'd his Example. The Devoted within ſtood in Amazement where this would end, to ſee *Madonella* receive their Addreſs and their Company. But *Rake* goes on— We would not tranſgreſs Rules; but if we may take the Liberty to ſee the Place you have thought fit to chuſe for ever, we would go into ſuch Parts of the Gardens as is conſiſtent with the Severities you have impoſed on your ſelves. To be ſhort, *Madonella* permitted *Rake* to lead her into the Aſſembly of Nuns, follow'd by his Friends, and each took his Fair One by the Hand, after due Explanation, to walk round the Gardens. The Converſation turn'd upon the Lillies, the Flowers, the Arbours, and the growing Vegetables; and *Rake* had the ſolemn Impudence, when the whole Company ſtood round him, to ſay, That he ſincerely wiſh'd Men might riſe out of the Earth like Plants; and that our Minds were not of Neceſſity to be fulfilled with carnivorous Appetites for the Generation, as well as Support of our Species. This was ſpoke with ſo eaſie and fix'd an Aſſurance, that *Madonella* anſwer'd, Sir, under the Notion of a pious Thought, you deceive your ſelf in wiſhing an Inſtitution foreign to that of Providence: Theſe Deſires were implanted in us for reverend Purpoſes, in preſerving the Race of Men, and giving Opportunities for making our Chaſtity

Chaſtity more Heroick. The Conference was continued in this Celeſtial Strain, and carried on ſo well by the Managers on both Sides, that it created a Second and a Second Interview; and, without entring into further Particulars, there was hardly one of them but was a Mother or Father that Day Twelvemonth.

Any unnatural Part is long taking up, and long laying aſide; therefore Mr. *Sturdy* may aſſure himſelf, *Platonica* will fly for ever from a forward Behaviour; but if he approaches her according to this Model, ſhe will fall in with the Neceſſities of mortal Life, and condeſcend to look with Pity upon an unhappy Man, impriſon'd in ſo much Body, and urg'd by ſuch violent Deſires.

From my own Apartment, June 22.

The Evils of this Town encreaſe upon me to ſo great a Degree, that I am half afraid I ſhall not leave the World much better than I found it. Several worthy Gentlemen and Criticks have applied to me, to give my Cenſure of an Enormity which has reviv'd (after being long oppreſs'd) and is call'd *Punning*. I have ſeveral Arguments ready to prove, that he cannot be a Man of Honour who is guilty of this Abuſe of Human Society. But the Way to expoſe it, is like the Expedient of curing Drunkenneſs, ſhowing a Man in that Condition: Therefore I muſt give my Reader Warning, to expect a Collection of theſe Offences; without which Preparation, I thought it too adventurous to introduce the very Mention of it in good Company; and hope, I ſhall be underſtood to do it, only as a Divine mentions Oaths and Curſes, only for their Condemnation. I ſhall dedicate this Diſcourſe to a Gentleman my very good Friend, who is the *Janus* of our Times, and whom by his Years and Wit you would take to be of the laſt Age; but by his Dreſs and Morals, of this.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 22.

Laſt Night arriv'd Two Mails from *Holland*, which, among other Advices, bring Letters from the *Hague* of the 28th Inſtant, *N. S.* which ſay, That the Enemy lay encamp'd behind a ſtrong Retrenchment, with the Marſh of *Remieres* on their Right and Left, extending it ſelf as far as *Bethune*: *La Baſſee* is in their Front, *Lens* in their Rear,

Rear, and their Camp is ſtrengthen'd by another Line from *Lens* to *Douay*. The Duke of *Marlborough* cauſed an exact Obſervation to be made of their Ground, and the Works by which they were cover'd, which appear'd ſo ſtrong, that it was not thought proper to attack 'em in their preſent Poſture. However the Duke thought fit to make a Feint as if he deſign'd it; and accordingly marching from the Abbey at *Looze*, as did Prince *Eugene* from *Lampret*, advanc'd with all poſſible Diligence towards the Enemy. To favour the Appearance of an intended Aſſault, the Ways were made, and Orders diſtributed in ſuch a Manner, that none in either Camp could have Thoughts of any Thing, but charging the Enemy by break of Day the next Morning: But ſoon after the Fall of the Night of the 26th, the whole Army fac'd towards *Tournay*, which Place they inveſted early in the Morning of the 27th. The Mareſchal *Villars* was ſo confident that we deſign'd to attack him, that he had drawn great Part of the Garriſon of the Place, which is now inveſted, into the Field: For which Reaſon, it is preſum'd it muſt ſubmit within a ſmall Time; which the Enemy cannot prevent, but by coming out of their preſent Camp, and hazarding a general Engagement. Theſe Advices add, That the Garriſon of *Mons* had march'd out under the Command of Mareſchal *d' Arco*; which, with the *Bavarians*, *Walloons*, and the Troops of *Cologn*, have join'd the grand Army of the Enemy.

By Mrs. Jenny Diſtaff, *Half Siſter to Mr.* Bickerſtaff.

From *Thurſday June* 23. to *Saturday June* 25. N°. 33.

From our own Apartment, June 23.

MY Brother has made an Excurſion into the Country, and the Work againſt *Saturday* lies upon me. I am very glad I have got Pen and Ink in my Hand; for I have for ſome time long'd for his Abſence, to give a right Idea of Things, which, I thought, he put in a very odd Light, and ſome of them to the Diſadvantage

of

of my own Sex. It is much to be lamented, that it is necessary to make Discourses, and publish Treatises, to keep the horrid Creatures the Men, within the Rules of common Decency. Turning over the Papers of Memorials or Hints for the ensuing Discourses, I find a Letter subscribed by Mr. *Truman*.

SIR,

'I AM lately come to Town, and have read you with much Pleasure. You make Wit subservient to good 'Principles and good Manners. Yet, because I design 'to buy the *Tatlers* for my Daughters to read, I take 'the Freedom to desire you, for the future, to say no-'thing about any Combat between *Alexander* and *Thale-'stris*.

This Offence gives me Occasion to express my self with the Resentment I ought, on People who take Liberties of Speech before that Sex of whom the honour'd Names of Mother, Daughter, and Sister, are a Part: I had like to have nam'd Wife in the Number; but the senseless World are so mistaken in their Sentiments of Pleasure, that the most amiable Term in Humane Life is become the Derision of Fools and Scorners. My Brother and I have at least Fifty Times quarrell'd upon this Topick. I ever argue, That the Frailties of Women are to be imputed to the false Ornaments which Men of Wit put upon our Folly and Coquetry. He lays all the Vice of Men upon Women's secret Approbation of Libertine Characters in them. I did not care to give up a Point; but now he is out of the Way, I cannot but own I believe there is very much in what he asserted: For if you will believe your Eyes, and own, that the wickedest and the wittiest of 'em all marry one Day or other, Is it possible to believe, that if a Man thought he should be for ever incapable of being receiv'd by a Woman of Merit and Honour, he would persist in an abandon'd Way, and deny himself the Possibility of enjoying the Happiness of well-govern'd Desires, orderly Satisfactions, and honourable Methods of Life? If our Sex were wise, a Lover should have a Certificate from the last Woman he serv'd how he was turn'd away, before he was receiv'd into the Service of another: But at present any Vagabond

is welcome, provided he promiſes to enter into our Livery. It is wonderful, that we will not take a Footman without Credentials, from his laſt Maſter; and in the greateſt Concern of Life, we make no Scruple of falling into a Treaty with the moſt notorious Offender in his Behaviour againſt others. But this Breach of Commerce between the Sexes proceeds from an unaccountable Prevalence of Cuſtom, by which a Woman is to the laſt Degree reproachable for being deceiv'd, and a Man ſuffers no Loſs of Credit for being a Deceiver. Since this Tyrant Humour has gain'd Place, Why are we repreſented in the Writings of Men in ill Figures for Artifice in our Carriage, when we have to do with a profeſs'd Impoſtor? When Oaths, Imprecations, Vows, and Adorations, are made uſe of as Words of Courſe, What Arts are not neceſſary to defend us from [illegible] glory in the Breach of 'em? As for my Part, I am reſolv'd to hear all and believe none of 'em; and therefore ſolemnly declare, no Vow ſhall deceive me but that of Marriage: For I am turn'd of Twenty, and being of a ſmall Fortune, ſome Wit, and, (if I can believe my Lovers and my Glaſs) Handſome, I have heard all that can be ſaid towards my Undoing, and ſhall therefore, for Warning take, give an Account of the Offers that have been made me, my Manner of rejecting 'em, and my Aſſiſtances to keep my Reſolution. In the Sixteenth Year of my Life, I fell into the Acquaintance of a Lady, extreamly well known in this Town for the quick Advancement of her Husband, and the Honours and Diſtinctions which her Induſtry has procur'd him, and all who belong to her. This excellent Body ſat next to me for ſome Months at Church, and took the Liberty, which ſhe ſaid her Years and the Zeal ſhe had for my Welfare gave her Claim to, to aſſure me, that ſhe obſerv'd ſome Parts of my Behaviour which would lead me into Errors, and give Encouragement to ſome to entertain Hopes I did not think of. What made you (ſaid ſhe) look through your Fan at that Lord, when your Eyes ſhould have been turn'd upward, or cloſ'd in Attention upon better Objects: I bluſh'd, and pretended Fifty odd Excuſes; — but confounded my ſelf the more. She

wanted

wanted nothing but to ſee that Confuſion, and goes on: Nay, Child, do not be troubled that I take Notice of it, my Value for you made me ſpeak it; for tho' he is my Kinſman, I have a nearer Regard to Virtue than any other Conſideration. She had hardly done ſpeaking when this noble Lord came up to us, and took her Hand to lead her to her Coach. My Head ran all that Day and Night on the exemplary Carriage of this Woman, who could be ſo virtuouſly impertinent, as to admoniſh one ſhe was hardly acquainted with. However it ſtruck upon the Vanity of a Girl that it may poſſibly be, his Thoughts might have been as favourable of me, as mine are amorous of him, and as unlikely Things as that have happen'd, if he ſhould make me his Wife. She never mention'd this more to me; but I ſtill in all publick Places ſtole Looks at this Man, who eaſily obſerv'd my Paſſion for him. It is ſo hard a Thing to check the Return of agreeable Thoughts, that he became my Dream, my Viſion, my Food, my Wiſh, my Torment. That Miniſter of Darkneſs, the Lady *Sempronia*, perceiv'd too well the Temper I was in, and would one Day after Evening Service needs take me to the Park. When we were there, my Lord paſſes by; I flush'd into a Flame. Mrs. *Diſtaff* (ſaid ſhe) You may very well remember the Concern I was in upon the firſt Notice I took of your Regard to that Lord, and forgive me, that had a tender Friendſhip for your Mother (who is now in her Grave) that I am vigilant of your Conduct. She went on with much Severity, and after great Sollicitation prevail'd on me to go with her into the Country, and there ſpend the enſuing Summer out of the Way of a Man ſhe ſaw I lov'd, and one whom ſhe perceiv'd meditated my Ruin, by frequently deſiring her to introduce him to me; which ſhe abſolutely refus'd, except he would give his Honour that he had no other Deſign but to marry me. To her Country Houſe a Week or Two after we went: There was at the further End of her Garden a Kind of Wilderneſs, in the Middle of which ran a ſoft Rivulet by an Arbor of Jeſſamin. In this Place I uſually paſs'd my retir'd Hours, and read ſome Romantick or Poetical Tale till the Cloſe of the Evening. It was near that

Time

Time in the Heat of Summer, when gentle Winds, ſoft Murmurs of Water, and Notes of Nightingals had given my Mind an Indolence, which added to that Repoſe of Soul, which Twilight and the End of a Warm Day naturally throws upon the Spirits. It was at ſuch an Hour, and in ſuch a State of Tranquility I ſat, when, to my unexpreſſible Amazement, I ſaw my Lord walking towards me, whom I knew not till that Moment to have been in the Country. I could remark in his Approach the Perplexity which attends a Man big with Deſign; and I had, while he was coming forward, Time to reflect that I was betray'd; the Senſe of which gave me a Reſentment ſuitable to ſuch a Baſeneſs: But when he enter'd into the Bower where I was, my Heart flew towards him, and I confeſs a certain Joy came into my Mind, with an Hope that he might then make a Declaration of Honour and Paſſion. This threw my Eye upon him with ſuch Tenderneſs, as gave him Power, with a broken Accent, to begin. Madam, — You will wonder— for it is certain, you muſt have obſerv'd — tho' I fear you will miſinterpret the Motives — But by Heav'n, and all that's Sacred! If you could — Here he made a full Stand — and I recover'd Power to ſay — The Conſternation I am in you will not, I hope, believe — An helpleſs innocent Maid — Beſides that, the Place — He ſaw me in as great Confuſion as himſelf; which attributing to the ſame Cauſes, he had the Audacioufneſs to throw himſelf at my Feet, and talk of the Stilneſs of the Evening; then ran into Deifications of my Perſon. Pure Flames, Conſtant Love, Eternal Raptures, and a Thouſand other Phraſes drawn from the Images we have of Heaven, which ill Men uſe for the Service of Hell, were run over with uncommon Vehemence. After which he ſeiz'd me in his Arms: His Deſign was too evident. In my utmoſt Diſtreſs, I fell upon my Knees — My Lord, pity me, on my Knees — On my Knees in the Cauſe of Virtue, as you were lately in that of Wickedneſs. Can you think of deſtroying the Labour of a whole Life, the Purpoſe of a long Education, for the baſe Service of a ſudden Appetite, to throw one that loves you, that doats on you, out of the Company and Road of all that is Virtuous and Praiſe-worthy? Have I taken in all the

Inſtructions of Piety, Religion, and Reaſon, for no other End but to be the Sacrifice of Luſt, and abandon'd to Scorn? Aſſume your ſelf, my Lord, and do not attempt to violate a Temple ſacred to Innocence, Honour, and Religion. If I have injur'd you, ſtab this Boſom, and let me die, but not be ruin'd by the Hand I Love. The Ardency of my Paſſion made me incapable of uttering more; and I ſaw my Lover aſtoniſh'd, and reform'd by my Behaviour: When ruſh'd in *Semphronia*. Ha! Faithleſs falſe Man, could you then ſteal out of Town, and lurk like a Robber about my Houſe for ſuch brutiſh Purpoſes. My Lord was by this Time recover'd, and fell into a violent Laughter at the Turn which *Semphronia* deſign'd to give her Villany. He bow'd to me with the utmoſt Reſpect: Mrs. *Diſtaff*, ſaid he, be careful hereafter of your Company; and ſo retir'd. The Fiend *Semphronia* congratulated my Deliverance with a Flood of Tears. This Nobleman has ſince very frequently made his Addreſſes to me with Honour, but I have as often refus'd 'em; as well knowing, that Familiarity and Marriage will make him, on ſome ill-natur'd Occaſion, call all I ſaid in the Arbour a Theatrical Action. Beſides that, I glory in contemning a Man who had Thoughts to my Diſhonour. And if this Method were the Imitation of the whole Sex, Innocence would be the only Dreſs of Beauty; and all Affectation by any other Arts to pleaſe the Eyes of Men, would be baniſh'd to the Stews for ever. The Conqueſt of Paſſion gives Ten times more Happineſs than we can reap from the Gratification of it; and ſhe that has got over ſuch a one as mine, will ſtand among Beaux and Pretty Fellows, with as much Safety as in a Summer's Day among Graſhoppers and Butterflies.

P. S. *I have Ten Millions of Things more againſt Men, if I ever get the Pen again.*

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 24.

Our laſt Advices from the *Hague*, dated the 28th Inſtant, ſay, That on the 25th a Squadron of *Dutch* Men of War ſail'd out of the *Texel* to join Admiral *Baker* at *Spithead*. The 26th was obſerv'd as a Day of Faſting and Humiliation, to implore a Bleſſing on the Arms of the Allies this enſuing Campaign. Letters from *Dreſden* are very

very particular in the Account of the Gallantry and Magnificence in which that Court has appear'd since the Arrival of the King of *Denmark*. No Day has pass'd in which publick Shews have not been exhibited for his Entertainment and Diversion: The last of that Kind which is mention'd is a Carousal, wherein many of the Youth of the first Quality, dress'd in the most splendid Manner, ran for the Prize. His *Danish* Majesty condescended to the same; but having observ'd that there was a Design laid to throw it in his Way, pass'd by without attempting to gain it. The Court of *Dresden* was preparing to accompany his *Danish* Majesty to *Potsdam*, where the Expectation of an Interview of three Kings had drawn together such Multitudes of People, that many Persons of Distinction will be oblig'd to lie in Tents as long as those Courts continue in that Place.

From *Saturday June* 25. to *Tuesday June* 28. N°. 34.

White's Chocolate-house, June 25.

HAving taken upon me to cure all the Distempers which proceed from Affections of the Mind, I have found'd, since I first kept this publick Stage, to do all the Good I could possibly, and have perfected many Cures at my own Lodgings; carefully avoiding the common Method of Mountebanks, to do their most eminent Operations in Sight of the People; but am to be so just to my Patients as to declare, they have testified under their Hands their Sense of my poor Abilities, and the Good I have done 'em, which I publish for the Benefit of the World, and not out of any Thoughts of private Advantage. I have cured fine Mrs. *Spy* of a great Imperfection in her Eyes, which made her eternally rolling 'em from one Coxcomb to another in publick Places, in so languishing a Manner, that it at once lessen'd her own Power, and her Beholders Vanity. Twenty Drops of my Ink, plac'd in certain Letters on which she attentively look'd for half an Hour, have restored her to the true Use of her Sight; which is, to guide, and not mislead us. Ever since she took this Liquor, which I call, *Beckstaff's Clear-sighted-Water*, she looks right forward, and can bear

being look'd at half a Day without returning one Glance. This Water has a peculiar Virtue in it, which makes it the only true Cosmetick or Beauty-Wash in the World: The Nature of it is such, that if you go to a Glass, with Design to admire your Face, it immediately changes it into downright Deformity. If you consult it only to look with a better Countenance upon your Friends, it immediately gives an Alacrity to the Visage, and new Grace to the whole Person. There is indeed a great deal owing to the Constitution of the Person to whom it is apply'd: It is vain to give it when the Patient is in the Rage of the Distemper; a Bride in her first Month, a Lady soon after her Husband's being Knighted, or any Person of either Sex who has lately obtain'd any new good Fortune or Preferment, must be prepar'd some Time before they take it. It has an Effect upon others, as well as the Patient, when it is taken in due Form. Lady *Petuiant* has by the Use of it cured her Husband of Jealousy, and Lady *Gad* her whole Neighbourhood of Detraction. The Fame of these Things, added to my being an old Fellow, makes me extreamly acceptable to the Fair Sex. You would hardly believe me, when I tell you there is not a Man in Town so much their Delight as my self. They make no more of visiting me, than going to Madam *d' Epingle*'s. There were two of them, namely, *Damia* and *Cidamira*, (I assure you Women of Distinction) who came to see me this Morning in their Way to Prayers, and being in a very diverting Humour, as Innocence always makes People chearful, they would needs have me, according to the Distinction of pretty and *very* pretty Fellows, inform them, if I thought either of them deserving the *very* pretty among those of their own Sex; and if I did, which was the more deserving of the Two. To put 'em to the Tryal, Look ye, said I, I must not rashly give my Judgment in Matters of this Importance; pray let me see you dance: I play upon the Kit. They immediately fell back to the lower End of the Room. You may be sure they curt'sy'd low enough to me: But they began. Never, were Two in the World so equally match'd, and both Scholars to my Name-sake *Isaac*. Never was Man in so dangerous a Condition as my self, when they began to expand their Charms. Oh! Ladies, Ladies, cry'd

I,

I, not half that Air, you'l fire the Houſe. Both ſmil'd; for by the by, there's no carrying a Metaphor too far, when a Lady's Charms are ſpoke of. Some body, I think, has call'd a fine Woman dancing, a Brandiſh'd Torch of Beauty. Theſe Rivals mov'd with ſuch an agreeable Freedom, that you would believe their Geſture was the neceſſary Effects of the Muſick, and not the Product of Skill and Practice. Now *Clidamira* came on with a Crowd of Graces, and demanded my Judgment with ſo ſweet an Air — But ſhe had no ſooner carried it, but *Damia* made her utterly forgot by a gentle ſinking, and a Rigadoon Step. The Conteſt held a full half Hour; and I proteſt, I ſaw no manner of Difference in their Perfections, till they came up together, and expected my Sentence. Look ye Ladies, ſaid I, I ſee no Difference in the leaſt in your Performance; but you *Clidamira* ſeem to be ſo well ſatisfied, that I ſhall determine for you, that I muſt give it to *Damia*, who ſtands with ſo much Diffidence and Fear, after ſhowing an equal Merit to what ſhe pretends to. Therefore, *Clidamira*, you are a pretty; but *Damia*, you are a *very* pretty Lady. For, ſaid I, Beauty loſes its Force, if not accompanied with Modeſty. She that has an humble Opinion of her ſelf, will have every body's Applauſe, becauſe ſhe does not expect it; while the vain Creature loſes Approbation, through too great a Senſe of deſerving it.

From my own Apartment, June 27.

Being of a very ſpare and active Conſtitution, I am forc'd to make frequent Journies of a Mile or two for freſh Air; and indeed by this laſt, which was no further than the Village of *Chelſea*, I am farther convinc'd of the Neceſſity of travelling to know the World. For as it is uſual with young Voyagers, aſſoon as they land upon a Shore, to begin their Accounts of the Nature of the People, their Soil, their Government, their Inclinations, and their Paſſions, ſo really I fancied I could give you an immediate Deſcription of this Village, from the five Fields where the Robbers lie in wait, to the Coffee-houſe where the *Literati* ſit in Council. A great Anceſtor of ours by the Mother's Side, Mr. Juſtice *Overdo*, (whoſe Hiſtory is written by *Ben. Johnſon*) met with more Enormities by walking *incog.* than he was capable of correct-

ing; and found great Mortifications in obſerving alſo Perſons of Eminence, whom he before knew nothing of. So it far'd with me ev'n in a Place ſo near the Town as this. When I came into the Coffee-houſe, I had not Time to ſalute the Company, before my Eye was diverted by Ten thouſand Gimcracks round the Room and on the Sieling. When my firſt Aſtoniſhment was over, comes to me a Sage of a thin and meagre Countenance; which Aſpect made me doubt, whether Reading or Fretting had made it ſo Philoſophick: But I very ſoon perceiv'd him to be of that Sect which the Ancients call *Gingitiſtæ*; in our Language, Tooth-Drawers. I immediately had a reſpect for the Man; for theſe practical Philoſophers go upon a very rational Hypotheſis, not to cure, but take away the Part affected. My Love of Mankind made me very benevolent to Mr. *Salter*, for ſuch is the Name of this eminent Barber and Antiquary. Men are uſually, but unjuſtly, diſtinguiſh'd rather by their Fortunes, than their Talents, otherwiſe this Perſonage would make a great Figure in that Claſs of Men which I diſtinguiſh under the Title of *Odd Fellows*. But it is the Misfortune of Perſons of great Genius, to have their Faculties diſſipated by Attention to too many Things at once. Mr. *Salter* is an Inſtance of this: If he would wholly give himſelf up to the String, inſtead of playing twenty Beginnings to Tunes, he might before he dies play *Roger de Coverly* quite out. I heard him go through his whole Round, and indeed I think he does play the merry *Chriſt-Church* Bells pretty juſtly; but he confeſs'd to me, he did that rather to ſhow he was Orthodox, than that he valued himſelf upon the Muſick it ſelf. Or if he did proceed in his Anatomy, Why might not he hope in Time to cut off Legs, as well as draw Teeth? The Particularity of this Man put me into a deep Thought, whence it ſhould proceed, that of all the lower Order of Men, Barbers ſhould go further in hitting the Ridiculous, than any other Set of Men. Watermen brawl, Coblers ſing: But why muſt a Barber be for ever a Politician, a Muſician, an Anatomiſt, a Poet, and a Phyſician. The learned *Voſſius* ſays, his Barber us'd to comb his Head in *Iambicks*. And indeed in all Ages, one of this uſeful Profeſſion, this Order of Coſmetick Philoſophers, has been celebra-

ted

ted by the moſt eminent Hands. You ſee the Picture of Don *Quixot* is one of the principal Characters in the Hiſtory, which gave me Satisfaction in the Doubt, why Don *Saltero* writ his Name with a *Spaniſh* Termination: For he is deſcended in a right Line, not from *John Tinda-ſcran*, as he himſelf aſſerts, but from that memorable Companion of the Knight of *Mancha*. And I hereby certify all the worthy Citizens who travel to ſee his Rarities, that his double-barrel'd Piſtols, Targett, Coat of Mail, his Sclopeta, and Sword of *Toledo*, were left to his Anceſtor by the ſaid Don *Quixot*, and by the ſaid Anceſtor to all his Progeny down to Don *Saltero*. Tho' I go thus far in Favour of Don *Saltero*'s great Merit, I cannot allow a Liberty he takes of impoſing ſeveral Names (without my Licence) on the Collections he has made, to the Abuſe of the good People of *England*; one of which is particularly calculated to deceive Religious Perſons, to the great Scandal of the Well-diſpos'd, and may introduce Heterodox Opinions. He ſhows you a Straw-Hat, which I know to be made by *Madge Peskad*, within three Miles of *Bedford*; and tells you, *it is* Pontius Pilate's *Wife's Chamber Maid's Siſter's Hat*. To my Knowledge of this very Hat, it may be added, that the Covering of Straw was never us'd among the *Jews*, ſince it was demanded of 'em to make Bricks without it. Therefore this is really nothing, but under the ſpecious Pretence of Learning and Antiquity, to impoſe upon the World. There are other Things which I cannot tolerate among his Rarities; as, the *China* Figure of a Lady in the Glaſs-Caſe; the *Italian* Engine for the Impriſonment of thoſe who go abroad with it: Both which I hereby order to be taken down, or elſe he may expect to have his Letters Patents for making Punch ſuperſeded, be debarr'd wearing his Muff next Winter, or ever coming to *London* without his Wife. It may be perhaps thought I have dwelt too long upon the Affairs of this Operator; but I deſire the Reader to remember, that it is my Way to conſider Men as they ſtand in Merit, and not according to their Fortune or Figure; and if he is in a Coffee-houſe at the reading hereof, let him look round, and he will find there may be more Characters drawn in this Account than that of Don *Saltero*: for half the Politi-

cans about him, he may obſerve, are by their Place in Nature of the Claſs of Tooth-Drawers.

From *Tueſday June* 28. to *Thurſday June* 30. N°. 35.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, June 28.

THere is an Habit or Cuſtom which I have put my Patience to the utmoſt Stretch to have ſuffer'd ſo long as I have, becauſe ſeveral of my intimate Friends are in the Guilt; and that is, the Humour of taking Snuff, and looking dirty about the Mouth by way of Ornament. My Method is to dive to the Bottom of a Sore before I pretend to apply a Remedy. For this Reaſon I ſat by an eminent Story-teller and Politician, who takes half an Ounce in two Seconds, and has mortgag'd a pretty Tenement near the Town, meerly to improve and dung his Brains with this prolifick Powder. I obſerv'd this Gentleman t'other Day in the midſt of a Story diverted from it by looking at ſomething at a Diſtance, and I ſoftly hid his Box. But he returns to his Tale, and looking for his Box, he cries, And ſo Sir — Then when he ſhould have taken a Pinch; As I was ſaying, ſays he — Has no Body ſeen my Box? His Friend beſeeches him to finiſh his Narration. Then he proceeds; And ſo Sir — Where can my Box be? Then turning to me; Pray, Sir, Did you ſee my Box? Yes, Sir, ſaid I, I took it to ſee how long you could live without it. He reſumes his Tale; and I took Notice, that his Dulneſs was much more regular and fluent than before. A Pinch ſupply'd the Place of, *As I was ſaying*, *And ſo Sir*; and he went on currently enough in that Stile which the Learned call the Inſipid. This Obſervation eaſily led me into a Philoſophick Reaſon for taking Snuff, which is done only to ſupply with Senſations the Want of Reflections. This I take to be an Ἔυρημα, a *noſtrum*; upon which I hope for the Thanks of this Board. For as it is natural to lift a Man's Hand to a Sore, when you ſee any Thing coming at you; ſo when a Perſon feels his Thoughts are run out; and has no more to ſay, it is as natural to ſupply his weak Brain with Powder at the neareſt Place of Acceſs, viz. the Noſtrils. This *is* ſo evident,

evident, that Nature suggests the Use according to the Indigence of the Persons who use this Medicine, without being prepossess'd with the Force of Fashion or Custom. For Example; the native *Hibernians*, who are reckon'd not much unlike the Ancient *Parthians*, take this Specifick for Emptiness in the Head, in greater Abundance than any other Nation under the Sun. The learned *Satus*, as sparing as he is in his Words, would be still more silent if it were not for this Powder. But however low and poor the taking Snuff argues a Man to be in his own Stock of Thought, or Means to employ his Brains and his Fingers, there is a poorer Creature in the World than this, and he is a Borrower of Snuff; a Fellow that keeps no Box of his own, but is always asking others for a Pinch. Such poor Rogues put me always in Mind of a common Phrase among School-boys when they are a composing their Exercise, who run to an upper Scholar, and cry, Pray give me a little Sense. But of all Things, commend me to the Ladies who are got into this pretty Help to Discourse. I have been this three Years perswading *Sagissa* to leave it off; but she talks so much, and is so learned, that she is above Contradiction. However, an Accident t'other Day brought that about, which my Eloquence never could accomplish: She had a very pretty Fellow in her Closet, who ran thither to avoid some Company that came to visit her. She made an Excuse to go in to him for some Implement they were talking of. Her eager Gallant snatch'd a Kiss; but being unused to Snuff, some Grains from off her upper Lip made him sneeze aloud, which alarm'd the Visitants, and has made a Discovery, that profound Reading, very much Intelligence, and a general Knowledge of who and who's together, cannot fill up her vacant Hours so much, but that she is sometimes oblig'd to descend to Entertainments less Intellectual.

White's Chocolate-house, June 29.

I know no Manner of News for this Place, but that *Cruthio*, having been long in Despair for the inexorable *Clarissa*, lately resolv'd to fall in Love the good old Way of Bargain and Sale, and has pitch'd upon a very agreeable young Woman. He will undoubtedly succeed; for he accosts her in a Strain of Familiarity, without break-

ing through the Deference that is due to a Woman whom a Man would chuſe for his Life. I have hardly ever heard rough Truth ſpoken with a better Grace than in this his Letter.

MADAM,

I Will be with you on Saturday *by Mrs.* Lucy, *and give you this Trouble to urge the ſame Requeſt I made then, which was, that I may be admitted to wait upon you. I ſhould be very far from deſiring this, if it were a Tranſgreſſion of the moſt ſevere Rules to allow it: I know you are very much above the little Arts which are frequent in your Sex, of giving unneceſſary Torments to their Admirers: therefore hope, you'll do ſo much Juſtice to the generous Paſſion I have for you, as to let me have an Opportunity of acquainting you upon what Motives I pretend to your good Opinion. I ſhall not trouble you with my Sentiments till I know how they will be receiv'd; and as I know no Reaſon why Difference of Sex ſhould make our Language to each other differ from the ordinary Rules of right Reaſon, I ſhall affect Plainneſs and Sincerity in my Diſcourſe to you, as much as other Lovers do Perplexity and Rapture. Inſtead of ſaying I ſhall die for you, I profeſs I ſhould be glad to lead my Life with you: You are as beautiful, as witty, as prudent, and as good humour'd, as any Woman breathing; but I muſt confeſs to you, I regard all theſe Excellencies as you will pleaſe to direct 'em, for my Happineſs or Miſery. With me, Madam, the only laſting Motive to Love is the Hope of its becoming mutual. I beg of you to let Mrs.* Lucy *ſend me Word when I may attend you. I promiſe you, I'll talk of nothing but indifferent Things; tho' at the ſame Time I know not how I ſhall approach you in the tender Moment of firſt ſeeing you after this Declaration, which has been made by,*

MADAM,

Your moſt Obedient, and moſt Faithful,
Humble Servant, &c.

Will's Coffee-houſe, June 29.

Having taken a Reſolution when Plays are acted next Winter by an entire good Company, to publiſh Obſervations from Time to Time on the Performance of the Actors, I think it but juſt to give an Abſtract of the Law of Action, for the Help of the leſs learned Part of the Audience, that they may rationally enjoy ſo refin'd and inſtructive a Pleaſure as a juſt Repreſentation of human Life.

Life. The great Errors in Playing are admirably well expos'd in *Hamlet*'s Direction to the Actors who are to play in his suppos'd Tragedy; by which we shall form our future Judgments on their Behaviour, and for that Reason you have the Discourse as follows: *Speak the Speech as I pronounce it to you, trippingly on the Tongue; but if you Mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as live the Town-Crier had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Air too much with your Hand thus; but use all gently: For in the very Torrent, Tempest, and, as I may say, the Whirlwind of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may give it Smoothness. Oh! It offends me to the Soul, to see a robustious Periwig-pated Fellow tear a Passion to Tatters, to very Rags, to split the Ears of the Groundlings, who (for the most Part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb Shews and Noise. I could have such a Fellow whipt for o'erdoing* Termagant: *It out-*Herod's Herod. *Be not too tame neither; but let your own Discretion be your Tutor: Suite the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action; with this special Observance, that you o'erstep not the Modesty of Nature; for any Thing so overdone, is from the Purpose of Playing, whose End, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirror up to Nature; to shew Virtue her own Feature; Scorn her own Image; and the very Age and Body of the Time its Form and Pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, tho' it make the Unskilful laugh, cannot but make the Judicious grieve. The Censures of which one, must, in your Allowance, o'erweigh a whole Theatre of others. Oh! there be Players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speak it prophanely) that neither having the Accent of* Christian, Pagan, *or* Norman, *have so strutted and bellow'd, that I have thought some of Nature's Journeymen had made Men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably. This should be reform'd altogether; and let those that play your Clowns, speak no more than is set down for them? For there be of them that will of themselves laugh, to set on some Quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too; tho' in the mean Time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be consider'd; that's villainous, and shews a most pitiful Ambition in the Fool that uses it.*

From my own Apartment, June 29.

It would be a very great Obligation, and an Assistance to

to my Treatiſe upon *Punning*, if any one would pleaſe to inform in what Claſs, among the Learned who play with Words, to place the Author of the following Letter.

SIR,

NOT long ſince you were pleas'd to give us a *Chimerical Account of the famous Family of* Staffs, *from whence I ſuppoſe you would inſinuate, that it is the moſt ancient and numerous Houſe in all* Europe. *But I poſitively deny that it is either; and wonder much at your audacious Proceedings in this Matter, ſince 'tis well known, that our moſt illuſtrious, moſt renown'd, and moſt celebrated* Roman *Family of* Ix, *has enjoy'd the Precedency to all others from the Reign of good old* Saturn. *I could ſay much to the Defamation and Diſgrace of your Family; as, that your Relations* Diſtaff *and* Broomſtaff *were both inconſiderate mean Perſons, one ſpinning, the other ſweeping the Streets, for their daily Bread. But I forbear to vent my Spleen on Objects ſo much beneath my Indignation. I ſhall only give the World a Catalogue of my Anceſtors, and leave them to determine which hath hitherto had, and which for the future ought to have, the Preference.*

Firſt then comes the moſt famous and popular Lady Meretrix, *Parent of the fertile Family of* Bellatrix, Lotrix, Netrix, Nutrix, Obſtetrix, Famulatrix, Coctrix, Ornatrix, Sarcinatrix, Fextrix, Balneatrix, Portratrix, Saltatrix, Divinatrix, Conjectrix, Comtrix, Debitrix, Creditrix, Donatrix, Ambulatrix, Mercatrix, Adſectrix, Aſſectatrix, Palpatrix, Præceptrix, Piſtrix.

I am yours, Eliz. Potatrix.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 29.

Letters from *Bruſſels* of the 2d of *July*, *N. S.* ſay, that the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* having receiv'd Advice, that the Marſhal *Villars* had drawn a conſiderable Body out of the Garriſon of *Tournay*, to reinforce his Army, march'd towards that Place, and came before it early in the Morning of the 27th. As ſoon as they came into that Ground, the Prince of *Naſſau* was ſent with a ſtrong Detachment to take Poſt at St. *Amand*; and at the ſame Time my Lord *Orkney* receiv'd Orders to poſſeſs himſelf of *Mortagne*; both which were ſucceſsfully executed; by which Means we are Maſters of the *Scheld* and the *Scarp*. Eight Men were drawn out of each Troop of Dragoons and Company of Foot in the Garriſon

ſon

ſon of *Tournay*, to make up the Reinforcement which was order'd to joyn Marſhal *Villars*; but upon Advice that the Allies were Marching towards *Tournay*, they endeavour'd to return into the Town; but were intercepted by the Earl of *Orkney*, by whom that whole Body was kill'd or taken. Theſe Letters add, That 1200 Dragoons (each Horſeman carrying a Foot Soldier behind him) were detach'd from *Mons* to throw themſelves into *Tournay*; but upon Appearance of a great Body of Horſe of the Allies, retir'd towards *Conde*. We hear, That the Garriſon does not conſiſt of more than 3500 Men. Of the 60 Battallions deſign'd to be employ'd in this Siege, 7 are *Engliſh*, viz Two of Guards, and the Regiments of *Argyle*, *Temple*, *Evans*, and *Meredith*.

By Mrs. Jenny Diſtaff, *Half Siſter to Mr.* Bickerſtaff.

From *Thurſday June* 30. to *Saturday July* 2. N°. 36.

From our own Apartment, June 30.

MAny Affairs calling my Brother into the Country, the Care of our Intelligence with the Town is left to me for ſome Time; therefore you muſt expect the Advices you meet with in this Paper to be ſuch, as more immediately and naturally fall under the Conſideration of our Sex: The Hiſtory therefore written by a Woman, you will eaſily imagine to conſiſt of Love in all its Forms, both in the Abuſe of, and Obedience to that Paſſion. As to the Faculty of writing it ſelf, it will not, it is hop'd, be demanded that Stile and Ornament ſhall be ſo much conſulted, as Truth and Simplicity; which latter Qualities we may more juſtly pretend to beyond the other Sex. While therefore the Adminiſtration of our Affairs is in my Hands, you ſhall from Time to Time have an exact Account of all falſe Lovers, and their ſhallow Pretences for breaking off; of all Termagant Wives who make Wedlock a Yoke; of Men who affect the Entertainments and Manners ſuitable only to our Sex, and Women who pretend to the Conduct of ſuch Affairs as are only within the Province of Men. It is neceſſary fur-

further to advertiſe the Reader, that the uſual Places of Reſort being utterly out of my Province or Obſervation, I ſhall be oblig'd frequently to change the Dates of Places, as Occurrences come into my Way.

Epſom, *June* 28.

IT is now almoſt Three Weeks ſince what you writ about happen'd in this Place: The Quarrel between my Friends did not run ſo high as I find your Accounts have made it. The Truth of the Fact you ſhall have very faithfully. You are to underſtand, that the Perſons concern'd in this Scene were Lady Autumn, *and Lady* Springly: Autumn *is a Perſon of good breeding Formality, and ſingular Way practis'd in the laſt Age; and Lady* Springly, *a modern Impertinent of our Sex, who affects as improper a Familiarity, as the other does Diſtance. Lady* Autumn *knows to an Hair's Breadth where her Place is in all Aſſemblies and Converſations; but* Springly *neither gives or takes Place of any Body, but underſtands the Place to ſignify no more, than to have Room enough to be at Eaſe where-ever ſhe comes. Thus while* Autumn *takes the Whole of this Life to conſiſt in underſtanding Punctilio and Decorum,* Springly *takes every Thing to be becoming which contributes to her Eaſe and Satisfaction. Theſe Heroines have Married two Brothers, both Knights.* Springly *is the Spouſe of the Elder, who is a Baronet; and* Autumn, *being a rich Widow, has taken the Younger, and her Purſe endow'd him with Fortune and Knighthood of the ſame Order. This Jumble of Diſtinction, you need not doubt, has been an active Torment to* Autumn, *who took Place of the other on all Pretences, but her Careleſneſs and Diſregard of Diſtinction. This ſecret Occaſion of Envy broil'd long in the Breaſt of* Autumn; *but no Opportunity of Contention on that Subject happening, kept all Things quiet till the Accident, of which you demand an Account.*

It was given out among all the gay People of this Place, That on the Tueſday *following, ſeveral Damſels, ſwift of Foot, were to run for a Suit of Head Clothes at the* Old Wells. *The Lady* Autumn *on this Occaſion invited* Springly *to go with her in her Coach to ſee the Race. When they came to the Place where the* Governour of Epſom *and all his Court of Citizens were aſſembled, as well as a Crowd of People of all Orders, a briſk young Fellow addreſſes himſelf to the younger of the Ladies, viz.* Springly, *and offers her his Services to conduct her into the Muſick-Room.* Springly *accepts the Compliment, and is led*

led triumphantly through a bowing Crowd, while Autumn is left among the Rabble, and has much ado to get back into her Coach; but she did it at last: And as it is usual to see by the Horses my Lady's present Disposition, she orders John to whip furiously Home to her Husband; where, when she enters, down she sits, began to unpin her Hood, and lament her foolish fond Heart to Marry into a Family where she was so little regarded, she that might — Here she stops; then rises up, then starts and sits down again. Her gentle Knight made his Approaches with a supple beseeching Gesture. My Dear, said he — Tell me no Dears, reply'd Autumn, — In the Presence of the Governour and all the Merchants, — What will the World say of a Woman that has thrown herself away at this Rate? Sir Thomas withdrew, and knew it would not be long a Secret to him; as well as that Experience told him He that Marries a Fortune, is of course guilty of all Faults against his Wife, let them be committed by whom they will. But Springly, an Hour or two after, returns from the Wells, and finds the whole Company together. Down she sat, and a profound Silence ensued. You know a premeditated Quarrel usually begins and works up with the Words, Some People. The Silence was broken by Lady Autumn, who began to say, There are Some People who fancy, that if Some People — Springly immediately takes her up; There are Some People who fancy, if Other People —— Autumn reparties; People may give themselves Airs; but Other People, perhaps, who make less ado, may be, perhaps, as agreeable as People who set themselves out more. All the other People at the Table sat mute, while these Two People, who were quarrelling, went on with the Use of the Word People, instancing the very Accidents between 'em, as if they kept only in distant Hints. Therefore, says Autumn, reading, There are Some People will go abroad in Other People's Coaches, and leave those, with whom they went, to shift for themselves; and if, perhaps, those People have Married the Younger Brother; yet, perhaps, he may be beholden to those People for what he is. Springly smartly answers, People may bring so much ill Humour into a Family, as People may repent their receiving their Money; and goes on, — Every Body is not considerable enough to give her Uneasiness. Upon this, Autumn comes up to her, and desir'd her to kiss her, and never to see her again; which her Sister refusing, my Lady gave her a Box on the Ear —— Springly returns; Ay, ay, said she, I knew well enough you

means

meant me by your Some People, and gives her another at t'other Side. To it they went with moſt Maſculine Fury: Each Husband interpoſed. The Wives immediately fell upon their Husbands, and tore Periwigs and Cravats. The Company interpoſed; when (according to the Slip-Knot of Matrimony, which makes 'em return to one another when any put in between) the Ladies and their Husbands fell upon all the reſt of the Company; and having beat all their Friends and Relations out of the Houſe, came to themſelves time enough to know, there was no hearing the Jeſt of the Place after theſe Adventures, and march'd off the next Day. It is ſaid, the Governour has ſent ſeveral Joints of Mutton, and has propoſed ſeveral Diſhes very exquiſitely dreſs'd, to bring 'em down again. From his Addreſs and Knowledge in Roaſt and Boil'd, all our Hopes of the Return of this good Company depend. I am

Dear *Jenny*,

Your Ready Friend and Servant,

Martha Tatler.

White's Chocolate-houſe, June 30.

This Day appear'd at this Place a Figure of a Perſon, whoſe Services to the Fair Sex have reduc'd him to a Kind of Exiſtence, for which there is no Name. If there be a Condition between Life and Death, without being abſolutely dead or living, his State is that. His Aſpect and Complexion in his robuſt Days gave him the Illuſtrious Title of *Africanus*; But it is not only from the warm Climates in which he has ſerv'd, nor from the Diſaſters which he has ſuffer'd, that he deſerves the ſame Appellation with that renowned *Roman*; but the Magnanimity with which he appears in his laſt Moments, is what gives him the undoubted Character of Hero. *Cato* ſtab'd himſelf, and *Hanibal* drank Poiſon; but our *Africanus* lives in the continual Puncture of aching Bones and poiſon'd Juices. The Old Heroes fled from Torments by Death, and this Modern lives in Death and Torments, with an Heart wholly bent upon a Supply for remaining in 'em. An ordinary Spirit would ſink under his Oppreſſions; but he makes an Advantage of his very Sorrow, and raiſes an Income from his Diſeaſes. Long has this Worthy been converſant in Bartering, and knows, that when Stocks are loweſt, it is the Time to buy. Therefore, with much Prudence and Tranquility, he thinks, that now

now he has not a Bone found, and has a Thouſand nodous Parts for which the Anatomiſts have not Words, and more Diſeaſes than the College ever heard of, it is the only Time to purchaſe an Annuity for Life. Sir *Thomas* told me, it was an Entertainment more ſurpriſing and pleaſant than can be imagin'd, to ſee an Inhabitant of neither World, without Hand to lift, or Leg to move, ſcarce Tongue to utter his Meaning, ſo keen upon biting the whole World, and making Bubbles at his Exit. Sir *Thomas* added, that he would have bought Twelve Shillings a Year of him, but that he fear'd there was ſome Trick in it, and believ'd him already dead: What! Says that Knight, is Mr. *Partridge*, whom I met juſt now going on both his Legs firmer than I can, allow'd to be quite dead; and ſhall *Africanus*, without one Limb that can do its Office, be pronounc'd alive? What added to the Tragi-Comedy of this Market for Annuities was, that the Obſervation of it provok'd *Monoculus* (who is the moſt Eloquent of all Men) to many excellent Reflections, which he ſpoke with the Vehemence and Language both of a Gameſter and an Orator. When I caſt, ſaid that delightful Speaker, my Eye upon thee, thou unaccountable *Africanus*, I cannot but call my ſelf as unaccountable as thou art; for certainly we were born to ſhow what Contradictions Nature is pleas'd to form in the ſame Species. Here am I able to eat, to drink, to ſleep, and do all Acts of Nature, except begetting my like; and yet by an unintelligible Force of Spleen and Fancy, I every Moment imagine I am dying. It is utter Madneſs in thee to provide for Supper; for I'll bet you Ten to One, you don't live till half an Hour after Four; and yet I am ſo diſtracted as to be in Fear every Moment; tho' I'll lay Ten to Three, I drink Three Pints of burnt Claret at your Funeral Three Nights hence. After all, I envy thee; thou who Dying, haſt no Senſe of Death, art happier than one in Health that always fears it. The Knight had gone on, but that a Third Man ended the Scene by applauding the Knight's Eloquence and Philoſophy, in a Laughter too violent for his own Conſtitution, as much as he mock'd that of *Africanus* and *Monoculus*.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, July 1.

This Day arriv'd Three Mails from *Holland*, with Advices

vices relating to the Posture of Affairs in the *Low Countries*, which say, That the Confederate Army extends from *Luchin* on the Causeway between *Tournay* and *Lisle*, to *Espain* near *Mortagne* on the *Scheld*. The Marshal *Villars* remains in his Camp at *Lens*; but it is said, he detach'd Ten thousand Men under the Command of the Chevalier *de Luxemburg*, with Orders to form a Camp at *Crepin* on the *Haine*, between *Conde* and St. *Guillain*, where he is to be join'd by the Elector of *Bavaria* with a Body of Troops, and after their Conjunction to attempt to march into *Brabant*. But they write from *Brussels*, That the Duke of *Marlborough* having it equally in his Power to make Detachments to the same Parts, they are under no Apprehensions for the Safety of their Country from these Reports. They further add from *Brussels*, that they have good Authority for believing, That the *French* Troops under the Conduct of Marshal *de Bezons* are retiring out of *Spain*.

From *Saturday July* 2. to *Tuesday July* 5. N°. 37.

White's Chocolate-house, July 2.

IT may be thought very unaccountable, that I, who can never be suppos'd to go to *White's*, shall pretend to talk to you of Matters proper for, or in the Stile of, that Place. But tho' I do not go to these publick Haunts, I receive Visits from those who do; and for all they pretend so much to the contrary, they are as talkative as our Sex, and as much at a Loss to entertain the present Company, without sacrificing the last, as we our selves. This Reflection has led me into the Consideration of the Use of Speech; and made me look over in my Memory all my Acquaintance of both Sexes, to know to which I may more justly impute the Sin of superfluous Discourse, with Regard to Conversation, and not entring into it as it respects Religion. I foresee my Acquaintance will immediately, upon starting this Subject, ask me, How I shall celebrate Mrs. *Alse Cotswood*, the *Yorkshire* Huntress, who is come to Town lately, and moves as if she were on her Nag, and going to take a Five-Bar-Gate; and is as loud

loud as if ſhe were following her Dogs? I can eaſily anſwer that; for ſhe is as ſoft as *Damon*, in Compariſon of her Brother-in-law *Tom. Bellfrey*, who is the moſt accompliſh'd Man in this Kingdom for all Gentleman like Activities and Accompliſhments. It is allow'd, that he is a profeſs'd Enemy to the *Italian* Performers in Muſick. But then for our own native Manner, according to the Cuſtoms and known Uſages of our Iſland, he is to be prefer'd, for the Generality of the Pleaſure he beſtows, much above thoſe Fellows, tho' they ſing to full Theatres. For what is a Theatrical Voice to that of a Fox-hunter? I have been at a Muſical Entertainment in open Field, where it amaz'd me to hear to what Pitches the chief Maſters would reach. There was a Meeting near our Seat in *Staffordſhire*, and the moſt eminent of all the Counties of *England* were at it. How wonderful was the Harmony between Men and Dogs! *Robin Cartail* of *Bucks* was to anſwer to *Jowler*; Mr. *Timbreaſt* of *Cornwal* was appointed to open with *Sweet-lips*; and Beaux *Slimber*, a *Londoner*, undertook to keep up with *Trips*, a Whelp juſt ſet in; *Tom. Bellfrey* and *Ringwood* were coupled together, to fill the Cry on all Occaſions, and be in at the Death of the Fox, Hair, or Stag, for which both the Dog and the Man were excellently ſuited, and loved one another, and were as much together as *Baniſter* and *King*. When *Jowler* firſt alarm'd the Field, *Cartail* repeated every Note: *Sweetlip*'s Treble ſucceeded, and ſhook the Wood; *Timbreaſt* eccho'd a Quarter of a Mile beyond it. We were ſoon after all at a Loſs, 'till we rid up, and found *Trips* and *Slimber* at a Default in Half Notes: But the Day and the Time was recover'd by *Tom. Bellfrey* and *Ringwood*, to the great Joy of us all, tho' they drown'd every other Voice: For *Bellfrey* carries a Note Four Furlongs, Three Roods, and Six Paces, further than any other in *England*. But I fear the mention of this will be thought a Digreſſion from my Purpoſe about Speech: But I anſwer, No. Since this is uſed where Speech rather ſhould be employ'd, it may come into Conſideration in the ſame Chapter: For Mr. *Bellfrey* being at a Viſit where I was, *viz.* his Couſin's Lady *Dainty*'s in *Soho-Square*, was ask'd, What Entertainments they had in the Country? Now *Bellfrey* is very ignorant, and much a Clown;

Clown; but confident withal. In a Word, he ſtruck up a Fox-Chaſe: Lady *Dainty*'s Dog, Mr. *Sippet*, as ſhe calls him, ſtarted and jump'd out of his Lady's Lap, and fell a Barking. *Bellfrey* went on, and call'd all the Neighbouring Pariſhes into the Square. Never was Woman in ſuch Confuſion as that delicate Lady. But there was no ſtopping her Kinſman. A Room full of Ladies fell into the moſt violent Laughter: My Lady look'd as if ſhe was ſhrieking; Mr. *Sippet*, in the Middle of the Room, breaking his Heart with barking; but all of us unheard. As ſoon as *Bellfrey* became ſilent, up gets my Lady, and takes him by the Arm to lead him off: *Bellfrey* was in his Boots. As ſhe was hurrying him away, his Spurs takes hold of her Petticoat; his Whip throws down a Cabinet of *China*: He cries, What! Are your Crocks rotten? Are your Petticoats ragged? A Man can't walk in your Houſe for Trincums. Every County of *Great-Britain*, has One Hundred or more of this Sort of Fellows, who roar inſtead of ſpeaking. Therefore if it be true, that we Women are alſo giv'n to greater Fluency of Words than is neceſſary, ſure one that diſturbs but a Room or a Family is more to be tolerated, than one who draws together Pariſhes and Counties, and ſometimes (with an Eſtate that might make him the Bleſſing and Ornament of the World around him) has no other View and Ambition, but to be an Animal above Dogs and Horſes, without the Reliſh of any one Enjoyment which is peculiar to the Faculties of human Nature. But I know it will here be ſaid, that talking of meer Country Squires at this Rate, is, as it were, to write againſt *Valentine* or *Orſon*. To prove any Thing againſt the Race of Men, you muſt take 'em as they are adorn'd with Education, as they live in Courts, or have receiv'd Inſtructions in Colleges.

But I was ſo full of my late Entertainment by Mr. *Bellfrey*, that I muſt defer purſuing this Subject to another Day; and wave the proper Obſervations upon the different Offenders in this Kind, ſome by profound Eloquence on ſmall Occaſions, others by degrading Speech upon great Circumſtances. Expect therefore to hear of the Whiſperer without Buſineſs, the Laugher without Wit, the Complainer without receiving Injuries, and

a very large Crowd which I ſhall not foreſtal, who are common, tho' not commonly obſerv'd, Impertinents, whoſe Tongues are too voluble for their Brains, and are the general Deſpiſers of us Women, though we have their Superiors, the Men of Senſe, for our Servants.

Will's Coffee-houſe, July 3.

A very ingenious Gentleman was complaining this Evening, that the Players are grown ſo ſevere Criticks, that they would not take in his Play, tho' it has as many fine Things in it as any Play that has been writ ſince the Days of Mr. *Dryden*. He began his Diſcourſe about his Play with a Preface.

'There is, ſaid he, ſomewhat (however we palliate it) in the very Frame and Make of us, that ſubjects our Minds to Chagrin and Irreſolution on any Emergency of Time or Place: The Difficulty grows on our ſickned Imagination, under all the killing Circumſtances of Danger and Diſappointment. This we ſee not only in the Men of Retirement and Fancy, but in the Characters of the Men of Action; with this only Difference, the Coward ſees the Danger, and ſickens under it; the Hero, warm'd by the Difficulty, dilates and riſes in Proportion to that, and in ſome Sort makes Uſe of his very Fears to diſarm it. A remarkable Inſtance of this we have in the great *Caſar*, when he came to the *Rubicon*, and was entring upon a Part perhaps, the moſt hazardous he ever bore, (certainly the moſt ungrateful) a War with his Countrymen. When his Mind brooded o'er Perſonal Affronts, perhaps his Anger burn'd with a Deſire of Revenge. But when more ſerious Reflections laid before him the Hazard of the Enterprize, with the diſmal Conſequences which were likely to attend it, aggravated by a ſpecial Circumſtance, What Figure 'twould bear in the World, or how be excus'd to Poſterity! —What ſhall he do?— His Honour, which was his Religion, bids him arm; and he ſounds the Inclinations of his Party by this ſet Speech.

Cæſar to his Party at the *Rubicon*.

Great Jove *attend, and thou my native Soil,*
Safe in my Triumphs, glutted in my Spoil;
Witneſs with what Reluctance I oppoſe

My

My Arms to there, secure of other Foes.
What passive Breast can bear Disgrace like mine!
Traytor! — For this I conquer'd on the Rhine,
Endur'd their Ten Years Drudgery in Gaul,
Adjourn'd their Fate, and sav'd the Capitol.
I grew by every guilty Triumph less;
The Crowd, when drunk with Joy, their Souls express,
Impatient of the War, yet fear Success.
Brave Actions dazzle with too bright a Ray,
Like Birds obscene, they chatter at the Day;
Giddy wit' Rule, and valiant in Debate,
They throw the Die of War to save the State.
And, Gods! to gild Ingratitude with Fame,
Assume the Patriots, we the Rebels Name.
Farewel, my Friends, your General forlorn
To your bare Pity, and the publick Scorn,
Must lay that Honour and his Lawrel down,
To serve the vain Caprices of the Gown;
Expos'd to all Indignities, the brave
Deserve of those they glory'd but to save
To Rods and Axes! — No the Slaves can't dare
Play with my Grief, and tempt my last Despair.
This shall the Honours which it won maintain,
Or do me Justice e'er I hug my Chain.

St. James's Coffee-house, July 4.

There has arriv'd no Mail since our last; so that we have no Manner of Foreign News, except we were to give you for such the many Speculations which are on Foot concerning what was imported by the last Advices. There are, it seems, Sixty Battallions and Seventeen Squadrons appointed to serve in the Siege of *Tournay*; the Garrison of which Place consists but of Eleven Battallions and Four Squadrons. Letters of the 29th of the last Month from *Berlin* have brought Advice, That the Kings of *Denmark*, *Prussia*, and his Majesty *Augustus*, were within few Days to come to an Interview at *Potsdam*. These Letters mention, That Two *Polish* Princes of the Family of *Sapieha* and *Lubermirsky*, lately arriv'd from *Paris*, confirm the Reports of the Misery in *France* for Want of Provisions, and give a particular Instance of it, which is, That on the Day Monsieur *Rouille* return'd to Court, the Common People gather'd in

Crowds

Crowds about the *Dauphin*'s Coach, crying, *Peace and Bread, Bread and Peace.*

Mrs. Distaff *has taken upon her, while she writes this Paper, to turn her Thoughts wholly to the Service of her own Sex, and to propose Remedies against the greatest Vexations attending Female Life. She has for this End written a small Treatise concerning the* Second Word, *with an Appendix on the Use of a* Reply, *very useful to all such as are Married to Persons either ill bred or ill natur'd. There is in this Tract a Digression for the Use of Virgins concerning the Words,* I will.

A Gentlewoman who has a very delicate Ear, wants a Maid who can whisper, and help her in the Government of her Family. If the said Servant can Clear-Starch, lisp, and tread softly, she shall have suitable Encouragement in her Wages.

From *Tuesday July* 5. to *Thursday July* 7. N°. 38.

From our own Apartment, July 6.

I Find among my Brother's Papers the following Letter *verbatim*, which I wonder how he could suppress so long as he has, since it was sent him for no other End, but to show the good Effect his Writings have already had upon the ill Customs of the Age.

SIR, *London, June* 23.

THE End of all publick Papers ought to be the Benefit and Instruction, as well as the Diversion, of the Readers: To which I see none so truly conducive as your late Performances; especially those tending to the rooting out from amongst us that Unchristian-like and Bloody Custom of Duelling; which, that you have already in some Measure perform'd, will appear to the Publick in the following no less True than Heroick Story.

A Noble Gentleman of this City, who has the Honour of serving his Country as Major in the Train-Bands, (according to his daily Practice) being at that General Mart of Stock-Jobbers call'd Jonathans, *endeavouring to raise himself (as all Men of Honour ought) to the Degree of Colonel at least; it happen'd that he bought the* Bear *of another Officer, who, tho' not Commissioned in the Army, yet no less eminently serves the Publick than the other, in raising the Credit of the King-*

dom,

dom, by raiſing that of the Stocks. However, having ſold the Bear, *and Words ariſing about the Delivery, the moſt Noble Major, no leſs ſcorning to be outwitted in the Coffee houſe, than to run into the Field, according to Method, abuſed the other with the Titles of,* Rogue, Villain, Bearskin Man, *and the like. Whereupon Satisfaction was demanded, and accepted: So, forth the Major march'd, commanding his Adverſary to follow. To a moſt ſpacious Room in the Sheriff's Houſe, near the Place of Quarrel, they come; where, having due Regard to what you have lately publiſh'd, they reſolved not to ſhed one another's Blood in that barbarous Manner you prohibited; yet, not willing to put up Affronts without Satisfaction, they ſtripp'd, and in decent Manner fought full fairly with their wrathful Hands. The Combat laſted a Quarter of an Hour; in which Time Victory was often doubtful, and many a dry Blow was ſtrenuouſly laid on by each Side, till the Major finding his Adverſary obſtinate, unwilling to give him further Chaſtiſement, with moſt ſhrill Voice cry'd out,* I am ſatisfied enough. *Whereon the Combat ceas'd, and both were Friends immediately.*

Thus the World may ſee, how neceſſary it is to encourage thoſe Men who make it their Buſineſs to inſtruct the People in every Thing neceſſary for their Preſervation. I am inform'd, a Body of worthy Citizens have agreed on an Addreſs of Thanks to you for what you have writ on the foregoing Subject, whereby they acknowledge one of their highly eſteem'd Officers preſerv'd from Death.

Your Humble Servant,

A. B.

I fear the Word *Bear* is hardly to be underſtood among the polite People; but I take the Meaning to be, That one who enſures a Real Value upon an Imaginary Thing, is ſaid to ſell a Bear: and is the ſame Thing as a Promiſe among Courtiers, or a Vow between Lovers. I have writ to my Brother to haſten to Town; and hope, that Printing the Letters directed to him, which I knew not how to anſwer, will bring him ſpeedily; and therefore I add alſo the following:

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, *July* 5. 1709.

YOU having hinted a generous Intention of taking under your Conſideration the Whiſperers without Buſineſs, and Laughers without Occaſion; as you tender the Welfare of your

your Country, I entreat you not to forget or delay ſo Publick-ſpirited a Work. Now or never is the Time. Many other Calamities may ceaſe with the War; but I dismally dread the Multiplication of theſe Mortals under the Eaſe and Luxuriouſneſs of a ſettled Peace, half the Bleſſing of which may be deſtroy'd by 'em. Their Miſtake lies certainly here, in a wretched Belief, That their Mimickry paſſes for Real Buſineſs, or True Wit. Dear Sir, convince 'em, that it never was, is, or ever will be, either of them; nor ever did, does, or to all Futurity ever can, look like either of them; but that it is the moſt curſed Diſturbance in Nature, which is poſſible to be inflicted on Mankind, under the noble Definition of a Sociable Creature. In doing this, Sir, you will oblige more Humble Servants, than can find Room to ſubſcribe their Names.

White's Chocolate-houſe, July 6.

In Purſuance of my laſt Date from hence, I am to proceed on the Accounts I promis'd of ſeveral Perſonages among the Men, whoſe conſpicuous Fortunes, or Ambition in ſhowing their Follies, have exalted them above their Fellows: The Levity of their Minds is viſible in their every Word and Geſture, and there is not a Day paſſes but puts me in Mind of Mr. *Wycherly*'s Character of a Coxcomb: *He is ugly all over with Affectation of the fine Gentleman.* Now, tho' the Women may put on Soberneſs in their Looks, or affected Severity, or impertinent Gaiety, or pert Smartneſs, their Self-Love and Admiration cannot, under any of theſe Diſguiſes, appear ſo invincible as that of the Men. You may eaſily take Notice, that in all their Actions there is a ſecret Approbation, either in the Tone of their Voice, the Turn of their Body, or Caſt of their Eye, which ſhows that they are extremely in their own Favour. Take one of your Men of Buſineſs, he ſhall keep you half an Hour with your Hat off, entertaining you with his Conſideration of that Affair you ſpoke of to him laſt, till he has drawn a Crowd that obſerves you in this Grimace. Then when he is publick enough, he immediately runs into Secrets, and falls a whiſpering. You and he make Breaks with Adverbs; as, *But, however, thus far*; and then you whiſper again, and ſo on, till they who were about you are diſperſed, and your Lady Man's Vanity is no longer gratified

by the Notice taken of what Importance he is, and how inconſiderable you are; for your Pretender to Buſineſs is never in Secret, but in Publick. There is my dear Lord *Nowhere*, of all Men the moſt gracious and moſt obliging, the Terrour of all Valets de Chambre, whom he oppreſſes with Good-breeding, in enquiring for my good Lord, and for my good Lady's Health. This imitable Courtier will whiſper a Privy-Counſellor's Lacquey with the utmoſt Goodneſs and Condeſcenſion, to know when they next ſit; and is throughly taken up, and thinks he has a Part in a Secret, if he knows that there is a Secret. What it is he will whiſper you, that Time will diſcover; then he ſhrugs, and calls you back again — Sir, I need not ſay to you, That theſe Things are not to be ſpoken of — and hark'ee, No Names, I would not be quoted. What adds to the Jeſt is, that his Emptineſs has his Moods and Seaſons, and he will not condeſcend to let you into theſe his Diſcoveries, except he is in very good Humour, or has ſeen ſome Body in Faſhion talk to you. He will keep his *Nothing* to himſelf, and paſs by and overlook as well as the beſt of 'em; not obſerving that he is inſolent when he is gracious, and obliging when he is haughty. Show me a Woman ſo inconſiderable as this frequent Character. But my Mind (now I am in) turns to many no leſs obſervable: Thou dear *Will. Shoeſtring!* I profeſs my ſelf in Love with thee: How ſhall I ſpeak thee? How ſhall I addreſs thee? How ſhall I draw thee? Thou dear Outſide! Will you be combing your Wig, Playing with your Box, or Picking your Teeth? Or chuſeſt thou rather to be Speaking; to be Speaking for thy only Purpoſe in Speaking, to ſhow your Teeth? Rub 'em no longer dear *Shoeſtring*: Do not premeditate Murder: Do not for ever Whiten: Oh! That for my Quiet and his own they were rotten. But I will forget him, and give my Hand to the courteous *Umbra*: He is a fine Man indeed; but the ſoft Creature bows below my Apron-String before he takes it; but after the firſt Ceremonies, he is as familiar as my Phyſician, and his Inſignificancy makes me half ready to complain to him of all I would to my Doctor. But he is ſo courteous, that he carries half the Meſſages of Ladies Ails in Town to their

their Midwives and Nurſes. He underſtands too the Art of Medicine as far as to the Cure of a Pimple or a Raſh. On Occaſions of the like Importance, he is the moſt aſſiduous of all Men living, in conſulting and ſearching Precedents from Family to Family; and then he ſpeaks of his Obſequiouſneſs and Diligence in the Style of real Services. If you ſneer at him, and thank him for his great Friendſhip, he bows, and ſays, Madam, All the good Offices in my Power, while I have any Knowledge or Credit, ſhall be at your Service. The Conſideration of ſo ſhallow a Being, and the intent Application with which he purſues Trifles, has made me carefully reflect upon that Sort of Men we uſually call an *Impertinent*: And I am, upon mature Deliberation, ſo far from being offended with him, that I am really oblig'd to him; for tho' he will take you aſide, and talk half an Hour to you upon Matters wholly inſignificant with the moſt ſolemn Air, yet I conſider, that theſe Things are of Weight in his Imagination, and he thinks he is communicating what is for my Service. If therefore it be a juſt Rule to judge of a Man by his Intention, according to the Equity of Good-breeding, he that is impertinently kind or wiſe to do you Service, ought in Return to have a proportionable Place both in your Affection and Eſteem; ſo that the courteous *Umbra* deſerves the Favour of all his Acquaintance; for tho' he never ſerv'd 'em, he is ever willing to do it, and believes he does it. But as impotent Kindneſs is to be return'd with all our Abilities to oblige, ſo impotent Malice is to be treated with all our Force to depreſs it. For this Reaſon *Fly-Flap* (who is receiv'd in all the Families in Town through the Degeneracy and Iniquity of their Manners) is to be treated like a Knave, tho' he is one of the weakeſt of Fools: He has by Rote, and at Second-hand, all that can be ſaid of any Man of Figure, Wit, and Virtue, in Town. Name a Man of Worth, and this Creature tells you the worſt Paſſage of his Life. Speak of a Beautiful Woman, and this Puppy will whiſper the next Man to him, tho' he has nothing to ſay of her. He is a *Fly* that feeds on the ſore Part, and would have nothing to live on, if the whole Body were in Health. You may know him by the fre-

Quality of pronouncing the Particle *But*; for which Reason I never hear him spoke of with common Charity, without using my *But* against him: For a Friend of mine saying the other Day, Mrs. *Diſtaff* has Wit, good Humour, Virtue, and Friendſhip, this Oaf added, *But* ſhe is not handſome. Coxcomb! The Gentleman was ſaying what I was, not what I was not.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, July 6.

The Approaches before *Tournay* have been carried on with great Succeſs; and our Advices from the Camp before that Place of the 11th Inſtant ſay, that they had already made a Lodgment on the Glacis. Two Hundred Boats were come up the *Scheld* with the heavy Artillery and Ammunition, which would be employ'd in diſmounting the Enemy's Defences, and rais'd on the Batteries the 15th. A great Body of Miners are ſummoned to the Camp to countermine the Works of the Enemy. We are convinc'd of the Weakneſs of the Gariſon, by a certain Account, That they call'd a Council of War, to conſult whether it was not adviſeable to march into the Citadel, and leave the Town defenceleſs. We are aſſur'd, That when the Confederate Army was advancing towards the Camp of Marſhal *Villars*, that General diſpatch'd a Courier to his Maſter with a Letter, giving an Account of their Approach, which concluded with the following Words: *The Day begins to break, and your Majeſty's Army is already in Order of Battle. Before Noon, I hope to have the Honour of congratulating your Majeſty on the Succeſs of a great Action*; *and you ſhall be very well ſatisfied with your Marſhal* Villars.

Mrs. Diſtaff *hath received the Dialogue dated* Monday *Evening, which ſhe has ſent forward to Mr.* Bickerſtaff *at* Maidenhead: *And in the mean Time gives her Service to the Parties.*

It is to be Noted, That when any Part of this Paper appears dull, there is a Deſign in it.

By

By *Isaac Bickerstaff*, Esq;

From *Thursday July* 7. to *Saturday July* 9. N°. 39.

Grecian Coffee-house, July 7.

AS I am call'd forth by the immenſe Love I bear to my Fellow Creatures, and the warm Inclination I feel within me, to ſtem, as far as I can, the prevailing Torrent of Vice and Ignorance: ſo I cannot more properly purſue that noble Impulſe, than by ſetting forth the Excellence of Virtue and Knowledge in their native and beautiful Colours. For this Reaſon I made my late Excurſion to *Oxford*, where thoſe Qualities appear in their higheſt Luſtre, and are the only Pretences to Honour and Diſtinction: Superiority is there giv'n in Proportion to Men's Advancement in Wiſdom and Learning; and that juſt Rule of Life is ſo univerſally receiv'd among thoſe happy People, that you ſhall ſee an Earl walk bare-headed to the Son of the meaneſt Artificer, in Reſpect to ſeven Years more Worth and Knowledge than the Nobleman is poſſeſsed of. In other Places they bow to Men's Fortunes, but here to their Underſtandings. It is not to be expreſs'd, how pleaſing the Order, the Diſcipline, the Regularity of their Lives, is to a Philoſopher, who has, by many Years Experience in the World, learn'd to contemn every Thing but what is rever'd in this Manſion of ſelect and well-taught Spirits. The Magnificence of their Palaces, the Greatneſs of their Revenues, the Sweetneſs of their Groves and Retirements, ſeem equally adapted for the Reſidence of Princes and Philoſophers; and a Familiarity with Objects of Splendour, as well as Places of Receſs, prepares the Inhabitants with an Equanimity for their future Fortunes, whether humble or illuſtrious. How was I pleas'd when I look'd round at St. *Mary*'s, and could, in the Faces of the ingenious Youth, ſee Miniſters of State, Chancellor, Biſhops, and Judges. Here only is human Life! Here only the Life of Man is a Rational Being! Here Men underſtand and are employ'd

in Works worthy their noble Nature. This tranſitory Being paſſes away in an Employment not unworthy the Life to come, the Contemplation of the great Decrees of Providence. Each Man lives as if he were to anſwer the Queſtions made to *Job*, *Where waſt thou when I laid the Foundations of the Earth? Who ſhut up the Sea with Doors, and ſaid, hitherto ſhalt thou come, and no further?* Such Speculations make Life agreeable, make Death welcome. But alaſs! I was torn from this noble Society by the Buſineſs of this dirty mean World, and the Cares of Fortune: For I was oblig'd to be in Town againſt the 7th Day of the Term, and accordingly govern'd my ſelf by my *Oxford* Almanack, and came laſt Night; but find, to my great Aſtoniſhment, that this ignorant Town began the Term on the 24th of the laſt Month, in Oppoſition to all the Learning and Aſtronomy of the famous Univerſity of which I have been ſpeaking; according to which, the Term certainly was to begin on the 1ſt Inſtant. You may be ſure, a Man who has turn'd his Studies as I have, could not be miſtaken in Point of Time; for knowing I was to come to Town in Term, I examin'd the paſſing Moments very narrowly, and call'd an eminent Aſtronomer to my Aſſiſtance. Upon very ſtrict Obſervation we found, that the cold has been ſo ſevere this laſt Winter, (which is allow'd to have a benumming Quality) that it retarded the Earth in moving round from *Chriſtmas* to this Seaſon full ſeven Days and two Seconds. My Learned Friend aſſured me further, That the Earth had lately received a Snog from a Comet that croſs'd its Vortex, which, if it had come Ten Degrees nearer us, had made us loſe this whole Term. I was indeed once of Opinion, That the *Gregorian* Computation was the moſt regular, as being Eleven Days before the *Julian*; but am now fully convinc'd, that we ought to to be Seven Days after the Chancellor and Judges, and Eighteen before the Pope of *Rome*; and that the *Oxonian* Computation is the beſt of the Three. Theſe are the Reaſons which I have gather'd from Philoſophy and Nature; to which I can add other Circumſtances in Vindication of the Account of this Learned Body who publiſh'd this Almanack. It is notorious to Philoſo-

phers,

phers, that Joy and Grief can haſten and delay Time. Mr. *Lock* is of Opinion, That a Man in great Miſery may ſo far loſe his Meaſure, as to think a Minute an Hour; or in Joy, make an Hour a Minute. Let us examine the preſent Caſe by this Rule, and we ſhall find, that the Cauſe of this general Miſtake in the *Britiſh* Nation, has been the great Succeſs of the laſt Campaign, and the following Hopes of Peace. Stocks ran ſo high at the *Change*, that the Citizens had gain'd three Days of the Courtiers; and we have indeed been ſo happy all this Reign, that if the Univerſity did not rectify our Miſtakes, we ſhould think our ſelves but in the Second Year of her preſent Majeſty. It would be endleſs to enumerate the many Damages that have happen'd by this Ignorance of the Vulgar. All the Recognizances within the Dioceſe of *Oxford* have been forfeited for not appearing on the Firſt Day of this Fictitious Term. The Univerſity has been Non-ſuited in their Action againſt the Bookſellers for Printing *Clarendon* in Quarto. But indeed what gives me the moſt quick Concern, is the Caſe of a poor Gentleman my Friend, who was 'tother Day taken in Execution by a Set of ignorant Bailiffs. He ſhould, it ſeems, have pleaded in the firſt Week of Term; but being a Maſter of Arts of *Oxford*, he would not recede from the *Oxonian* Computation, He ſhow'd Mr. *Broad* the *Almanack*, and the very Day when the Term began; but the mercileſs ignorant Fellow, againſt all Senſe and Learning, would hurry him away. He went indeed quietly enough; but he has ſhow'd me exact Notes of the Time of Arreſt, and ſufficient Witneſſes of his being carried into Goal; and has, by Advice of the Recorder of *Oxford*, brought his Action; and we doubt not but we ſhall pay 'em off with Damages, and blemiſh the Reputation of Mr. *Broad*. We have one convincing Proof, which all that frequent the Courts of Juſtice are Witneſſes of: The Dog that comes conſtantly to *Weſtminſter* on the Firſt Day of the Term, did not appear till the Firſt Day according to the *Oxford Almanack*; whoſe Inſtinct I take to be a better Guide than Men's erroneous Opinions, which are uſually byaſs'd by Intereſt. I judge in this Caſe as King *Charles* II. victu-

al'd his Navy, with the Bread which one of his Dogs chose of several Pieces thrown before him, rather than trust to the Allegerations of the Victuallers. Mr. *Cowper*, and other learned Council, have already urg'd the Authority of this Almanack in Behalf of their Clients. We shall therefore go on with all Speed in our Cause; and doubt not, but Chancery will give at the End what we lost in the Beginning, by protracting the Term for us till *Wednesday* come Se'nnight: And the University *Oxon* shall for ever pray, &c.

From my own Apartment, July 7.

The Subject of Duels, has, I find, been started with so good Success, that it has been the frequent Subject of Conversation among polite Men; and a Dialogue of that Kind has been transmitted to me *verbatim*, as follows. The Persons concern'd in it are Men of Honour, and Experience in the Manners of Men, and have fallen upon the truest Foundation, as well as search'd the Bottom of this Evil.

Mr. *Sage*. If it were in my Power, every Man that drew his Sword, unless in the Service, or purely to defend his Life, Person, or Goods, from Violence, (I mean abstracted from all Puncto's or Whims of Honour) should ride the Wooden Horse in the *Tilt-Yard* for such First Offence, for the Second stand in the Pillory, and for the Third be Prisoner in *Bedlam* for Life.

Colonel *Plume*. I remember, that a Rencounter or Duel was so far from being in Fashion among the Officers that serv'd in the Parliament Army, that on the contrary, it was as disreputable, and as great an Impediment to advancement in the Service, as being bashful in Time of Action.

Sir Mark. Yet I have been inform'd by some old Cavaliers, of famous Reputation for brave and gallant Men, that they were much more in Mode among their Party, than they have been during this last War.

Col. *Plume*. That is true too Sir.

Mr. *Sage*. By what you say, Gentlemen, one should think that our present Military Officers are compounded of an equal Proportion of both those Tempers, since Duels are neither quite discountenanc'd, nor much in vogue.

Sir

Sir *Mark.* That Difference of Temper, in Regard to Duels, which appears to have been between the Court and Parliament Men of the Sword, was not (I conceive) for Want of Courage in the latter, nor for Want of a liberal Education, because there were some of the best Families in *England* engag'd in that Party; but Gallantry and Mode, which glitter agreeably to the Imagination were encourag'd by the Court, as promoting its Splendour; and it was as natural that the contrary Party (who were to recommend themselves to the Publick for Men of serious and solid Parts) should deviate from every Thing Chimerical.

Mr. *Sage.* I have never read of a Duel among the *Romans*; and yet their Nobility used more Liberty with their Tongues than one may do now, without being challeng'd.

Sir *Mark.* Perhaps the *Romans* were of Opinion, that ill Language, and brutal Manners, reflected only on those who were guilty of them; and that a Man's Reputation was not at all clear'd by cutting the Person's Throat who had reflected upon it: But the Custom of those Times had fix'd the Scandal in the Action; whereas now it lies in the Reproach.

Mr. *Sage.* And yet the only Sort of Duel that one can conceive to have been fought upon Motives truly honourable and allowable, was that between the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*.

Sir *Mark.* Colonel *Plume*, Pray what was the Method of Single Combat in your Time among the Cavaliers? I suppose, that as the Use of Clothes continues, tho' the Fashion of them has been mutable; so Duels, tho' still in Use, have had in all Times their particular Modes of Performance.

Col. *Plume.* We had no constant Rule, but generally conducted our Dispute and Tilt according to the last that had happen'd between Persons of Reputation among the very Top Fellows for Bravery and Gallantry.

Sir *Mark.* If the Fashion of Quarrelling and Tilting was so often chang'd in your Time, Colonel *Plume*, a Man might fight, yet lose his Credit for want of understanding the Fashion.

Col. *Plume.* Why, Sir *Mark*, in the Beginning of *July*, a Man would have been cenſur'd for want of Courage, or been thought indigent of the true Notions of Honour, if he had put up Words; which in the End of *September* following, one could not reſent without paſſing for a brutal and quarrelſome Fellow.

Sir *Mark.* But Colonel, Were Duels or Rencounters moſt in Faſhion in thoſe Days?

Col. *Plume.* Your Men of nice Honour, Sir, were for avoiding all Cenſure of Advantage which they ſuppos'd might be taken in a Rencounter; therefore they us'd Seconds, who were to ſee that all was upon the Square, and make a faithful Report of the whole Combat; but in a little Time it became a Faſhion for the Seconds to fight, and I'll tell you how it happen'd.

Mr. *Sage.* Pray do, Colonel *Plume*, and the Method of a Duel at that Time, and give us ſome Notion of the Puncto's upon which your nice Men quarrel'd in thoſe Days.

Col. *Plume.* I was going to tell you, Mr. *Sage*, That one Cornet *Modiſh* had deſired his Friend Captain *Smart*'s Opinion in ſome Affair, but did not follow it; upon which Captain *Smart* ſent Major *Adroit* (a very Topping Fellow of thoſe Times) to the Perſon that had ſlighted his Advice. The Major never enquir'd into the Quarrel, becauſe it was not the Manner then among the very Topping Fellows; but got two Swords of an equal Length, and then waited upon Cornet *Modiſh*, deſiring him to chooſe his Sword, and meet his Friend Captain *Smart*. Cornet *Modiſh* came with his Friend to the Place of Combat; there the Principals put on their Pumps, and ſtrip'd to their Shirts, to ſhow they had nothing but what Men of Honour carry about 'em, and then engag'd.

Sir *Mark.* And did the Seconds ſtand by Sir?

Col. *Plume.* It was a receiv'd Cuſtom till that Time; but the Swords of thoſe Days being pretty long, and the Principals acting on both Sides upon the Defenſive, and the Morning being froſty, Major *Adroit* deſir'd that the other Second, who was alſo a very Topping Fellow, would try a Thruſt or two only to keep 'em warm, till the

the Principals had decided the Matter, which was agreed to by *Modiſh*'s Second, who preſently whipt *Adroit* through the Body, diſarm'd him, and then parted the Principals, who had receiv'd no Harm at all.

Mr. *Sage*. But was not *Adroit* laugh'd at?

Col. *Plume*. On the contrary, the very Topping Fellows were ever after of Opinion, that no Man who deſerv'd that Character, could ſerve as a Second without Fighting; and the Smarts and Modiſhes finding their Account in it, the Humour took without Oppoſition.

Mr. *Sage*. Pray, Colonel, How long did that Faſhion continue.

Col. *Plume*. Not long neither Mr. *Sage*; for as ſoon as it became a Faſhion, the very Topping Fellows thought their Honour reflected upon, if they did not proffer themſelves as Seconds when any of their Friends had a Quarrel; ſo that ſometimes there was a Dozen of a Side.

Sir *Mark*. Bleſs me! If that Cuſtom had continued, we ſhould have been at a Loſs now for our very Pretty Fellows; for they ſeem to be the proper Men to officer, animate, and keep up an Army: But, pray Sir, How did that ſociable Manner of Tilting grow out of Mode?

Col. *Plume*. Why, Sir, I'll tell you; It was a Law among the Combatants, That the Party which happen'd to have the firſt Man diſarm'd or kill'd, ſhould yield as vanquiſh'd; which ſome People thought might encourage the Modiſhes and Smarts in quarrelling to the Deſtruction of only the very Topping Fellows; and as ſoon as this Reflection was ſtarted, the very Topping Fellows thought it incumbent upon their Honour to fight at all themſelves. Since that Time, the Modiſhes and the Smarts, throughout all *Europe*, have extoll'd the *French* King's Edict.

Sir *Mark*. Our very Pretty Fellows (I take to be the Succeſſors of the very Topping Fellows) think a Quarrel (I'll ſay that for 'em, and a Fart for 'em) ſo little faſhionable, that they will not be expos'd to it by another Man's Vanity, or Want of Senſe.

Mr. *Sage*. But, Colonel, I have obſerv'd in your Account of Duels, that there was a great exactneſs in avoiding all Advantage that might poſſibly be between the Combatants.

Col

Col. *Plume.* That's true, Sir, for the Weapons were always equal.

Mr. *Sage.* Yes, Sir; but ſuppoſe an active, adroit, ſtrong Man, had inſulted an aukward, or a feeble, or an unpractis'd Swords-man.

Col. *Plume.* Then, Sir, they fought with Piſtols.

Mr. *Sage.* But, Sir, there might be a certain Advantage that Way; for a good Marks-man will be ſure to hit his Man at 20 Yards diſtance; and a Man whoſe Hand ſhakes (which is common to Men that debauch in Pleaſures, or have not us'd Piſtols out of their Holſters) won't venture to fire, unleſs he touches the Perſon he ſhoots at. Now, Sir, I am of Opinion, that one can get no Honour in killing a Man, if one has it all Rug, as the Gameſters ſay, when they have a Trick to make the Game ſecure, tho' they ſeem to play upon the Square.

Sir *Mark.* In Truth, Mr. *Sage*, I think ſuch a Fact muſt be Murder in a Man's own private Conſcience, whatever it may appear to the World.

Col. *Plume.* I have known ſome Men ſo nice, that they would not fight but upon a Cloak with Piſtols.

Mr. *Sage.* I believe a Cuſtom, well eſtabliſh'd, would out-do the Grand Monarch's Edict.

Sir *Mark.* And Bullies would then leave off their long Swords; but I don't find that a very Pretty Fellow can ſtay to change his Sword, when he is inſulted by a Bully with a long Diego, tho' his own at the ſame time be no longer than a Penknife; which will certainly be the Caſe, if ſuch little Swords are in Mode. Pray Colonel, how was it between the Hectors of your Time and the very Topping Fellows?

Col. *Plume.* Sir, Long Swords happen'd to be generally worn in thoſe Times.

Mr. *Sage.* In anſwer to what you were ſaying, Sir *Mark*, give me Leave to inform you, that your Knights-Errant, (who were the very Pretty Fellows of thoſe ancient Time) thought they could not honourably yield, tho' they had fought their own truſty Weapons to the Stumps; but would venture as boldly with the Page's Leaden Sword, as if it had been of enchanted Metal. Whence I conceive, there muſt be a Spice of Romantick Gallantry in the Compoſition of that very pretty Fellow. Sir

Sir *Mark.* I am of Opinion, Mr. *Sage*, that Fashion governs a very pretty Fellow; Nature, or common Sense, your ordinary Persons, and sometimes Men of fine Parts.

Mr. *Sage.* But what is the Reason, that Men of the most excellent Sense and Morals (in other Points) associate their Understandings with the very Pretty Fellows in that Chimæra of a Duel?

Sir *Mark.* There's no disputing against so great a Majority.

Mr. *Sage.* But there is one Scruple, (Col. *Plume*) and I have done: Don't you believe, there may be some Advantage even upon a Cloak with Pistols? Which a Man of nice Honour would scruple to take.

Col. *Plume.* Faith, I can't tell, Sir; but since one may reasonably suppose, that (in such a Case) there can be but one so far in the Wrong as to occasion Matters to come to that Extremity, I think the Chance of being Kill'd should fall but on one; whereas by their close and desperate Manner of Fighting, it may very probably happen to both.

Sir *Mark.* Why Gentlemen, if they are Men of such nice Honour (and must Fight) there will be no fear of foul Play, if they threw up Cross or Pile who should be Shot.

From *Saturday July* 9. to *Tuesday July* 12. N°. 40.

Will's Coffee-house, July 11.

LEtters from the City of *London* give an account of a very great Consternation that Place is in at present, by Reason of a late Enquiry made at *Guild-Hall*, Whether a Noble Person has Parts enough to deserve the Enjoyment of the great Estate of which he is possess'd? The City is apprehensive, that this Precedent may go further than was at first imagin'd. The Person against whom this Inquisition is set up by his Relations, is a Peer of a Neighbouring Kingdom, and has in his Youth made some few Bulls, by which it is insinuated, that he has forfeited his Goods and Chattels. This is the more astonishing, in that there are many Persons in the said City who

who are ſtill more guilty than his Lordſhip, and who, tho' they are Ideots, do not only poſſeſs, but have alſo themſelves acquir'd great Eſtates, contrary to the known Laws of this Realm, which veſts their Poſſeſſions in the Crown. There is a Gentleman of this Coffee-houſe at this Time, exhibiting a Bill againſt his Father's younger Brother, who by ſome ſtrange Magick has arriv'd at the Value of half a Plumb, as the Citizens call an Hundred Thouſand Pounds; and in all the Time of growing up to that Wealth, was never known in any of his ordinary Words or Actions to diſcover any Proof of Reaſon. Upon this Foundation my Friend has ſet forth, that he is illegally Maſter of his Coffers, and has writ two Epigrams to ſignify his own Pretenſions and Sufficiency for ſpending that Eſtate. He has inſerted in his Plea ſome Things which I fear will give Offence; for he pretends to argue, that tho' a Man has a little of the Knave mix'd with the Fool, he is nevertheleſs liable to the Loſs of Goods; and makes the Abuſe of Reaſon as juſt an Avoidance of an Eſtate as the total Abſence of it. This is what can never paſs; but witty Men are ſo full of themſelves, that there is no perſwading 'em; and my Friend will not be convinc'd, but that upon quoting *Solomon*, who always uſes the Word *Fool* as a Term of the ſame Signification with Unjuſt, and makes all Deviation from Goodneſs and Virtue to come under the Notion of *Folly*; I ſay, he doubts not, but by the Force of this Authority, let his Ideot Uncle appear never ſo great a Knave, he ſhall prove him a Fool at the ſame Time. This Affair led the Company here into an Examination of theſe Points; and none coming here but Wits, what was aſſerted by a young Lawyer, that a Lunatick is in the Care of *Chancery*, but a Fool in that of the Crown, was receiv'd with general Indignation. Why that? ſays old *Renault*. Why that? Why muſt a Fool be a Courtier more than a Madman? This is the Iniquity of this dull Age: I remember the Time when it went on the mad Side; all your Top Wits were Scowrers, Rakes, Roarers, and Demoliſhers of Windows. I remember a mad Lord who was drunk five Years together, and was the Envy of that Age, and is faintly imitated by the dull

dull Pretenders to Vice and Madneſs in this. Had he liv'd to this Day, there had not been a Fool in Faſhion in the whole Kingdom. When *Renaud* had done ſpeaking, a very worthy Man aſſum'd the Diſcourſe: This is (ſaid he) Mr. *Rickerſtaff*, a proper Argument for you to treat in your Article from this Place; and if you would ſend your *Pacolet* into all our Brains, you would find, that a little Fibre or Valve, ſcarce diſcernable, makes the Diſtinction between a Politician and an Idiot. We ſhould therefore throw a Veil upon thoſe unhappy Inſtances of Human Nature, who ſeem to breath without the Direction of Reaſon and Underſtanding, as we ſhould avert our Eyes with Abhorrence from ſuch as live in perpetual Abuſe and Contradiction to theſe noble Faculties. Shall this unfortunate Man be diveſted of his Eſtate, becauſe he is tractable and indolent, runs in no Man's Debt, invades no Man's Bed, nor ſpends the Eſtate he owes his Children and his Character? When one who ſhows no Senſe above him, but in ſuch Practices, ſhall be eſteem'd in his Senſes, and poſſibly may pretend to the Guardianſhip of him who is no ways his Inferior, but in being leſs wicked. We ſee Old Age brings us indifferently into the ſame Impotence of Soul, as Nature has plac'd this Lord in. There is ſomething very fantaſtical in the Diſtribution of Civil Power and Capacity among Men. The Law certainly gives theſe Perſons into the Ward and Care of the Crown, becauſe that is beſt able to protect 'em from Injuries, and the Impoſitions of Craft and Knavery; that the Life of an Ideot may not ruin the Intail of a noble Houſe, and his Weakneſs may not fruſtrate the Induſtry or Capacity of the Founder of his Family. But when one of bright Parts, as we ſay, with his Eyes open, and all Mens Eyes upon him, deſtroys thoſe Purpoſes, there is no Remedy. Folly and Ignorance are puniſh'd! Folly and Guilt are tolerated! Mr. *Lock* has ſome where made a Diſtinction between a Madman and a Fool: A Fool is he that from right Principles makes a wrong Concluſion; but a Madman is one who draws a juſt Inference from falſe Principles. Thus the Fool who cut off the Fellow's Head that lay aſleep, and hid it, and then waited to ſee what he would ſay when

he

he awak'd and miſs'd his Head-piece, was in the right in his firſt Thought, that a Man would be ſurpriz'd to find an Alteration in Things ſince he fell aſleep; but he was a little miſtaken to imagine he could awake at all after his Head was off. A Madman fancies himſelf a Prince; but upon this Miſtake, he acts ſuitably to that Character; and tho' he is out in ſuppoſing he has Principalities, while he drinks Gruel, and lies in Straw, yet you ſhall ſee him keep the Port of a diſtreſs'd Monarch in all his Words and Actions. Theſe Two Perſons are equally taken into Cuſtody: But what muſt be done to half this good Company, who every Hour of Life are knowingly and wittingly both Fools and Mad men, and yet have Capacities both of forming Principles, and drawing Concluſions, with the full Uſe of Reaſon?

From my own Apartment, July 11.

This Evening ſome Ladies came to viſit my Siſter *Jenny*; and the Diſcourſe, after very many frivolous and publick Matters, turn'd upon the main Point among the Women, the Paſſion of Love. *Sappho*, who always leads on this Occaſion, began to ſhow her Reading, and told us, That Sir *John Suckling* and *Milton* had, upon a parallel Occaſion, ſaid the tendereſt Things ſhe had ever read. The Circumſtance, ſaid ſhe, is ſuch as gives us a Notion of that protecting Part which is the Duty of Men in their honourable Deſigns upon, or Poſſeſſion of Women. In *Suckling*'s Tragedy of *Brennoralt*, he makes the Lover ſteal into his Miſtreſs's Bed-Chamber, and draw the Curtains; then, when his Heart is full of her Charms, as ſhe lies ſleeping, inſtead of being carried away by the Violence of his Deſires into Thoughts of a warmer Nature: Sleep, which is the Image of Death, gives this generous Lover Reflections of a different Kind, which regard rather her Safety than his own Paſſion. For, beholding her as ſhe lies Sleeping, he utters theſe Words:

So Miſers look upon their Gold,
Which, while they joy to ſee, they fear to loſe:
The Pleaſure of the Sight ſcarce equalling
The Jealouſy of being diſpoſſeſs'd by others.

Her-

Her Face is like the Milky Way *i'th' Sky,*
A Meeting of gentle Lights without Name!

Heav'ns! Shall this fresh Ornament of the World, these precious Love-Lines, pass with other common Things amongst the Wrists of Time? What Pity 'twere! When *Milton* makes *Adam* leaning on his Arm, beholding *Eve*, and lying in the Contemplation of her Beauty, he describes the utmost Tenderness and Guardian Affection in one Word:

Adam *with Looks of Cordial Love*
Hung over her enamour'd.

This is that Sort of Passion which truly deserves the Name of Love, and has something more generous than Friendship in it self; for it has in it a constant Care of the Object belov'd, abstracted from its own Interests in the Possession of it. *Sappho* was proceeding on the Subject, when my Sister produc'd a Letter sent to her in the Time of my Absence, in Celebration of the Marriage State, which is the Condition wherein only this Sort of Passion reigns in full Authority. The Epistle is as follows:

Dear Madam,

"YOUR Brother being Absent, I dare take the Liberty of writing to you my Thoughts of that "State which our whole Sex either is or desires to be "in: You'll easily guess I mean Matrimony, which I "heard so much decry'd, that it was with no small La"bour I maintain'd my Ground against Two Oppo"nents; but, as your Brother observ'd of *Socrates*, I "drew them into my Conclusion from their own Con"cessions; thus:

In Marriage are Two happy Things allow'd,
A Wife in Wedding Sheets, and in a Shrowd.
How can a Marriage State then be accurs'd,
Since the Last Day's as happy as the First?

"If you think they were too easily confuted, you "may conclude them not of the First Sense, by their "talking against Marriage. Yours,

Marriana.

I obſerv'd *Sappho* began to redden at this Epiſtle; and turning to a Lady, who was playing with a Dog ſhe was ſo fond of, as to carry him abroad with her; Nay, ſays ſhe, I cannot blame the Men if they have mean Ideas, of our Souls and Affections, and wonder ſo many are brought to take us for Companions for Life, when they ſee our Endearments ſo triflingly placed: For, to my Knowledge, Mr. *Truman* would give half his Eſtate for half the Affection you have ſhown to that *Shock*: Nor do I believe you would be aſham'd to confeſs, that I ſaw you cry, when he had the Cholick laſt Week with lapping ſowr Milk. What more could you do for your Lover himſelf? What more! reply'd the Lady, There is not a Man in *England* for whom I could lament half ſo much. Then ſhe ſtifled the Animal with Kiſſes, and call'd him, Beau, Life, Dear, Monſieur, Pretty Fellow, and what not, in the Hurry of her Impertinence. *Sappho* roſe up; as ſhe always does at any Thing ſhe obſerves done, which diſcovers in her own Sex a Levity of Mind, which renders 'em inconſiderable in the Opinion of ours.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, July 11.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 16th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That the Siege of *Tournay* went on with all imaginable Succeſs; and that there has been no Manner of Stop given to the Attempts of the Confederates ſince they undertook it, except that by an Accident of Firing a Piece of Ordnance, it burſt, and kill'd 15 or 16 Men. The *French* Army is ſtill in the Camp of *Lens*, and goes on in improving their Intrenchments. When the laſt Advices came away, it was believ'd the Town of *Tournay* would be in the Hands of the Confederates by the End of this Month. Advices from *Bruſſels* inform us, That they have Accounts there of a great Action between the Malecontents in the *Vivareze*, and the *French* King's Forces under the Command of the Duke of *Roquelaure*, in which Engagement there were Eighteen hundred Men kill'd on the Spot. They add, That all Sorts of People who are under any Oppreſſion or Diſcontent do daily joyn the *Vivarois*; and that their preſent Body of Men in Arms conſiſted of Six Thouſand. This

ſudden

ſudden Inſurrection has put the Court of *France* under great Difficulties; and the King has given Orders, That the main Body of his Troops in *Spain* ſhall withdraw into his own Dominions, where they are to be quarter'd in ſuch Countries as have of late diſcover'd an Inclination to take up Arms: The Calamities of that Kingdom being ſuch, that the People are not by any Means to be kept in Obedience, except by the Terror of Military Execution. What makes the Diſtreſſes ſtill greater is, that the Court begins to be doubtful of their Troops, ſome Regiments in the Action in the *Cevennes* having fac'd about againſt their Officers; and after the Battle was over, join'd the Malecontents. Upon receiving Advice of this Battle, the Duke of *Berwick* detach'd Twelve Battallions into thoſe Parts, and began to add new Works to his Intrenchments near *Briancon*, in order to defend his Camp, after being weaken'd by ſending ſo great a Reinforcement into the *Cevennes*. Letters from *Spain* ſay, that the Dutcheſs of *Anjou* was lately deliver'd of a Second Son. They write from *Madrid* of the 25th of *June*, That the Blockade of *Olivenca* was continued; but acknowledge, that the late Proviſions which were thrown into the Place, make 'em doubt whether they ſhall be Maſters of it this Campaign; tho' it is at preſent ſo cloſely block'd up, that it appears impracticable to ſend in any more Stores or Succours. They are preparing with all Expedition to repair the Fortifications of *Alicant*, for the Security of the Kingdom of *Valentia*.

——— ———*Celebrare Domestica Facta.*

From *Tuesday July* 12. to *Thursday July* 14. N°. 41.

White's Chocolate-house, July 12.

THere is no one Thing more to be lamented in our Nation, than their general Affectation of every Thing that is Foreign; nay we carry it so far, that we are more anxious for our own Countrymen when they have cross'd the Seas, than when we see 'em in the same dangerous Condition before our Eyes at Home; Else how is it possible, that on the 29th of the last Month, there should have been a Battle fought in our very Streets of *London*, and no Body at this End of the Town have heard of it. I protest, I, who make it my Business to enquire after Adventures, should never have known this, had not the following Account been sent me enclos'd in a Letter. This, it seems, is the Way of giving out of Orders in the Artillery-Company; and they prepare for a Day of Action with so little Concern, as only to call it, *An Exercise of Arms.*

An Exercise at Arms of the Artillery Company, to be perform'd on Wednesday June 29. 1709, *under the Command of Sir* Joseph Woolf, *Knight and Alderman, General*; Charles Hopson *Esquire, present Sheriff, Lieutenant-General*; *Captain* Richard Synge, *Major*; *Major* John Shorey, *Captain of Granadiers*; *Capt.* William Grayhurst, *Capt.* John Butler, *Capt.* Robert Carellis, *Captains.*

THE Body March from the *Artillery-Ground* through *Moregate, Coleman-street, Lothbury, Broadstreet, Finch-Lane,*

Lane, *Cornhill*, *Cheapside*, St. *Martin's*, St. *Anne's-Lane*, Hault the Pikes under the Wall in *Noble-ſtreet*, Draw up the Firelocks Facing the Goldſmiths-Hall, make Ready and Face to the Left, and Fire, and ſo *ditto* Three Times. Beat to Arms and March round the Hall, as up *Lad-Lane*, *Gutter-Lane*, *Honey-Lane*, and ſo Wheel to the Right, and make your Salute to my Lord, and ſo down St. *Anne's-Lane*, up *Alderſgate-ſtreet*, *Barbican*, and Draw up in *Red-Croſs-Street*, the Right at St. *Paul's-Alley* in the Rear. March off Lieutenant-General with Half the Body up *Beech-Lane*: He ſends a Sub-Diviſion up *King's-Head-Court*, and takes Poſt in it, and Marches Two Diviſions round into *Red-Lyon-Market*, to defend that Paſs, and Succour the Diviſion in *King's-Head-Court*, but keeps in *White-Croſs-ſtreet*, facing *Beech Lane*; the reſt of the Body ready drawn up. Then the General Marches up *Beech-Lane*, is Attack'd, but Forces the Diviſion in the Court into the Market, and enters with Three Diviſions while he preſſes the Lieutenant-General's Main Body; and at the ſame Time, the Three Diviſions force thoſe of the Revolters out of the Market, and ſo all the Lieutenant-General's Body retreats into *Chiſwel-ſtreet*, and lodges Two Diviſions in *Grub-ſtreet*; and as the General marches on, they fall on his Flank, but ſoon made to give Way; but having a Retreating Place into *Red-Lyon-Court*, but could not hold it, being put to Flight through *Paul's Alley*, and purſued by the General's Granadiers, while he Marches up and Attacks their Main Body, but are Oppoſed again by a Party of Men as lay in *Black-Raven-Court*; but they are forced alſo to Retire ſoon in the utmoſt Confuſion; and at the ſame Time thoſe brave Diviſions in *Paul's-Alley*, ply their Rear with Granadiers, that with Precipitation they take to the Rout along *Bunhill-Row*: So the General Marches into the *Artillery-Ground*, and being Drawn up, finds the Revolting Party to have found Entrance, and makes a Show as if for a Battle, and both Armies ſoon engage in Form, and Fire by Platoons.

Much might be ſaid for the Improvement of this Syſtem; which, for its Style and Invention, may inſtruct Generals and their Hiſtorians, both in fighting a Battle, and

and describing it when 'tis over. These elegant Expressions, *Ditto— And so— But soon— But lazing— But could not— But are— But they— Finds the Party to have found*, &c.— do certainly give great Life and Spirit to the Relation. Indeed I am extremely concern'd for the Lieutenant-General, who, by his Overthrow and Defeat, is made a deplorable Instance of the Fortune of War, and Vicissitudes of human Affairs. He, alas! has lost in *Beech-Lane* and *Clifford-street*, all the Glory he lately gain'd in and about *Holborn* and St. *Giles's*. The Art of Subdividing first, and Dividing afterwards is new and surprizing; and according to this Method, the Troops are disposed in *King's-Head-Court* and *Red-Lion-Market*: Nor is the Conduct of these Leaders less conspicuous in their Choice of the Ground or Field of Battle. Happy was it, that the greatest Part of the Atchievements of this Day was to be perform'd near *Grub-street*, that there might not be wanting a sufficient Number of faithful Historians, who being Eye-Witnesses of these Wonders, should impartially transmit them to Posterity: But then it can never be enough regretted, that we are left in the Dark as to the Name and Title of that extraordinary Hero who commanded the Divisions in *Paul's-Alley*; especially because those Divisions are justly stil'd Brave, and accordingly were to push the Enemy along *Funhill-Row*, and thereby occasion a general Battle. But *Pallas* appear'd in the form of a Shower of Rain, and prevented the Slaughter and Desolation which were threatned by these extraordinary Preparations.

Hi Motus Animorum atq; hæc Certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui Jactu compressa quiescunt.

Will's Coffee-house, July 13.

Some Part of the Company keep up the old Way of Conversation in this Place, which usually turn'd upon the Examination of Nature, and an Enquiry into the Manners of Men. There is one in the Room so very judicious, that he manages Impertinents with the utmost Dexterity. It was diverting this Evening to hear

a Diſcourſe between him and one of theſe Gentlemen. He told me before that Perſon join'd us, that he was a Queſtioner, who, according to his Deſcription, is one who asks Queſtions, not with a Deſign to receive Information, but an Affectation to ſhow his Uneaſineſs for Want of it. He went on in aſſerting, that there are Cowards of that modeſt Ambition, as to aim no further than to demonſtrate that they are in Doubt. But by this Time *Will. Why not* was ſat down by us. So Gentlemen, (ſays he) In how many Days, think you, ſhall we be Maſters of *Tournay*? Is the Account of the Action of the *Vicaroix* to be depended upon? Could you have imagin'd *England* had ſo much Money in it as you ſee it has produc'd? Pray Sirs, What do you think? Will the Duke of *Savoy* make an Irruption into *France*? But (ſays he) Time will clear all theſe Myſteries. His Anſwer to himſelf gave me the Attitude of his Head, and to all his Queſtions I anſwer'd very ſatisfactorily—Sir, Have you heard that this *Slaughterford* never own'd the Fact for which he died? Have the News-Papers mention'd that Matter? But, pray, Can you tell me what Method will be taken to provide for theſe *Palatines*? But this, as you ſay, Time will clear. Ay, ay, ſays he, and whiſpers me, *They will never let us into theſe Things before-hand.* I whiſper'd him again, We ſhall know it as ſoon as there is a Proclamation—He tells me in t'other Ear, You are in the right of it. Then he whiſper'd my Friend to know what my Name was; then made an obliging Bow, and went to examine another Table. This led my Friend and me to weigh this wandering Manner in many other Incidents, and he took out of his Pocket ſeveral little Notes or Tickers to ſolicit for Votes to Employments: As, 'Mr. *John Taplaſh* having "ſerved all Offices, and being reduced to great Pover-"ty, deſires your Vote for Singing Clerk of this Pariſh. "Another has had Ten Children, all whom his Wife "has ſuckled herſelf; therefore humbly deſires to be a "Schoolmaſter. There is nothing ſo frequent as this Way of Application for Offices. It is not that you are fit for the Place, but becauſe the Place would be convenient for you, that you claim a Merit to it. But commend

commend me to the great *Kideus*, who has lately ſet up for Midwifery, and to help Child-birth, for no other Reaſon, but that he is himſelf the *Unborn* Doctor. The Way is to hit upon ſomething that puts the Vulgar upon the Stare, or that touches their Compaſſion, which is often the weakeſt Part about us. I know a good Lady, who has taken her Daughters from their old Dancing Maſter to place them with another, for no other Reaſon, but becauſe the new Man has broke his Leg, which is ſo ill ſet, that he can never dance more.

From my own Apartment, July 13.

As it is a frequent Mortification to me to receive Letters, wherein People tell me, without a Name, they know I meant them in ſuch and ſuch a Paſſage; ſo that very Accuſation is an Argument, That there are ſuch Beings in Human Life, and our Diſcourſe is not altogether fantaſtical and groundleſs. But in this Caſe I am treated as I ſaw a Boy was t'other Day, who gave out pocky Bills: Every plain Fellow took it that paſs'd by, and went on his Way without further Notice: At laſt came one with his Noſe a little abridg'd; who knocks the Lad down, with a, *Why you Son of a W—e, do you think I am p—d.* But *Shakeſpear* has made the beſt Apology for this Way of talking againſt Publick Errors: He makes *Jaques*, in the Play call'd, *As you like it*, expreſs himſelf thus:

Why, who cries out on Pride,
That can therein tax any private Party?
What Woman in the City do I name?
When that I ſay the City Woman bears
The Coſt of Princes on unworthy Shoulders.
Who can come in and ſay that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her Neighbour?
Or, what is he of baſeſt Function,
That ſays his Bravery is not on my Coſt?
Thinking that I mean him, but therein ſuits
His Folly to the Mettle of my Speech.
There then! How then? Then let me ſee wherein
My Tongue hath wrong'd him: If I do him right,

Then

Then he hath wrong'd himself: If he be free,
Why then my Taxing like a wild Goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any Man.

St. James's Coffee-house, July 13.

We have received, by Letters of the 18th Instant from the Camp before *Tournay*, an Account, That we were in a fair Prospect of being Masters of the Town within seven Days after that Date. Our Batteries had utterly overthrown those of the Enemy. On the 16th Instant, *N. S.* General *Schuylemburgh* had made a Lodgment on the Counterscarp of the Tenaille; which Post was so weakly defended, that we lost but Six Men in gaining it. So that there seems Reason to hope, that the Citadel will also be in the Hands of the Confederates, about the 6th of *August*, *O. S.* These Advices inform us further, That Marshal *Villars* had order'd large Detachments to make Motions towards *Douay* and *Conde*. The swift Progress of this Siege has so much alarm'd the other Frontier Towns of *France*, that they were throwing down some Houses in the Suburbs of *Valenciennes*, which they think may stand commodiously for the Enemy in case of a Siege of that Place. The Elector of *Cologne* is making all imaginable Haste to remove from thence to *Rheims*.

From *Thursday July* 14. to *Saturday July* 16. N°. 42.

From my own Apartment, July 15.

LOoking over some old Papers, I found a little Treatise, written by my Great-Grand-father, concerning *Bribery*, and thought his Manner of treating that Subject not unworthy my Remark. He there has a Digression concerning a Possibility, that in some Circumstances a Man may receive an Injury, and yet be conscious to himself that he deserves it. There are abundance of fine Things said on the Subject; but the whole wrap'd up in so much Jingle and Pun, (which was the Wit of those Times) that it is scarce intelligible; but

I thought the Deſign was well enough in the following Sketch of the old Gentleman's Poetry: For in this Caſe, where two are Rivals for the ſame Thing, and propoſe to obtain it by Preſents, he that attempts the Judge's Honeſty by making him Offers of Reward, ought not to complain when he loſes his Cauſe for a better Bidder. But the good old Doggrel runs thus:

A Poor Man once a Judge beſought,
To judge aright his Cauſe,
And with a Glaſs of Oil ſalutes
This Judger of the Laws.
My Friend, quoth he, thy Cauſe is good:
He glad away did trudge;
Anon his Wealthy Foe did come
Before this partial Judge.
An Hog well fed this Churl preſents,
And craves a Strain of Law.
The Hog receiv'd, the Poor Man's Right
Was judg'd not worth a Straw.
Thereuith he cry'd, O! Partial Judge,
Thy Doom has me undone;
When Oil I gave, my Cauſe was good,
But now to Ruin run.
Poor Man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
And ſee thy Cauſe of Foil;
An Hog came ſince into my Houſe,
And broke thy Glaſs of Oil.

Will's Coffee-houſe, July 15.

The Diſcourſe happen'd this Evening to fall upon Characters drawn in Plays, and a Gentleman remark'd, that there was no Method in the World of knowing the Taſte of an Age, or Period of Time ſo good, as by the Obſervations of their Perſons repreſented in Comedies. There were ſeveral Inſtances produc'd, as *Ben. Johnſon*'s bringing in a Fellow ſmoaking as a Piece of Foppery; but, ſaid the Gentleman, (who entertain'd us on this Subject) this Matter is no where ſo obſervable as in the Difference of the Characters of Women on the Stage in the laſt Age and in this. It is not to be ſuppos'd that it was a Poverty of Genius in *Shakeſpear*, that his Women made ſo ſmall a Figure in his Dialogues; but it cer-

certainly is, that he drew Women as they then were in Life; for that Sex had not in thoſe Days that Freedom in Converſation; and their Characters were only, that they were Mothers, Siſters, Daughters, and Wives. There were not then among the Ladies, Shining Wits, Politicians, Virtuoſæ, Free-Thinkers, and Diſputants; nay, there was then hardly ſuch a Creature ev'n as a Coquet: But Vanity had quite another Turn, and the moſt conſpicuous Woman at that Time of Day was only the beſt Houſewife. Were it poſſible to bring into Life an Aſſembly of Matrons of that Age, and introduce the Learned Lady *Woodly* into their Company, they would not believe the ſame Nation could produce a Creature ſo unlike any Thing they ever ſaw in it. But the ſame Ancients would be as much aſtoniſh'd to ſee in the ſame Age ſo illuſtrious a Pattern to all who love Things Praiſe-worthy, as the divine *Aſpatia*. Methinks, I now ſee her walking in her Garden like our firſt Parent, with unaffected Charms, before Beauty had Spectators, and bearing celeſtial conſcious Virtue in her Aſpect. Her Countenance is the lively Picture of her Mind, which is the Seat of Honour, Truth, Compaſſion, Knowledge, and Innocence.

There dwells the Scorn of Vice and Pity too.

In the Midſt of the moſt ample Fortune, and Veneration of all that behold and know her, without the leaſt Affectation, ſhe conſults Retirement, the Contemplation of her own Being, and that ſupreme Power which beſtow'd it. Without the Learning of Schools, or Knowledge of a long Courſe of Arguments, ſhe goes on in a ſteady Courſe of uninterrupted Piety and Virtue, and adds to the Severity and Privacy of the laſt Age all the Freedom and Eaſe of this. The Language and Mien of a Court ſhe is poſſeſs'd of in the higheſt Degree; but the Simplicity and humble Thoughts of a Cottage are her more welcome Entertainments. *Aſpatia* is a Female Philoſopher, who does not only live up to the Reſignation of the moſt retir'd Lives of the ancient Sages, but alſo to the Schemes and Plans which they thought Beau-

tiful, tho' inimitable. This Lady is the moſt exact Oeconomiſt, without appearing buſie; the moſt ſtrictly Virtuous, without taſting the Praiſe of it; and ſhuns Applauſe with as much Induſtry, as others do Reproach. This Character is ſo particular, that it will very eaſily be fix'd to her only by all that know her: But I dare ſay, ſhe will be the laſt that finds it out. But alas! If we have One or Two ſuch Ladies, How many Dozens are there like the reſtleſs *Polygloſſa*, who is acquainted with all the World but her ſelf; who has the Appearance of all, and Poſſeſſion of no one Virtue: She has indeed in her Practice the Abſence of Vice; but her Diſcourſe is the continual Hiſtory of it; and it is apparent, when ſhe ſpeaks of the criminal Gratifications of others, that her Innocence is only a Reſtraint, with a certain Mixture of Envy. She is ſo perfectly oppoſite to the Character of *Aſpatia*, that as Vice is terrible to her only as it is the Object of Reproach; ſo Virtue is agreeable only as it is attended with Applauſe.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, July 15.

It is now Twelve a Clock at Noon, and no Mail come in; therefore I am not without Hopes, that the Town will allow me the Liberty which my Brother News-Writers take, in giving them what may be for their Information in another Kind, and indulge me in doing an Act of Friendſhip, by publiſhing the following Account of Goods and Moveables.

This is to give Notice, That a Magnificent Palace, with great Variety of Gardens, Statues, and Water-works, may be bought cheap in *Drury-Lane*; where there are likewiſe ſeveral Caſtles to be diſpoſed of, very delightfully ſituated; as alſo Groves, Woods, Foreſts, Fountains, and Country Seats, with very pleaſant Proſpects on all Sides of them; being the Moveables of *Ch——s R——ch* Eſq; who is breaking up Houſe-keeping, and has many curious Pieces of Furniture to diſpoſe of, which may be ſeen between the Hours of Six and Ten in the Evening.

The INVENTORY.

Spirits of Right *Nants* Brandy, for Lambent Flames and Apparitions.

Three Bottles and a half of Lightning.

One Shower of Snow in the whitest *French* Paper.

Two Showers of a browner Sort.

A Sea, consisting of a Dozen large Waves; the Tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A Dozen and a half of Clouds, trimm'd with Black, and well conditioned.

A Rainbow a little faded.

A Set of Clouds after the *French* Mode, streak'd with Lightning, and furbelow'd.

A New-Moon, something decay'd.

A Pint of the finest *Spanish* Wash, being all that is left of Two Hogsheads sent over last Winter.

A Coach very finely Gilt, and little used, with a Pair of Dragons, to be sold cheap.

A Setting-Sun, a Penny-worth.

An Imperial Mantle, made for *Cyrus the Great*, and worn by *Julius Cæsar*, *Bajazet*, King *Harry* the Eighth, and Signior *Valentini*.

A Basket-Hilt Sword, very convenient to carry Milk in.

Roxana's Night-Gown.

Othello's Handkerchief.

The Imperial Robes of *Xerxes*, never worn but once.

A Wild-Boar, kill'd by Mrs. *Tofts* and *Diocletian*.

A Serpent to sting *Cleopatra*.

A Mustard-Bowl to make Thunder with.

Another of a bigger Sort, by Mr. *D* ——*is*'s Directions, little used.

Six Elbow-Chairs, very expert in Country-Dances, with Six Flower-Pots for their Partners.

The Whiskers of a *Turkish* Bassa.

The Complexion of a Murderer in a Ban-box; consisting of a large Piece of burnt Cork, and a Cole-black Peruke.

A Suit of Clothes for a Ghost, *viz.* a Bloody Shirt,

a Doublet curiously pink'd, and a Coat with three great Eyelet-Holes upon the Breaſt.

A Bale of Red *Spaniſh* Wooll.

Modern Plots, commonly known by the Name of Trap-Doors, Ladders of Ropes, Vizar-Maſques, and Tables with broad Carpets over them.

Three Oak-Cudgels, with one of Crab-tree; all bought for the Uſe of Mr. *Pinkethman*.

Materials for Dancing; as Maſques, Caſtanets, and a Ladder of Ten Rounds.

Aurenzebe's Scymeter, made by *William Brown* in *Piccadilly*.

A Plume of Feathers, never uſed but by *Oedipus* and the Earl of *Eſſex*.

There are alſo Swords, Halberts, Sheep-Hooks, Cardinals Hats, Turbants, Drums, Gally-Pots, a Gibbet, a Cradle, a Rack, a Cart-Wheel, an Altar, a Helmet, a Back-Piece, a Breaſt-Plate, a Bell, a Tub, and a Jointed-Baby.

Theſe are the hard Shifts we Intelligencers are forc'd to; therefore our Readers ought to excuſe us, if a Weſterly Wind blowing for a Fortnight together, generally fills every Paper with an Order of Battle; when we ſhow our Martial Skill in each Line, and, according to the Space we have to fill, we range our Men in Squadrons and Battallions, or draw out Company by Company, and Troop by Troop; ever obſerving, that no Muſter is to be made, but when the Wind is in a croſs Point, which often happens at the End of a Campagne, when half the Men are deſerted or kill'd. The *Courant* is ſometimes Ten deep, his Ranks cloſe: The *Poſt-Boy* is generally in Files, for greater Exactneſs; and the *Poſt-Man* comes down upon you rather after the *Turkiſh* Way, Sword in Hand, Pell-mell, without Form or Diſcipline; but ſure to bring Men enough into the Field; and wherever they are rais'd, never to loſe a Battle for want of Numbers.

——— *Bene Nummatum decorat Swadela Venuſque.* Hor.

From *Saturday July* 16. to *Tueſday July* 19. N°. 43.

White's Chocolate-houſe, July 18.

I Write from hence at preſent to complain, that Wit and Merit are ſo little encourag'd by People of Rank and Quality, that the Wits of the Age are oblig'd to run within *Temple-Bar* for Patronage. There is a deplorable Inſtance of this in the Caſe of Mr. *D—y*, who has dedicated his inimitable Comedy, call'd, *The Modern Prophets*, to a worthy Knight, to whom, it ſeems, he had before committed his Plan, which was, *To Ridicule the Ridiculers of our eſtabliſh'd Doctrine.* I have elſewhere celebrated the Contrivance of this excellent *Drama*; but was not, till I read the Dedication, wholly let into the *Religious* Deſign of it. I am afraid it has ſuffer'd Diſcountenance at this gay End of the Town, for no other Reaſon but the *Piety* of the Purpoſe. There is however in this Epiſtle the true Life of Panegyrical Performance; and I do not doubt, but, if the Patron would part with it, I can help him to others with good Pretenſions to it; *viz.* of *Uncommon Underſtanding*, who would give him as much as he gave for it. I know perfectly well a Noble Perſon to whom theſe Words (which are the Body of the Panegyrick) would fit to a Hair.

" Your Eaſineſs of Humour, or rather your harmoni-
" ous Diſpoſition, is ſo admirably mix'd with your Com-
" poſure, that the rugged Cares and Diſturbance that
" Publick Affairs brings with it, which does ſo vexa-
" tiouſly affect the Heads of other great Men of Buſi-
" neſs, *&c.* does ſcarce ever ruffle your unclouded Brow
" ſo much as with a Frown. And what above all is
" Praiſe-worthy, you are ſo far from thinking your ſelf
" better than others, that a flouriſhing and opulent For-
" tune, which by a certain natural Corruption in its

" Quality, seldom fails to infect other Possessors with " Pride, seems in this Case as if only providentially " disposed to enlarge your Humility.

" But I see, Sir, I am now got into a very large " Field, where tho' I could with great ease raise a " Number of Plants in Relation to your Merit of this " peculiar Nature; yet for Fear of an Author's ge- " neral Vice, and that the plain Justice I have done " you should, by my proceeding, and others mistaken " Judgment, be imagin'd Flattery, a Thing the blunt- " ness of my Nature does not care to be concern'd with, " and which I also know you abominate.

It is wonderful to see how many Judges of these fine Things spring up every Day by the Price of Stocks, and other elegant Methods of abridging the Way to Learning and Criticism. But I do hereby forbid all Dedications to all Persons within the City of *London*, except Sir *Francis*, Sir *Stephen*, and the Bank, will take Epigrams and Epistles at Value receiv'd for their Notes, and the *East-India* Company accept of Heroick Poems for their Scald Bonds. Upon which Bottom, our Publishers have full Power to treat with the City in Behalf of us Authors, to enable Traders to become Patrons and Fellows of the Royal Society, as well as receive certain Degrees of Skill in the *Latin* and *Greek* Tongues, according to the Quantity of the Commodities which they take off our Hands.

Grecian Coffee-house, July 12.

The Learned have so long laboured under the Imputation of Dryness and Dulness in their Accounts of their Phænomena, that an ingenious Gentleman of our Society has resolved to write a System of Philosophy in a more lively Method, both as to the Matter and Language, than has been hitherto attempted. He read to us the Plan upon which he intends to proceed. I thought his Account, by Way of Fable of the Worlds about us, had so much Vivacity in it, that I could not forbear translating his Hypothesis, to give the Reader a Taste of my Friend's Treatise, which is now in the Press.

" The

" The Inferior Deities having design'd on a Day to play " a Game at Football, knead together a numberless " Collection of dancing Atoms into the Form of 7 rowling Globes: And that Nature might be kept from a " dull Inactivity, each seperate Particle is endued with " a Principle of Motion, or a Power of Attraction, " whereby all the several Parcels of Matter draw each " other proportionably to their Magnitudes and Distances, into such a remarkable Variety of different Forms, " as to produce all the wonderful Appearances we now " observe in Empire, Philosophy, and Religion. To " proceed; At the beginning of the Game, each of " the Globes being struck forward with a vast Violence, " ran out of Sight, and wander'd in a straight Line " through the infinite Spaces. The nimble Deities " panting, breathless almost, and spent in the eager " Chace; each of them catch'd hold of one, and stamp'd " it with his Name, as *Saturn*, *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and so " of the rest. To prevent this Inconvenience for the future, the Seven are condemned to a Precipitation, " which in our Inferior Stile we call *Gravity*. Thus the " Tangential and Centripetal Forces, by their Counter-" struggle, make the Celestial Bodies describe an exact " Ellipsis.

" There will be added to this an Appendix in Defence of the First Day of the Term according to the *Oxford Almanack*, by a learned Knight of this Realm, " with an Apology for the said Knight's Manner of " Dress; proving, That his Habit, according to this " Hypothesis, is the true *Modern* and *Fashionable*; and " that Buckles are not to be worn according to this System, till the 10th of *March*, in the Year 1714. which, " according to the Computation of some of our greatest " Divines, is to be the first Year of the *Millennium*; in " which Blessed Age, all Habits will be reduc'd to a " primitive Simplicity; and whoever shall be found to " have persevered in a Constancy of Dress, in Spight " of all the Allurements of prophane and heathen Habits, shall be rewarded with a never-fading Doublet " of a Thousand Years. All Points in the System " which are doubted, shall be attested by the Knight's

" Extemporary Oath, for the Satisfaction of his Rea-
" ders.

Will's Coffee-houſe, July 18.

We were upon the Heroick Strain this Evening, and the Queſtion was, What is the True Sublime? Many very good Diſcourſes happen'd thereupon; after which a Gentleman at the Table, who is, it ſeems, writing on that Subject, aſſum'd the Argument; and tho' he ran thro' many Inſtances of Sublimity from the ancient Writers, ſaid, He had hardly known an Occaſion wherein the true Greatneſs of Soul, which animates a General in Action, is ſo well repreſented, with Regard to the Perſon of whom it was ſpoken, and the Time in which it was writ, as in a few Lines in a modern Poem: There is (continued he) nothing ſo forc'd and conſtrain'd as what we frequently meet with in Tragedies; to make a Man under the Weight of a great Sorrow, or full of Meditation upon what he is ſoon to execute, caſt about for a Simile to what he himſelf is, or the Thing which he is going to act: But there is nothing more proper and natural than for a Poet, whoſe Buſineſs is to deſcribe, and who is Spectator of one in that Circumſtance when his Mind is working upon a great Image, and that the Idea's hurry upon his Imagination; I ſay, there is nothing ſo natural, as for a Poet to relieve and clear himſelf from the Burthen of Thought at that Time, by uttering his Conception in Simile and Metaphor. The higheſt Act of the Mind of Man is to poſſeſs it ſelf with Tranquillity in imminent Danger, and to have its Thoughts ſo free as to act at that Time without Perplexity. The ancient Poets have compar'd this ſedate Courage to a Rock that remains immoveable amidſt the Rage of Winds and Waves; but that is too ſtupid and inanimate a Similitude, and could do no Credit to the Hero. At other Times they are all of 'em wonderfully oblig'd to a *Lybian* Lion, which may give indeed very agreeable Terrors to a Deſcription; but is no Compliment to the Perſon to whom it is applied: Eagles, Tygers, and Wolves, are made uſe of on the ſame Occaſion, and very often with much Beauty; but this is ſtill

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an Honour done to the Brute rather than the Hero. *Mars*, *Pallas*, *Bacchus*, and *Hercules*, have each of them furniſh'd very good Similies in their Time, and made, doubtleſs, a greater Impreſſion on the Mind of an Heathen, than they have on that of a modern Reader. But the ſublime Image that I am talking of, and which I really think as great as ever enter'd into the Thought of Man, is in the Poem call'd, *The Campaign*; where the Simile of a Miniſtring Angel ſets forth the moſt ſedate and the moſt active Courage engag'd in an uproar of Nature, a Confuſion of Elements, and a Scene of Divine Vengeance. Add to all, That theſe Lines compliment the General and his Queen at the ſame Time, and has all the natural Horrors, heighten'd by the Image that was ſtill freſh in the Mind of every Reader.

'Twas then Great Marlbro's *mighty Soul was prov'd,*
That, in the Shock of charging Hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt Confuſion, Horror, and Deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful Scenes of War;
In peaceful Thought the Field of Death ſurvey'd,
To fainting Squadrons ſent the timely Aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd Battallions to engage,
And taught the doubtful Battle where to rage.
So when an Angel by Divine Command,
With riſing Tempeſts ſhakes a guilty Land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia *paſt,*
Calm and Serene he drives the furious Blaſt;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirlwind, and directs the Storm.

The whole Poem is ſo exquiſitely Noble and Poetick, that I think it an Honour to our Nation and Language. The Gentleman concluded his Critick on this Work, by ſaying that he eſteem'd it wholly new, and a wonderful Attempt to keep up the ordinary Idea's of a March of an Army, juſt as they happen'd in ſo warm and great a Stile, and yet be at once Familiar and Heroick. Such a Performance is a Chronicle as well as a Poem, and will preſerve the Memory of our Hero, when all the Edifices and Statues erected to his Honour are blended with common Duſt. *St.*

St. James's Coffee-house, July 18.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 23d Instant, *N. S.* say, That the Allies were so forward in the Siege of *Tournay*, that they were preparing for a general Assault, which, it was suppos'd, would be made within a few Days. Deserters from the Town give an Account, That the Garrison was carrying their Ammunition and Provisions into the Citadel, which occasion'd a Tumult among the Inhabitants of the Town. The *French* Army had laid Bridges over the *Scarp*, and made a Motion as if they intended to pass that River; but tho' they are join'd by the Reinforcement expected from *Germany*, it was not believ'd they would make any Attempt towards relieving *Tournay*. Letters from *Brabant* say, there has been a Discovery made of a Design to deliver up *Antwerp* to the Enemy. The States of *Holland* have agreed to a general Naturalization of all Protestants who shall fly into their Dominions: to which Purpose, a Proclamation was to be issued within few Days.

They write from *France*, That the great Misery and Want under which that Nation has so long labour'd, has ended in a Pestilence, which began to appear in *Burgundy* and *Dauphine*. They add, that in the Town of *Macon*, Three Hundred Persons had died in the Space of Ten Days. Letters from *Lille* of the 24th Instant advise, That great Numbers of Deserters came daily into that City, the most Part of whom are Dragoons. Letters from *France* say, That the *Loire* having overflow'd its Banks, hath laid the Country under Water for 300 Miles together.

——*Nullis Amor eſt medicabilis Herbis.*

From *Tueſday July* 19. to *Thurſday July* 21. N°. 44.

White's Chocolate-houſe, July 19.

THIS Day, paſſing through *Covent-Garden*, I was ſtopp'd in the Piazza by *Pacolet*, to obſerve what he call'd the Triumph of Love and Youth. I turn'd to the Object he pointed at; and there I ſaw a gay gilt Chariot drawn by freſh prancing Horſes: the Coachman with a new Cockade, and the Lacquays with Inſolence and Plenty in their Countenances. I ask'd immediately, What young Heir or Lover own'd that glittering Equipage? But my Companion interrupted: Do not you ſee there the mourning *Æſculapius*? The Mourning! ſaid I. Yes *Iſaac* ſaid *Pacolet*, He is in deep Mourning, and is the languiſhing hopeleſs Lover of the Divine *Hebe*, the Emblem of Youth and Beauty. That excellent and learned Sage you behold in that Furniture, is the ſtrongeſt Inſtance imaginable, that Love is the moſt Powerful of all Things. You are not ſo ignorant as to be a Stranger to the Character of *Æſculapius*, as the Patron and moſt ſucceſsful of all who profeſs the Art of Medicine. But as moſt of his Operations are owing to a natural Sagacity or Inſpiſe, he has very little troubled himſelf with the Doctrine of Drugs; but has always given Nature more Room to help her ſelf, than any of her learned Aſſiſtants; and conſequently has done greater Wonders than is in the Power of Art to perform: For which Reaſon, he is half deify'd by the People; and has ever been juſtly courted by all the World, as if he were a Seventh Son. It happen'd, that the charming *Hebe* was reduc'd, by a long and violent Fever, to the moſt extreme Danger of Death; and when all Skill fail'd, they ſent for *Æſculapius*. The renowned Artiſt was touch'd with the deepeſt Compaſſion to ſee the faded Charms and faint Bloom of *Hebe*; and had a generous Concern in beholding

ing a Struggle, not between Life, but rather between Youth, and Death. All his Skill and his Paſſion tended to the Recovery of *Hebe*, Beautiful ev'n in Sickneſs: But, alaſs! the unhappy Phyſician knew not, that in all his Care he was only ſharpening Darts for his own Deſtruction. In a Word, his Fortune was the ſame with that of the Statuary, who fell in Love with the Image of his own making; and the unfortunate *Æſculapius* is become the Patient of her whom he lately recover'd. Long before this Diſaſter, *Æſculapius* was far gone in the unneceſſary and ſuperfluous Amuſements of Old Age, in increaſing unweildy Stores, and providing, in the midſt of an Incapacity of Enjoyment of what he had, for a Supply of more Wants than he had Calls for in Youth it ſelf. But theſe low Conſiderations are now no more, and Love has taken Place of Avarice, or rather is become an Avarice of another Kind, which ſtill urges him to purſue what he does not want. But behold the Metamorphoſis; The anxious mean Cares of an Uſurer, are turn'd into the Languiſhments and Complaints of a Lover. Behold, ſays the Aged *Æſculapius*, I ſubmit, I own, great Love, thy Empire: Pity, *Hebe*, the Fop you have made: What have I to do with Gilding but on Pills? Yet, O Fair! For thee I ſit amidſt a Crowd of painted Deities on my Chariot, button'd in Gold, claſp'd in Gold, without having any Value for that belov'd Metal, but as it adorns the Perſon, and laces the Hat of thy dying Lover. I ask not to live, O *Hebe*! Give me but gentle Death: *Euthanaſia*, *Euthanaſia*, that is all I implore. When *Æſculapius* had finiſh'd his Complaint, *Pacolet* went on in deep Morals on the Incertainty of Riches, with this remarkable Exclamation; O Wealth! How impotent art thou? And how little doſt thou ſupply us with real Happineſs, when, the Uſurer himſelf can forget thee for the Love of what is as foreign to his Felicity as thou art?

Will's Coffee-Houſe, July 19.

The Company here, who have all a delicate Taſte of Theatrical Repreſentations, had made a Gathering to purchaſe the Moveables of the neighbouring Play-houſe, for

for the Encouragement of one which is ſetting up in the *Hay-Market*. But the Proceedings at the Auction (by which Method the Goods have been ſold this Evening) have been ſo unfair, that the generous Deſign has been fruſtrated; for the *Imperial Mantle made for Cyrus* was miſſing; as alſo the *Chariot and Two Dragons*: But upon Examination it was found, that a Gentleman of *Hampſhire* had clandeſtinely bought them both, and is gone down to his Country Seat; and that on *Saturday* laſt he paſs'd through *Staines* attir'd in that Robe, and drawn by the ſaid *Dragons*, aſſiſted by Two only of his own Horſes. This Theatrical Traveller has alſo left Orders with Mr. *Hall* to ſend the faded Rainbow to the Scowrers, and when it comes home, to diſpatch it after him. At the ſame Time C——— *R*—— Eſq; is invited to bring down himſelf his *Setting Sun*, and be Box-keeper to a Theatre erected by this Gentleman near *Southampton*. Thus there has been nothing but Artifice in the Management of this Affair; for which Reaſon I beg Pardon of the Town, that I inſerted the Inventory in my Paper, and ſolemnly proteſt, I knew nothing of this Artful Deſign of vending theſe Rarities: But I meant only the Good of the World in that and other Things which I divulge. And now I am upon this Subject, I muſt do my ſelf Juſtice in Relation to an Article in a former Paper, wherein I made Mention of a Perſon who keeps a Puppet-Show in the Town of *Bath*; I was tender of naming Names, and only juſt hinted, that he makes larger Promiſes, when he invites People to his Dramatick Repreſentations, than he is able to perform: But I am credibly inform'd, that he makes a prophane lewd Jeſter, which he calls *Punch*, ſpeak to the Diſhonour of *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* with great Familiarity; and before all my learned Friends in that Place, takes upon him to diſpute my Title to the Appellation of *Eſquire*. I think I need not ſay much to convince all the World, that this Mr. *Powell* (for that is his Name) is a pragmatical and vain Perſon, to pretend to argue with me on any Subject. *Mecum certaſſe feretur*; that is to ſay, It will be an Honour to him to have it ſaid he contended with me; but I would have him to know,

that

that I can look beyond his Wires, and know very well the whole Trick of his Art, and that it is only by these Wires that the Eye of the Spectator is cheated, and hinder'd from seeing that there is a Thread on one of *Punch's* Chops, which draws it up, and lets it fall at the Discretion of the said *Powell*, who stands behind and plays him, and makes him speak sawcily of his Betters. He! To pretend to make Prologues against me! but a Man never behaves himself with Decency in his own Case: therefore I shall command my self, and never trouble my self further with this little Fellow, who is himself but a tall Puppet, and has not Brains enough to make even Wood speak as it ought to do: And I, that have heard the Groaning Board, can despise all that his Puppets shall be able to speak as long as they live. But, *Ex quovis Ligno non fit Mercurius.* He has pretended to write to me also from the *Bath*, and says, He thought to have defer'd giving me an Answer till he came *to his Books*; but that my Writings might do well with the Waters: Which are pert Expressions that become a School-boy better than one that is to teach others: And when I have said a civil Thing to him, he cries, *Oh! I thank you for that —— I am your humble Servant for that.* Ah! Mr. *Powell*, these smart Civilities will never run down Men of Learning: I know well enough your Design is to have all Men *Automata*, like your Puppets; but the World is grown too wise, and can look through these thin Devices. I know you design to make a Reply to this; but be sure you stick close to my Words; for if you bring me into Discourses concerning the Government of your Puppets, I must tell you, *I neither am, nor have been, nor will be, at Leisure to answer you.* It is really a burning Shame this Man should be tolerated in abusing the World with such Representations of Things: But his Parts decay, and he is not much more alive than *Partridge.*

From my own Apartment, July 19.

I must beg Pardon of my Readers that for this Time I have, I fear, huddled up my Discourse, having been very busie in helping an old Friend of mine out of Town.

Town. He has a very good Eſtate, is a Man of Wit; but he had been three Years abſent from Town, and can't bear a Jeſt; for which Reaſon I have, with ſome Pains, convinc'd him, that he can no more live here, than if he were a down-right Bankrupt. He was ſo fond of dear *London*, that he began to fret only inwardly; but being unable to laugh and be laugh'd at, I took a Place in the Northern Coach for him and his Family; and hope he is got to Night ſafe from all Sneerers in his own Parlour.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, July 20.

This Morning we receiv'd by Expreſs the agreeable News of the Surrender of the Town of *Tournay* on the 28th Inſtant, *N. S.* The Place was aſſaulted at the Attacks of General *Schuylemburg*, and that of General *Lottum*, at the ſame Time. The Action at both thoſe Parts of the Town was very obſtinate, and the Allies loſt a conſiderable Number at the Beginning of the Diſpute; but the Fight was continued with ſo great Bravery, that the Enemy obſerving that we were Maſters of all the Poſts which were neceſſary for a general Attack, beat the *Chamade*, and Hoſtages were receiv'd from the Town and others ſent from the Beſiegers, in order to come to a formal Capitulation for the Surrender of the Place. They write alſo from the *Low-Countries*, That Monſieur *Torci* and Monſieur *Rouille* are in private Characters at *Valenciennes*, with full Inſtructions to offer the late Articles of Treaty for Peace after the taking this Town, before the Enemy are neceſſitated to come to a general Engagement. We have alſo this Day receiv'd Advice, That Sir *John Leak*, who lies off of *Dunkirk*, had intercepted ſeveral Ships laden with Corn from the *Baltick*; and that the *Dutch* Privateers had taken in with others, and carried them into *Holland*. The *French* Letters adviſe, That the Court of *Rome* had acknowledg'd the King of *Spain*; and that the young Son to the Duke of *Anjou*, liv'd but Eight Days.

Credo

Credo Pudicitiam Saturno Rege moratam
In Terris. ———————

From *Thurſday July* 21. to *Saturday July* 23. N°. 45.

Will's Coffee-houſe, July 21.

TO ſhow that I do not bear an irreconcilable Hatred to my mortal Enemy, Mr. *Powell* at *Bath*, I do his Function the Honour to publiſh to the World, that Plays repreſented by Puppets are permitted in our Univerſities, and that Sort of *Drama* not wholly thought unworthy the Critick of learned Heads: But as I have been converſant rather with the greater Ode, as I think the Criticks call it, I muſt be ſo humble as to make a Requeſt to Mr. *Powell*, and deſire him to apply his Thoughts to anſwering the Difficulties with which my Kinſman, the Author of the following Letter, ſeems to be embarraſs'd.

To my Honour'd Kinſman Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *Eſq;*

Dear Couſin,

'HAD the Family of the *Beadleſtaffs*, whereof I, 'tho' unworthy, am one, known of your being 'lately at *Oxon*, we had in our own Name, and in the 'Univerſity's, (as it is our Office) made you a Compli-'ment: But your ſhort Stay here robb'd us of an Op-'portunity of paying our due Reſpects, and you of re-'ceiving an ingenious Entertainment, with which we 'at preſent divert our ſelves and Strangers. A *Puppet-'Show* at this Time ſupplies the Want of an *ACT*. And 'ſince the Nymphs of this City are diſappointed of a 'luſcious Muſick-Speech, and the Country Ladies of 'hearing their Sons or Brothers ſpeak Verſes; yet the

Vocal

' Vocal Machines, like them, by the Help of a Prompter, ſay Things as much to the Benefit of the Audience, ' and almoſt as properly their own. The Licence of ' *Terræ-filius* is refin'd to the well-bred Satyr of *Punchanello*. Now, Couſin *Bickerſtaff*, tho' *Punch* has neither a *French* Nightcap, nor Long Pockets, yet you muſt own him to be a Pretty Fellow, a *very* Pretty ' Fellow: Nay, ſince he ſeldom leaves the Company, ' without calling, *Son of a Whore*, demanding Satisfaction, and Duelling, he muſt be own'd a Smart Fellow ' too. Yet, by ſome Indecencies towards the Ladies, ' he ſeems to be of a Third Character, diſtinct from any ' you have yet touch'd upon. A young Gentleman who ' ſat next me, (for I had the Curioſity of ſeeing this ' Entertainment) in a tufted Gown, red Stockings, ' and a long Wig, which I pronounce to be tantamount ' to red Heels and a dangling Cane, was enrag'd when ' *Punchanello* diſturb'd a ſoft Love-Scene with his Ribaldry. You would oblige us mightily by laying ' down ſome Rules for adjuſting the extravagant Behaviour of this *Almanzor* of the Play, and by writing a ' Treatiſe on this Sort of Dramatick Poetry, ſo much ' favoured, and ſo little underſtood, by the learned ' World.

' From its being convey'd in a Cart after the *Theſpian* ' Manner, all the Parts being recited by one Perſon, as ' the Cuſtom was before *Eſchilus*, and the Behaviour of ' *Punch* as if he had won the Goal, you may poſſibly deduce its Antiquity, and ſettle the Chronology, as ' well as ſome of our Modern Criticks. In its natural ' Tranſitions from Mournful to Merry; as from the ' Hanging of a Lover to Dancing upon the Rope; from ' the Stalking of a Ghoſt to a Lady's preſenting you ' with a Jig; you may diſcover ſuch a Decorum, as is ' not to be found elſewhere than in our *Tragi Comedies*. ' But I forget my ſelf; 'tis not for me to dictate: I ' thought fit, dear Couſin, to give you theſe Hints, to ' ſhew you that the *Beadleſtaffs* don't walk before Men ' of Letters to no Purpoſe; and that tho' we do but ' hold up the Train of Arts and Sciences, yet, like

other

' other Pages, we are now and then let into our Ladies ' Secrets.

I am your

From Mother *Gourdon's* at *Hedington*, near *Oxon*, *June* 18.

moſt Affectionate Kinſman,

Benjamin Beadleſtaff.

White's Chocolate-houſe, *July* 22.

The other Day I took a Walk a Mile or two out of Town, and ſtrolling wherever Chance led me, I was inſenſibly carried into a By-Road, along which was a very agreeable Quickſet, of an extraordinary Height, which ſurrounded a very delicious Seat and Garden. From one Angle of the Hedge, I heard a Voice cry, Sir, Sir -- This rais'd my Curioſity, and I heard the ſame Voice ſay, but in a gentle Tone, Come forward, come forward. I did ſo, and one through the Hedge call'd me by my Name, and bad me go on to the Left, and I ſhould be admitted to viſit an old Acquaintance in Diſtreſs. The Laws of Knight-Errantry made me obey the Summons without Heſitation; and I was let in at the Back-Gate of a lovely Houſe by a Maid-Servant, who carried me from Room to Room, till I came into a Gallery; at the End of which, I ſaw a fine Lady dreſs'd in the moſt ſumptuous Habit, as if ſhe were going to a Ball, but with the moſt abject and diſconſolate Sorrow in her Face that I ever beheld. As I came near ſhe burſt into Tears, and cry'd, Sir, Do not you know the unhappy *Tarminta*? I ſoon recollected her whole Perſon: But (ſaid I) Madam, The Simplicity of Dreſs, in which I have ever ſeen you at your good Father's Houſe, and the Chearfulneſs of Countenance with which you always appear'd, are ſo unlike the Faſhion and Temper you are now in, that I did not eaſily recover the Memory of you. Your Habit was then decent and modeſt, your Looks ſerene and beautiful: Whence then this unaccountable Change? Nothing can ſpeak ſo deep a Sorrow as your preſent Aſpect; yet your Dreſs is made for

Jollity

Jollity and Revelling. It is (ſaid ſhe) an unſpeakable Pleaſure to meet with one I know, and to bewail my ſelf to any that is not an utter Stranger to Humanity. When your Friend my Father died, he left me to a wide World, with no Defence againſt the Inſults of Fortune, but rather a Thouſand Snares to intrap me in the Dangers to which Youth and Innocence are expoſed; in an Age wherein Honour and Virtue are become mere Words, and us'd only as they ſerve to betray thoſe who underſtand them in their native Senſe, and obey 'em as the Guides and Motives of their Being. The wickedeſt of all Men living, the abandon'd *Decius*, who has no Knowledge of any good Art or Purpoſe of Human Life, but as it tends to the Satisfaction of his Appetites, had Opportunities of frequently ſeeing and entertaining me at a Houſe where mix'd Company boarded, and where he plac'd himſelf for the baſe Intention which he has ſince brought to paſs. *Decius* ſaw enough in me to raiſe his brutal Deſires, and my Circumſtances gave him Hopes of accompliſhing 'em. But all the glittering Expectations he could lay before me, join'd to my private Terrors of Poverty it ſelf, could not for ſome Months prevail upon me; yet, however I hated his Intention, I ſtill had a ſecret Satisfaction in his Courtſhip, and always expos'd my ſelf to his Sollicitations. See here the bane of our Sex! Let the Flattery be never ſo apparent, the Flatterer never ſo ill thought of, his Praiſes are ſtill agreeable, and we contribute to our own Deceit. I was therefore ſtill fond of all Opportunities and Pretences of being in his Company. In a Word, I was at laſt ruin'd by him, and brought to this Place, where I have been ever ſince immur'd; and from the fatal Day after my Fall from Innocence, my Worſhipper became my Maſter and my Tyrant. Thus you ſee me habited in the moſt gorgeous Manner, not in Honour of me as a Woman he loves, but as this Attire charms his own Eye, and urges him to repeat the Gratification he takes in me, as the Servant of his brutiſh Luſts and Appetites. I know not where to fly for Redreſs; but am here pining away Life in the Solitude and Severity of a Nun, but the Conſcience and Guilt of an Harlot. I

live

live in this lewd Practice with a Religious Awe of my Miniſter of Darkneſs, upbraided with the Support I receive from him, for the ineſtimable Poſſeſſion of Youth, of Innocence, of Honour, and of Conſcience. I ſee, Sir, my Diſcourſe grows painful to you; all I beg of you is, to paint in ſo ſtrong Colours, as to let *Decius* ſee I am diſcover'd to be in his Poſſeſſion, that I may be turn'd out of this deteſtable Scene of regular Iniquity, and either think no more or ſin no more. If your Writings have the good Effect of gaining my Enlargement, I promiſe you I will attone for this unhappy Step, by preferring an innocent laborious Poverty, to all the guilty Affluence the World can offer me.

From my own Apartment, July 22.

I am got hither ſafe, but never ſpent Time with ſo little Satisfaction as this Evening; for you muſt know, I was five Hours with three *Merry*, and two *Honeſt Fellows*. The former ſang Catches; and the latter even died with laughing at the Noiſe they made. Well, (ſays *Tom. Bellfrey*) You Scholars, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, are the worſt Company in the World. Ay, (ſays his Oppoſite) You are dull to Night; prithee be merry. With that I huzza'd, and took a Jump croſs the Table, then came clever upon my Legs, and fell a laughing. Let Mr. *Bickerſtaff* alone (ſays one of the *Honeſt Fellows*) when he's in a good Humour he's as good Company as any Man in *England*. He had no ſooner ſpoke, but I ſnatch'd his Hat off his Head, and clap'd his upon my own, and burſt out a laughing again; upon which we all fell a laughing for half an Hour. One of the *Honeſt Fellows* got behind me in the interim, and hit me a round Slap on the Back; upon which he got the Laugh out of my Hands, and it was ſuch a Twang on my Shoulders, that I confeſs he was much merrier than I. I was half angry; but reſolv'd to keep up the good Humour of the Company; and after hollowing as loud as I could poſſibly, I drank off a Bumper of Claret that made me ſtare again. Nay, (ſays one of the *Honeſt Fellows*) Mr. *Iſaac* is in the right, there is no Converſation in this; What ſignifies Jumping or hitting one another on the Back? Let's

Let's drink about. We did ſo from Seven a Clock till Eleven; and now I am come hither, and, after the manner of the wiſe *Pythagoras*, begin to reflect upon the Paſſages of the Day. I remember nothing but that I am bruis'd to Death; and as it is my Way to write down all the good Things I have heard in the laſt Converſation to furniſh my Paper, I can from this only tell you my Sufferings and my Bangs. I nam'd *Pythagoras* juſt now, and I proteſt to you, as he believ'd Men after Death enter'd into other Species, I am now and then tempted to think other Animals enter into Men, and could name ſeveral on two Legs, that never diſcover any Sentiment above what is common with the Species of a lower Kind; as we ſee in theſe bodily Wits whom I was with to Night, whoſe Parts conſiſt in Strength and Activity; but their boiſterous Mirth gives me great Impatience for the Return of ſuch Happineſs as I enjoy'd in a Converſation laſt Week. Among others in that Company we had *Florio*, who never interrupted any Man living when he was ſpeaking, or ever ceas'd to ſpeak; but others lamented that he had done. His Diſcourſe ever ariſes from a Fulneſs of the Matter before him, and not from Oſtentation or Triumph of his Underſtanding; for tho' he ſeldom delivers what he need fear being repeated, he ſpeaks without having that End in View; and his Forbearance of Calumny or Bitterneſs, is owing rather to his good Nature than his Diſcretion; for which Reaſon he is eſteem'd a Gentleman perfectly qualified for Converſation, in whom a general good Will to Mankind takes off the Neceſſity of Caution and Circumſpection. We had at the ſame Time that Evening the beſt Sort of Companion that can be, a good-natur'd old Man. This Perſon meets in the Company of young Men Veneration for his Benevolence, and is not only valued for the good Qualities of which he is Maſter, but reaps an Acceptance from the Pardon he gives to other Men's Faults: And the Ingenious Sort of Men with whom he converſes, have ſo juſt a Regard for him, that he rather is an Example, than a Check to their Behaviour. For this Reaſon, as *Senecio* never pretends to be a Man of Pleaſure before Youth, ſo young Men never

never set up for Wisdom before *Senecio*; so that you never meet, where he is, those Monsters of Conversation, who are grave or gay above their Years. He never converses but with Followers of Nature and good Sense, where all that is utter'd is only the Effect of a communicable Temper, and not of Emulation to excel their Companions; all Desire of Superiority being a Contradiction to that Spirit which makes a just Conversation, the very Essence of which is mutual good Will. Hence it is, that I take it for a Rule, that the natural, and not the acquir'd Man, is the Companion. Learning, Wit, Gallantry, and good Breeding, are all but subordinate Qualities in Society, and are of no Value, but as they are subservient to Benevolence, and tend to a certain Manner of being or appearing equal to the rest of the Company; for Conversation is compos'd of an Assembly of Men, as they are Men, and not as they are distinguish'd by Fortune: Therefore he that brings his Quality with him into Conversation, shou'd always pay the Reckoning; for he came to receive Homage, and not to meet his Friends. — But the Din about my Ears from the Clamour of the People I was with this Evening, has carried me beyond my intended Purpose, which was to explain upon the Order of *Merry Fellows*; but I think I may pronounce of them, as I heard good *Senecio*, with a Space of the Wit of the last Age say, viz. That a *Merry Fellow* is the *Saddest Fellow* in the World.

The End of the First Volume.